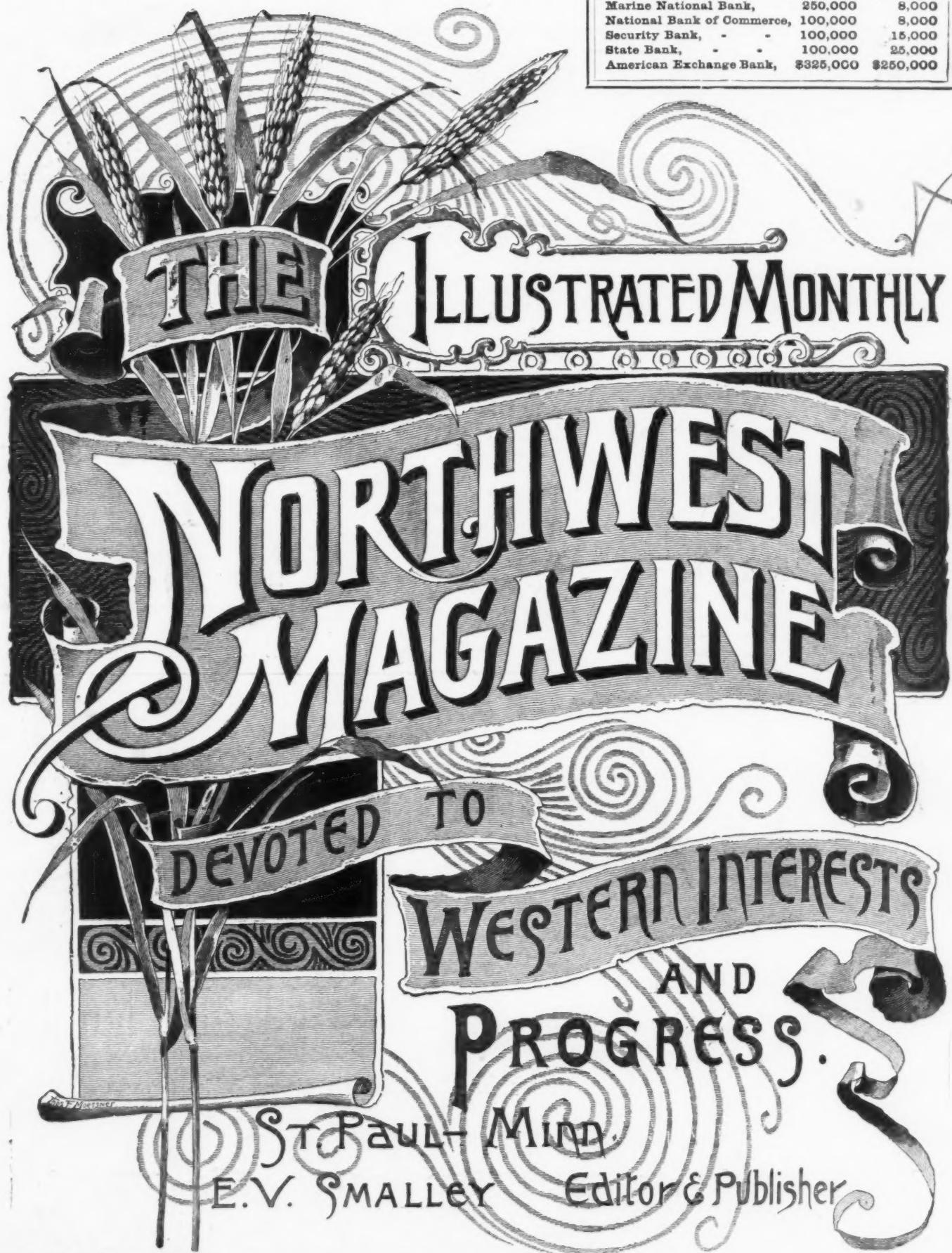


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JUNE, 1891.

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ATTRACTI0NS OF ALASKA.

Its Scenery, Settlements, Citizens and Siwashs.

BY ELIZA RUHANAH SCIDMORE.

It has taken our enterprising country all this quarter of a century since the purchase of Alaska, to realize that the most wonderful and unique scenic pleasure ground of the world is under the United States flag. The thousand spruce-clad islands of the Sitka region being now accessible to luxurious travel, several thousand people visit them yearly by rail and excursion steamers. The travel is already greater than that to the North Cape region of Norway, and each season it increases. In 1883, one small freight steamer carried as many as fifteen or twenty passengers on each monthly trip in mid-summer. In 1890, three steamers of the line, carrying one hundred and two hundred passengers each, left Puget Sound a week apart. Berths could only be secured by engaging them months beforehand, and at one time nine private cars were sidetracked at Tacoma, while their owners or tenants were off on Alaska steamers. The steamship company has only begun to appreciate the bonanza it has, and to provide for the class of travel eager to patronize its vessels.

Owners of steam yachts seem not to have heard of the Alaska fords, the long inside passage up the coast, the combination of magnificent scenery and still unruled highways of the sea. Mr. Seward was rightly the first p'easeure traveler to go yachting among the islands, Ben Holladay, Sr., putting one of his steamers at Mr. Seward's disposal during the summer of 1869. In 1877 Mr. Holladay took his family on a yachting trip up the northern coast, although the yacht was an ocean steamer temporarily put to the owner's use. Next, Sir Thomas Hesketh touched at the Aleutian Islands and Sitka, while sailing from Honolulu to San Francisco; and in 1889, Dr. Seward Webb leased the steamer Islander for his family's use and cruised up to Sitka and back. Gen. Nelson A. Miles gave the first boom to summer pleasure travel

in 1882, by making up a large enough party of Portland people to induce the steamship company to substitute a large steamer for the smaller one of the line, for the July trip. In the good old days, the steamer took a month for the round trip from Portland to Sitka and back. Now, seventeen and eighteen days is the summer schedule time for the two regular mail steamers; and the large excursion steamer Queen, which carries neither mail nor freight, keeps as exactly to its schedule of fourteen days, as a railroad train. Twice as many steamers could be run profitably during the months of July and August.

small as they were, had an unfortunate way of discovering rocks with full steam on, but no serious disaster, entailing the loss of a single life, has yet befallen the mail steamers.

Extending the steamers route to Yakutat, so as to afford a view of the magnificent coast line north of Sitka and the peak of Mount St. Elias, is a subject constantly talked about, but the tourists, as a rule, so dread rough water that it would take an assured view of Mount St. Elias to tempt them over that stretch of the foggy and disturbed Pacific. Regardless of the good resulting to their livers, the tourists worry themselves sick

by dreading a possible roll on Queen Charlotte Sound, or Dixon Entrance, and are so haunted with a fear of going around outside of Baranoff Island on the return, as to miss much of the pleasure of Sitka. A good, modern built hotel is most needed for Sitka, as every summer steamer carries away people who would gladly stay a week or a fortnight longer in the interesting old town. Artists and sportsmen are beginning to know and to spread the fame of the region, and it only needs the rumored syndicate, of the steamship company, and the three great transcontinental railroads most directly interested in Alaska travel, to erect a hotel, for Sitka to hold many visitors each season.

Puget Sound is not the gateway and prelude to the Northwest coast, the region whose divisions and boundary lines have been the subject of so many international conferences. Past San Juan Island and the line of the 49th parallel, the ship enters British Columbia waters, and for two days pursues its land-locked channels, until it reaches the line of $54^{\circ} 40'$, where

Alaska begins. The landscape increases in boldness and grandeur with every turn. The snow-capped summits of the great coast range are always in sight, and its spurs form the steep sea walls and the outlying islands. A mantle of trees covers everything above the water line, save where a perpendicular rock face or a snow bank forbids, and these leagues and leagues of unbroken forest are most impressive.

Once across the heaving waters of Dixon Entrance, the most interesting part of the journey begins. Each day, the mail steamer touches a



AN ALASKAN CANOE.

The difficulty is not to find passengers, but pilots. Only four or five men, at the most, really know the route and they have learned it for themselves, as beyond the British line, the charts are incomplete and the greater part of the routes of commerce are yet to be mapped by the coast survey. There are no light houses or fog bells on all that northern coast, and in crossing Queen Charlotte and Milbank sounds, and Dixon Entrance, where fogs perpetually hang, intuition and the echoes of the steamer's own whistle are the only guides. The early ships on the line,



AN ALASKA "LADY" AND BASKET WEAVERS.

some new settlement or cannery to leave and take mail and freight, and there is quite a little excitement in this alternation of life on ship-board and the life of the real frontier. At New Metlakatlah, on Annette Island, the colony of Tsimpshean Indians under the leadership of Mr. Duncan, shows an Arcadia more complete than any Bellamy imagines, and the civilization and the christianization of the Indian is no longer a matter of doubt to any one. Mr. Duncan has successfully solved the race problem, but one hundred Mr. Duncans are needed to solve it for all Alaska. At Fort Wrangell there are the remains of an old military post and relics of a once interesting Indian village. The troops have long been gone, and the stockade and block houses are falling to pieces, and the totem poles of the rancherie are disappearing, and the Indian houses approaching more and more to civilized models. Fort Wrangell has a delightful summer climate, warm and sunny, and in mid-summer days there is a calm, a stillness and a hush in the atmosphere that should make it a sanitarium for nerve racked and nerve worn invalids. Even John Muir, in the midst of his geologic and botanic studies, stopped to comment on this soothing, "poultice-like atmosphere," and its climatic attractions may revive Fort Wrangell's fortunes again. All around it is an interesting country, its own landscape setting is magnificent, and small steamers make regular trips from this point to the head of navigation on the Stikine River, stream that has cut its way through the wildest part of the coast range.

Going still to northward, and threading Wrangell Narrows at high water, a varied panorama slips by for a couple of hours and gives that channel of the sea a right to its landscape fame. In a half dozen passages through the miles of narrow, glassy waters I have seen those mountains, and forests, and dense spruce walled shores by sunrise and sunset and noonday light, and each time, the scenes were more enchanting than the last. The bold purple mountain range along Prince Frederick's Sound bars the eastern and northern horizon, with the Devil's Thumb pointing the upper entrance of the narrows and boxing the compass as the ship makes its innumerable turns.

There is most beauty in the clear, yellow light of the early dawn and it is well worth rising at four o'clock of a summer morning, to watch the sunrise clouds and colors, as the great ocean steamer cuts its way without sound or motion through those mirror waters of Wrangell Nar-

rows. The screen of closely set menzie and merton spruces, every branch and twig loaded and festooned with moss of a richer golden green hue; the line of white, water-washed rocks above the beds and belts of russet and orange sea-weed, and the transparent green water reflecting it all, make up a symphony of greens. So clear is the water in all those channels, that, looking from its level, another boat or canoe seems to be floating in emerald air, or some more transparent element supporting it.

Beyond Wrangell Narrows, the first glaciers show themselves along the steamer's route, and it is but a short way from the great sloping ice field of the Patterson Glacier to the entrance of Taku Inlet, at whose head lie two splendid ice streams. Almost side by side are these glaciers, differing in type and amazing Alpine travelers by their vastness. The Taku Glacier, an ice stream less than a mile in width, pushes down from the mountains until it reaches the sea, and the tides lapping its crystal front wear and honeycomb it away. The roar is like that of

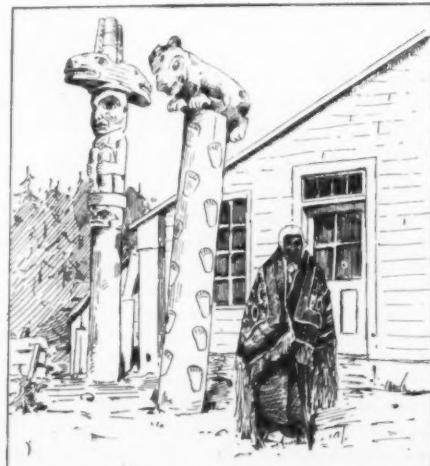
artillery, and terrifying, if the ship be near enough at the time for one to hear the preliminary cracking of the ice, before the great crash comes and the spray dashes wildly in air. The water is of unknown depth immediately off the glacier's front, and ships can steam safely to an eighth of a mile from the dazzling line of ice cliffs. The Great Eastern could safely approach that near these tide-water glaciers of Alaska, near enough for one to see and hear the ice at work fashioning the face of the earth, hewing out the lines of the landscape, cutting deep canyons, rounding down the mountain slopes, chipping off the angles of ravines, and filling up bays and inlets with the debris of mountain tops—reclaiming and building up tide lands on a titanic scale. The small bergs, which break away from the front of the tide-water glaciers in the Sitkan region, seldom reach the open ocean. Broken by their fall into comparative fragments, they float with the wind and tide up and down the inlets and maze of channels, are left aground, and slowly melt away. These floating bergs give one near at hand all the wonderful colors of the glacier's heart, those marvellous blues, and the clear, exquisite greens that belong only in ice realms. Their upper surfaces soon weather to loose granules and look like old snow banks, but at the water line the clear ice and colors show, and they are always turning and changing outlines. By their melting and so changing shape, by dropping imprisoned boulders, or breaking apart, the bergs are always changing their level and surface, and they careen with such force as to endanger anything near them by their waves, and the cascades that pour from them as they right themselves in the water, and even steam launches move warily, and grounded bergs have been the means of nearly sinking ships.

The other glacier in Taku Inlet terminates in a broad moraine, like a Swiss glacier, but it sweeps out splendidly from a great mountain gorge, and all the moraine is a bed of wild flowers, with the beginning of a spruce forest fast advancing on the sandy stretches. Broken as it looks, this great glacier is quite easy of ascent, and a party of us once walked up a mile or two, but the ice plane still ascended in steady slopes, and a view of its *nevé* was as impossible as ever. The third glacier in Taku Inlet is a small residual glacier, shrunk away in its basin lying high on the side of the mountain. On all the circle of mountain walls one sees rock faces lately cut and swept by ice, or slowly acquiring the mantle of moss and trees that soon hide all this plain testimony of glacial action.

These vast ice torrents, sweeping and grinding their way to the sea, and filling salt water inlets with bergs and floes are not by any means surrounded by Arctic adjuncts. The hay fields that



TOTEM POLES, FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA.

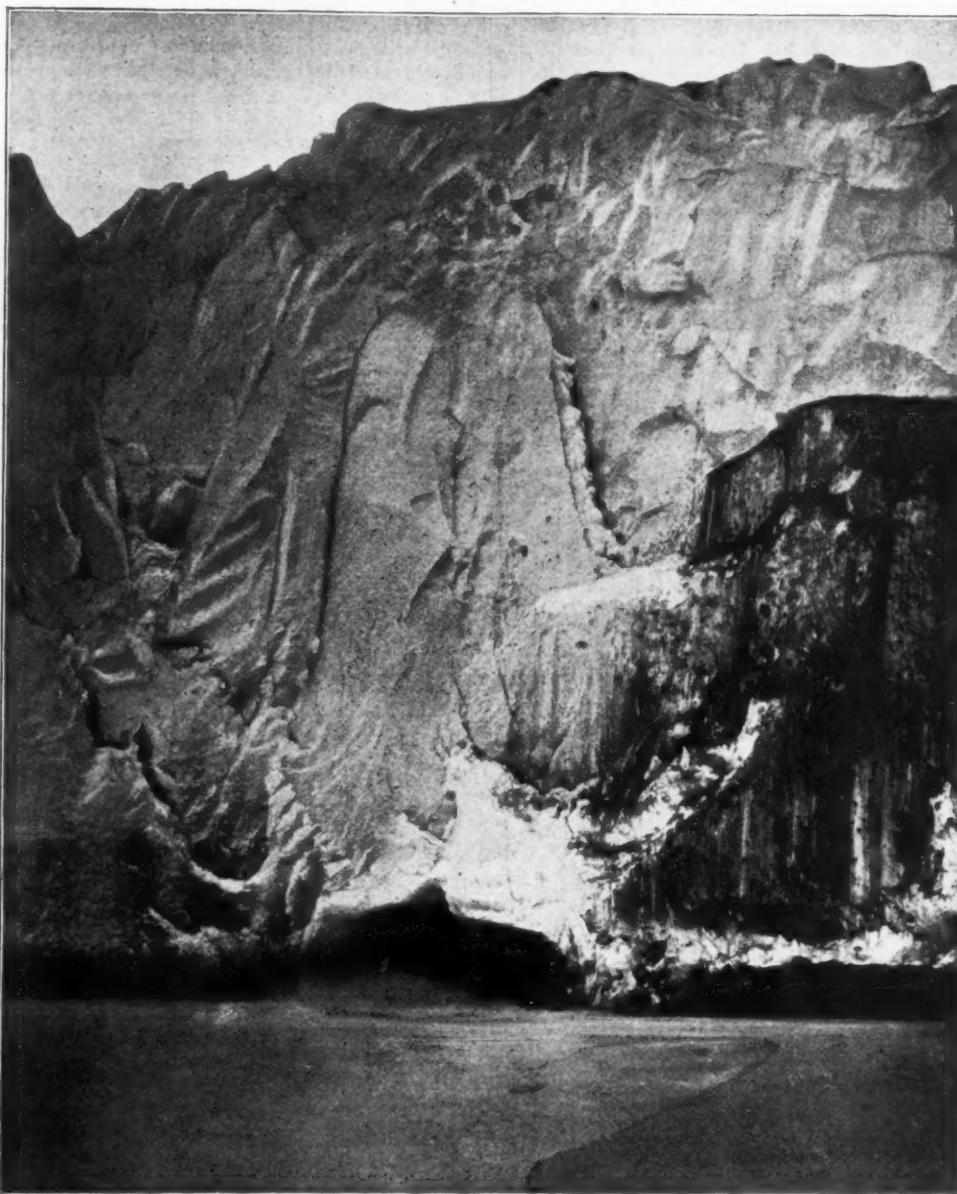


touch the edges of the Svartisen Glacier are matched by dense coniferous forests, and the *Jardin*, far up in the Mer de Glace, is equalled even on the high slopes of the vast Seward Glacier on Mount St. Elias. The moraines are often dyed with great patches of crimson pilobium and other flowers, and Prof. Muir found his richest botanical field in an ancient forest on the east wall of Muir Inlet, only a mile or two below the great glacier's front. With humming birds nesting around Sitka, the teredo, octopus, corals and sponges found in that harbor, and so many climatic freaks and contradictions continually asserting themselves, one would not be greatly surprised to find an orchid growing in Alaska.

Juneau with its life and excitement, the busy bit of water separating it from the roaring stamp mills on Douglass Island, makes quite a contrast to the tourist's preceding experience. Every one foresees and foretells a great future for Juneau, and its own citizens are joyful prophets. Juneau is the most northern mining town on the continent—unless one allows the embryo Seward City to wrest that fame from it—and opposite on Douglass Island is the largest quartz mill in the world. The roar of the treadmill's two hundred and forty stamps can be heard for miles in the steep mountain canyon flooded by the waters of Gastineau Channel, and the puff of saw-mills joins with it in the industrial duet.

Juneau claims two thousand citizens and is a live town. Restless under the restraints and hindrances which the skeleton form of government imposed upon Alaska, Juneau twice called conventions and sent delegates to Washington to urge the attention of Congress to this remote Territory. The first delegate succeeded in having an ideal bill for a new form of government presented in Congress, but as there was a final clause about removing the capital of the Territory from Sitka to Juneau, all the Sitka officials protested energetically and the bill never left the committee room. The second delegate addressed himself to the practical and necessary legislation, and secured an extension of the general land laws to Alaska, so that its citizens may enter townships, purchase tracts of one hundred and sixty acres of government land at two dollars and a half an acre, and now cut timber without fear of government suits. This gives an immense impetus to all industries and brightens the prospects of every small settlement, trading station or cannery.

Juneau has many traders' stores, where furs and curios abound; it has two hotels, a trim little post-office, drug stores, jeweller's stores and many pretty little cottages scattered on its steeply sloping hillside, and shows every evidence of prosperity, of enterprising and public-spirited citizens. Mines are of course the talk of all in town, and visiting capitalists and mining experts are always enlivening the town with their stays. A good wagon road connects the "Basin" a few miles back in the mountains, where quartz mills thump and roar, blasts are booming, and sluices, tunnels, shaft houses, dump piles and groups of high-booted, broad-brimmed miners bespeak that most absorbing and picturesque of all pursuits. In the great Nowell Tunnel there, several hundred thousand of Boston dollars have been put, with every promise of getting them back multiplied many times. Back of this basin lie other basins, where the gold-bearing quartz promises as well, and directly south of Juneau, in the Sheep Creek



MOUTH OF THE SUB-GLACIAL RIVER, MUIR GLACIER, ALASKA.

Canyon, silver lodes are being worked. Every steamer carries many sacks of silver ore to the smelter at Tacoma, and the prophets see the time when the smelter will come to Sheep Creek instead. If Juneau citizens would see to it, that its wagons and saddle horses were at the wharf, when each steamer arrived, ready to carry the tourists over to the Basin, it would be doing its present duty to the traveling public. In the near future it should enlarge and improve its hotels, for this wide awake little town is the center of a wonderful landscape region, and its neighborhood is alluring to sportsmen and anglers.

The day is not far off either, when there will be some sort of a hotel at the end of Lynn Canal, that most magnificent fiord of the coast, which cutting farthest northward, is arrested only by that giant wall of mountains, the great coast range. One forgets his Norway and his Switzerland, as he courses up that arrowy reach, walled by superb, snow-capped giants, where darkness never falls in mid-summer and where the blue fretwork of a score of glaciers beautifies the stretches of forests, snow fields and splendid mosses of dark granite. Fifteen miles up from the sea level at Chilkat, and the prospector stands

on the great divide, the backbone of that mighty range that follows the Pacific from Patagonia to Alaska. To the other side drain the streams that form the Yukon, and all along that great river the miners wash the bars and gulches and bring back precious nuggets and dust at the end of each season.

In Glacier Bay a wonderland exists, and if there were no other glaciers in Alaska, this one region would make the Territory famous in the line of ice scenery. The Great Muir Glacier is the Taku Glacier magnified. Its icy plain stretches back in full sight fifteen miles to the mountain wall. Its twenty tributary streams, pushing out to the sea, unite in this one great amphitheatre and moving on the ice mass ends in a line of glittering cliffs three and four hundred feet in height. For almost two miles, this fantastic ice wall spans the inlet from shore to shore, and the breaking of the front, the avalanches of ice that are hurled down its face are magnificent beyond compare. Ten feet a day it moves onward during the summer months. A hundred years ago, when Vancouver passed by, the glacial cliffs were twenty miles farther down the bay, but from that time no one visited the bay until 1879, when John Muir really discovered the

glacier bearing his name. He went again to his glacier in the following year, but no one followed his footsteps until in 1883 Captain James Carroll sounded and felt his way through those uncharted waters, and steaming close up to the glaciers front fired a salute with the little deck cannon of the Idaho.

Those first passengers were ferried to the west shore of the inlet, and following the course of a roaring river for a mile, came out on the top of the glacier. Since then landings are made on the east side, where from a long sandy beach one may either climb over the moraine but a short ways to the top of the glacier, or following the beach reach the broken front wall of the glacier, where the perpendicular ice cliffs bar the way, and merge their marble whiteness into the dark body of the moraine. There, where there is rapid melting, but little motion, the ice is so filled and covered with debris, that only the drip, drip of the water and the constant rattle and slide of released pebbles assure one that those dark gray slopes are really ice. From the grimy moraine and debris-covered buttresses of the long palisade, the towering cliffs shade from opaque, marble white to a clear, silvery surface of deepening blueness. Towards the middle of the towering cliffs, where the pressure is greatest and the ice denser and more compact, the range of glacial coloring is superb. Such transparent greens, such marvellous blues, such shading and toning, relieved by the bold masses of white, make it nature's finest specimen of blue and white, impossible for human nature to live up to. There are deep caverns and long tunnels in the body of the ice, waterfalls pour from the icy heights and muddy currents boil up at several places along the front.

Within the seven years that elapsed between the second and third visits which I paid to this glacier, I could easily see that the ice sheet was retreating, the front line wearing away more rapidly than new ice was pouring in from the tributary streams. But the marvel will last for a generation yet, and the crashes of its breaking front are as magnificent as when the Idaho took the first pilgrims to see it. There is no need for the government to declare the bay a national park and set guardians to prevent the despoiling and marring of the region. Man is a puny creature, and his creations useless toys beside these giant glaciers. The Muir Glacier quite surely belongs to John Muir by right of discovery, name and homestead pre-emption if the latter were possible in Alaska. During the third summer that Mr. Muir was encamped at

the moraine, he built himself a comfortable cabin of roughly sawed planks, weather-boarded it, and put up a noble chimney of glacier chipped stones, cemented with glacier mud. On rainy days he worked at house building, and he left behind a very comfortable dwelling when his summer was over. During that season of 1890 Mr. Muir explored nearly all the tributary ice streams. With a single attendant, or more often alone he would be gone for days, dragging his bedding and camp equipment on a hand sled. Food is no con-

Muir sat and sketched coolly, while the balls sang over and beside him. Finishing his picture memorandum, he made for the ice, and with his long, sliding Indian step soon got beyond rifle range. He kept to the middle of the open ice, so as to know if pursued, and napping for a few hours in a crevasse's hollow at midnight pushed on to his camp in the morning, his life and his money belt unharmed. During that summer there were most wonderful auroras, and night after night Mr. Muir lay in the sands of the moraine, watching the kaleidoscope arches and jets of fire in the heavens. He was so worn out with night after night of sleepless watching, that as he naively expressed it, he was "afraid there would be another aurora."

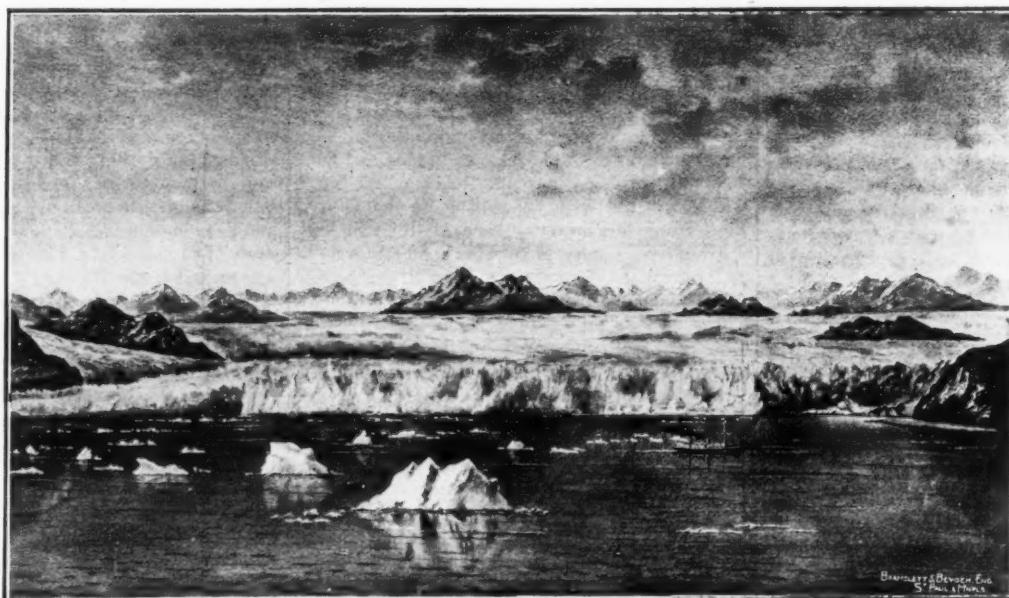
After Glacier Bay any scenery would seem tame and common-place and it is a quick change of scene and interests to waken another morning in Sitka's island-studded harbor. An hundred dogs in the Indian rancherie bay and howl in answer to the steamer's three-hoarse whistles, great ravens rise croaking from the woods and flap their way to the spire and cross atop the Greek church, flags run up their poles and holiday reigns in Sitka for the one or two days that the steamer is tied to the wharf. And every visitor leaves that quiet, mossy old town with regret, for the time is all too short and the objects of interest all too many. From the Governor to the last resident every one gives a cordial welcome to the tourist and there is a friendliness, a simple and almost neighborly informality that quite charms the visitor. Every one constitutes himself a host and a committee of welcome. The mission buildings, their class rooms and work shops invite the tourist to visit them. There is that enchanting walk along the canon of Indian River, there is the Greek church, the ruined Castle with its traditions and ghosts, the old burial ground and the Indian rancherie. There, too, are the curio and photograph shops, and under the Custom House porch and all along the walk to the wharf there is a native curio mart,

ST. MICHAEL. A PAINTING IN THE GREEK CHURCH, SITKA, ALASKA.

sideration to the great glaciologist when there is ice under foot, and warming a little coffee over a spirit lamp, a segment of hard tack supplied him a breakfast. Hard tack and a glass of glacier water was the dinner menu, and supper the same. He braced his sled, crept into his fur bag and slept, wherever on the open ice plain he might be at night. His only weapon was an ice axe, and rarely did he meet a bird or a living thing. The only danger he ran, was when his camp cook attempted his life, off near a thicket in a side valley of the eastern tributary. Mr.

where wooden carvings, horn spoons, cedar bark baskets and silver spoons and bracelets tempt the buyer to increase his stock of souvenirs. Although enjoying more rain Sitka's climate is delightful and restful as that of Fort Wrangell. One may soothe his nerves there, and ease his rheumatic joints at the Hot Springs situated in a picturesque bay a few miles to southward. There are mines as well in the neighborhood, and such hunting and fishing, and embarrassment of scenic richness, as can occupy many weeks of a summer time. Trees





MUIR GLACIER, ALASKA.

and wild flowers grow luxuriantly, wild berries as well, and residents show one wonderfully thriving and productive vegetable gardens. Nicholas Haley cuts forty tons of hay each season, from land that he has cleared within a few years himself, and his wife makes rolls of sweet golden butter not equalled in any Norwegian *Saeter*.

The Indians of the coast are not very attractive and they lend little interest to the region. They are disappointingly commonplace and civilized, and add nothing to the local color, although contributing a large share to the local sounds and smells. They are not the ideal and noble savage of Cooper's tales, nor the picturesque creatures of the Wild West Show. They are not even wards of the nation, and are not supported by the Government; and there are no Indian agents, nor Indian reservations in Alaska. As no clause of the Russian treaty of cession, nor the Congressional act providing for a form of civil government, classes them otherwise, these Indians are as much citizens, with citizens' full rights as any of the white residents. No test of their right to vote and enjoy the rights of freemen has been made, but in time the question must come before the courts, if the Indians continue in their present paths of peace, industry and civilization. They are industrious and self-supporting, with good business instincts and trading sense. By long association with the white man they have changed many of their own customs for his. They dress as he does, their plank houses are built after civilized models, and the totem poles of their ancestors now stand before bay windowed, balconied and lace curtained houses.

These heraldic columns are fast disappearing from the villages, either falling to decay or sold as museum specimens. No new totem poles are being erected by this generation, and so many are gone from Fort Wrangell's rancherie, that the only fine array of such monumental family trees are at Tongass, Kasa-an and Kiagahnee, all places remote from the mail steamers' route. As to the significance of these carved columns, and of many of their memorials, and the reasons for peculiar customs, much that has been given out is the result of surmise, deduction and imag-

ination. The Indian is as prone as the white man to deceive and hoist inventions upon the book-maker. The Thlinket of this generation have half-forgotten, if they ever knew, their own traditions, and they prove cousinship to the Asiatics by blindly following the lines their fathers followed.

The Thlinket may forget his traditions, but he has seized the points of the tourist trade more shrewdly than the white traders. He turns his heirlooms and coarsely executed replicas of heirlooms to account, and Sitka streets are all an open air curio mart when mail steamers are in port, with rows of women or men crouching behind their wares. Each year the cedar bark baskets are more coarsely woven, and dyed with more abominable analine concoctions bought at the traders' stores. Chilkat blankets have trebled and quadrupled in price, while growing coarser in texture, and traders' dyes replace the soft, dull tints of nature obtained by the old vegetable dyes.

Bishop Veniaminoff studied their language, and wrote out what he could learn in his lifetime of their customs, history and folk lore, and for fifty years he has been the undisputed authority and great source of reference, whom Dall, Petroff and other writers quote. Within the past ten years Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. N., has voluntarily taken up ethnological and archaeological studies and has labored with enthusiasm and genius that all of Thlinket lore is his. So far nothing from Lieut. Emmons has been published, although he has kept careful journals and note books of his nine years' work. The Emmons collection in the Museum of Natural History in New York, his private collection of jade at Sitka, and a large collection of relics and trophies awaiting exhibition at Chicago in 1893 speak for the possibilities of the inevitable volumes. As the old Indians die and the young Thlinket becomes only a commonplace frontiersman, the value of Lieut. Emmon's self imposed tasks will be more appreciated.

The Smithsonian Institute Report of 1888 contains a full report upon the coast tribes of Southern Alaska and Northern British Columbia,

which furnishes in condensed form and with many illustrations, all that can be known concerning these people until linguists and ethnologists devote years to the fading tribes. Beyond the single collection which Hon. James G. Swan made for the government to exhibit at the Centennial, no official attention has been given this rich ethnological field. The United States have a bureau of ethnology, but while enough of its workers are among the Zuni's, Navajos and unchanging pastoral tribes of the Southwest, and are poring over the relics of the cliff dwellers and the builders of the ancient Arizona cities, there are fading away on the Northwest Coast tribes whose origin and migrations furnish a fascinating theme for speculation; whose arts suggest an older civilization; whose speech and customs have trans-Pacific affinities, and who are quite as possibly Aztecs as a branch of the yellow race on the opposite coast of their great ocean.

MOUTH OF THE SUB-GLACIAL RIVER, MUIR GLACIER.

(See Illustration.)

The face of the glacier has a height of 300 feet and is supposed to extend beneath its muddy surface twice that distance. It reaches back ten miles to the mountains and stretches along their base for thirty or forty miles. Beneath it flows a sub-glacial stream, and its muddy waters plunge with a roar into the Pacific. The illustration is taken from a photograph by Taber, the well-known San Francisco artist.

THE PAINTING OF ST. MICHAEL.

(See Illustration.)

The Russo-Greek Church in Sitka is renowned for its works of art, one of which is a superb picture of the Madonna and Child—the canvas being so liberally overlaid with gold and silver that only the faces can be seen. Another, and even more notable painting is that of St. Michael, a photograph of which was taken by Taber from which we are permitted to copy the accompanying illustration.

*RECOLLECTIONS
OF
A MAN OF FIFTY*

First Article.

From forty to fifty is the high table-land of life—the period of the best endeavor and the most lasting success; but at fifty a man begins to look backward—to grow reminescent. Life for him then slopes downward towards the misty sea of death. He no longer expects great events to happen that will bring him a larger measure of happiness. What has happened already begins to have a new interest and significance.

"Have you not gotten over wanting to do something?" asked a gray-haired friend of me. He had passed the summit of the hill of life and was contentedly descending the inevitable downgrade. Yes, when a man is turned of fifty he no longer wants to do things, except as duty and habit call him to his round of work. He would still like to be rich or famous, but he no longer expects to be, and he begins to look on wealth and fame as not worth worrying about.

I write these recollections for my own pleasure. For more than thirty years I have written for other people's information or entertainment; written of politics and war, of men and their opinions, of books and travel, of a thousand forms of human activity, and always with a view to interesting readers of the printed page. It seems to me that at fifty I have earned the right to take a vacation, to write of things personal to myself, to become reminiscent for a time, and to say to the reader, if you are bored, why, skip this and turn over the leaf.

I was born on a forty-acre farm in Randolph, Portage County, Ohio, on the southern verge of that district of the State known as the Western Reserve. My parents were born in Western New York and their parents came from New England. Our neighbors were also of New England stock, but just south of us, in the adjoining township, the people were largely of Pennsylvania ancestry. We called them Pennamites and they called us Yankees. Their manners differed from ours in many respects. They continued to bake their bread in huge brick-ovens that stood out-of-doors, sheltered only by rude sheds, long after cooking-stoves had come into general use among us, and their other culinary operations were carried on in big open fire-places by the aid of pots and kettles hung to a crane and frying-pans and skillets placed on the coals. Many of these Pennamites were of German blood and spoke at home that droll, bastard dialect called Pennsylvania Dutch. With true New England intolerance we Yankees looked down on these people as an inferior class. In the western part of our township a few families of genuine Germans had settled and, being Catholics, they had built themselves a church. Of course, as lineal descendants of the Puritans, we looked upon the Catholic church as the Scarlet Woman of Revelations. When I passed the rude little house of worship and heard the intoning of the mass it seemed to my childish imagination that some sort of idolatry was going on within. Yet those German farmers were worthy people, who paid their debts, minded their own business and worshiped God according to their best knowledge and belief. With the Germans we had nothing to do, but with the Pennamites we came in contact at school and in social gatherings. They made harness of broad bands of leather, buried apples and potatoes instead of keeping them in cellars and in the fall made great quantities of apple-butter, flavored with hard cider. □

We were all poor, judged by more modern standards. The richest man in the township was, perhaps, worth five or six thousand dollars. Yet everybody managed to get along and there were no objects of charity. A spirit of mutual helpfulness prevailed that has almost disappeared from farm-life now-a-days. Almost every family owned some useful article which the others did not possess and which was freely loaned throughout the neighborhood. Thus, a rag-carpet loom, a set of candle-molds or a log-chain would serve the needs of perhaps a dozen households. The men "traded work" in logging, haying and harvesting and when there was to be a "raising," which was the term for setting up the heavy, hewn frame of a house or barn, all the men lent a hand, from a spirit of genuine good fellowship. In like manner the women held "quilting-bees," and the young people of both sexes rallied at "husking-bees" and "apple-paring-bees." After the apples had been pared, quartered, cored and strung on long strings to be hung up to dry by the kitchen fire, a fiddler tuned up and everybody danced till midnight. It seemed as if these laborious people begrudged themselves any enjoyment that was not coupled with work. When the women went to visit each other they always took their knitting with them, and the click of the long steel needles mingled monotonously with the high treble of feminine chat.

Farm-life was very laborious in those days for both women and men. Looking back to it now it seems to me that in few directions has civilization produced more beneficent results in the past half-century than in lightening the toil of the farming-class. The portion of Northern Ohio where I lived had been settled thirty or forty years, but most farmers had more woodland than they needed, and when other work was slack they felled trees, grubbed up stumps, cut cord-wood and piled the limbs of the fallen trees in great heaps to burn when they became dry. This last operation was called "burning brush." One of my earliest childish memories is of the glare of the brush-fires in the edge of the forest at night and the pungent smell of the smoke. Another is of the rhythmic strokes of the axes of the wood-choppers, cutting hickory and hard maple for the winter's fuel. How cheerily the sonorous strokes rang out on the frosty air, but what tough work it was to swing a heavy axe all day or to drive the wedges into a log with herculean blows from a maul! Hay was mown with the scythe and grain was cut with the "cradle," which had not long before superseded the sickle. It took lots of muscle and endurance to swing the heavy cradle all day through the thick wheat, bringing it skillfully around at one side and depositing its burden after each stroke in a long, even line, for the man who followed close behind to "rake and bind." After each circuit of the field the cradlers would stop to whet their blades and to take long drinks of spring-water from a stone jug. It was my duty, as a small boy, to replenish the jug and to keep it in a cool place under the elderberry bushes in a fence corner. Older children carried the sheaves into piles for shocking. When a boy reached the age of about twelve he was taught to rake and bind, to spread hay after the mowers, to plant and hoe corn, and to do all other forms of farm work not requiring a man's full strength.

The women's work was even harder than the men's. Besides the cooking, washing, ironing, baking and mending, the farmer's wife spun and dyed yarn, made soap and candles, dried fruit, (the art of canning was not known at that time,) knit socks, stockings and mittens, braided straw and made hats for the boys, made butter, helped at milking if there were many cows—drudged from early morning till late at night. The drone of her spinning-wheel lulled the husband to sleep and she was usually the first up in the morning.

Under this heavy burden of daily toil the women grew prematurely old. At thirty they were no longer attractive. There were no dentists and the rule was, as soon as a tooth ached to go to the country doctor and have him jerk it out with his one clumsy pair of forceps, so there were very few men or women at thirty who did not display ugly gaps in their front rows of teeth. The men aged almost as rapidly as the women. At fifty they were wrinkled and rheumatic. Some of them would turn their farms over to their sons at an age when the farmer of to-day is still vigorous, stipulating for their board and for a small pension to buy clothing and tobacco. My grandfather made this arrangement with my father, but, growing discontented, he went off to "York State" and married a widow as old as himself, who owned a small farm. I remember that the old man preferred wood-chopping to any other kind of work, and that he used to sit in a creaky rocking chair on the porch of summer evenings, crooning over old hymns, while the tree-toads chirped in the branches of the poplar and the whippoorwill called from the thicket. He had buried two wives already, and there was a tradition, about which we never dared ask him, that the graves of two of his children were in the front yard near the currant bushes. We never played in that part of the yard. People at that day did not bestow much sentiment on graves. The town "burying-ground," was a forlorn, bleak hillside, overgrown with weeds and briars, and never visited save by funeral parties. Yet most of the inhabitants believed in a bodily resurrection. They actually thought that those graves up there among the briars would open on the judgment day and that the dust and mould would be miraculously built up into the same bodies, buried long years before. There was no ideality about this belief. The poor, hard-worked farmers were gross materialists, though they did not know it. They could conceive of no life of the soul without the actual flesh and bones of the body.

The only market crop at that time in Northern Ohio was wheat. To go to Akron, on the Ohio canal, eighteen miles distant on a load of wheat was one of the great events in my boy life. At Akron I saw the canal locks and the boats, saw the dusty mills and heard the whirr of the millstones, wondered how people could live in the hot town, was gladdened with the gift of an orange or a few cents worth of candy from my father, and then drove home in the cool of the late afternoon, bumping along the dusty roads in the springless farm wagon. Wheat was worth from eighty to ninety cents a bushel in Ohio in the fifties. Corn was raised to fatten hogs. Every farmer had his own smoke-house. Ours was a big hollow log, set on end, in which the hams were hung over a slow fire of corn-cobs. To wheat and pork as the staples of revenue farmers added several minor sources of income. Eggs brought six cents a dozen at the country store, and butter ten or twelve cents a pound—not in money, but in goods. In the fall we children gathered and sold chestnuts enough to pay for our winter shoes. We went barefoot about half the year from motives of economy, scratching our poor feet on thistles and briars and bruising them on sticks and stones. Many a poor little fellow went limping to school with one foot tied up in a rag. "Cut my foot on a piece of glass," or "stepped on a nail," would be the brief explanation of his misfortune. Dried apples were saleable at three or four cents a pound and dried peaches at ten or twelve.

Our clothing was not at all adequate for comfort in cold weather. Undershirts and drawers were not provided for children, and boys did not wear overcoats. A knitted scarf of light-colored yarn, called a "comforter," to go around the neck, and a pair of knitted mittens were the only

additions made in the sharpest winter weather to our usual garb of jacket and trousers, and well do I recall the misery of trudging to school through the snow when the temperature was at zero. Stout cow-hide boots, made by the shoemaker at the "Center," were provided for our feet, and in wet weather were greased in the evening with mutton-tallow and placed before the open fire so that the heat would cause the fat to soak into the leather. Most of the clothing for farmers' families was made at home in those days. My father took the wool from his sheep to a carding-mill a few miles distant, where it was cleaned and carded into long white "rolls." These rolls my mother spun into yarn. She dyed the yarn with madder, or butternut bark, or indigo, and wove a coarse fabric on a rude loom which answered very well for dresses, flannel shirts and winter sheets, but which had to go to the mill to be "fullered" in a machine that thickened up the fabric before it was stout enough for coats and trousers. How the dear little woman ever managed to do so much work, I cannot imagine, when I contrast her life with the lives of farmers' wives at this day.

Railroads and improved machinery had not then centered manufacturing industries in towns. Every country neighborhood where a stream afforded a small water-power, had its saw-mill, and woolen factories, wagon-shops, cooper-shops, plow-shops and furniture factories were numerous. This diversity of industry in rural communities had a tendency to develop a higher order of intelligence than does the monotonous farm-life of the present day. Every farmer had a few tools, and could make a sled or an ox-yoke, or peg a half-sole on a boot, and every farmer's wife was wise in the handicrafts of knitting, of weaving rag-carpets and making hats and caps, and in the arts of preserving fruit and preparing herbs for medicine; and he was a very dull boy, who could not make whistles, tops, slings and bows and arrows with no other tool than a clumsy jack-knife.

Everything in the way of food was raised on the farm, except sugar, coffee, tea, salt, spices and dried cod-fish, and about half the year's supply of sugar came from our maple trees. Our neighbors, the Pennamites, did not eat cod-fish and laughed at us Yankees for our fondness for it. They did not know how to cook it, nor does any restaurant or hotel at this day. Order cod-fish and cream at any first-class hotel and see what a dreadful salty mess you get. Our mothers and grandmothers shredded the fish in the evening in fine pieces and let it soak in water over night to take out the salt. Then they put a handful into a frying-pan, with cream thickened with a little flour and a couple of eggs, and made our standard breakfast dish, to be eaten with baked potatoes and griddle-cakes. Twice a week a butcher drove along the country roads and peddled out tough steak from his wagon. I do not remember to have ever tasted roast meat as a boy. The pieces of steak that came into our family were small and were mainly for the father, who had the dyspepsia—a complaint much more common then than now, and probably for the reason that the food then was less varied and less wholesome. When a man had the dyspepsia it was generally accompanied by a melancholy disposition, and he was said to have the "hypo," an abbreviation of hypochondria. A man with the "hypo" was pardoned for a good deal of moroseness and crankiness.

Our standard meat was salt pork dipped in batter and fried, and the invariable dish for all festival occasions was chicken, always stewed, and never roasted, or broiled, or fried. I never heard of eating young chickens; that would have been thought to be wild extravagance. Only the tough old hens, past their egg-laying period of life, or the full-grown supernumerary roosters

were put into the pot. Our fruit was apples and peaches from our own trees, wild strawberries, raspberries and blackberries from the bushes in the corners of the zig-zag rail-fences, and currants from the garden. Tomatoes had recently been introduced, but nobody ate them when ripe. They were picked green and made into a sort of gravy with milk and butter. Small, yellow, pear-shaped tomatoes were allowed to ripen and made into preserves. A curious superstition prevailed that ripe red tomatoes contained some poisonous principle. The popular name for them was "love-apples." Was there a fine satire in the name? In the apples of love is there not always the lurking poison of jealousy?

The beds of that day were quite unlike those of the present. The bedsteads, made in little shops in some neighboring village, were small and low, with round bars at the head, foot and sides, studded with wooden knobs, around which the bed-cord was stretched, forming an elastic foundation for the tick filled with oat straw. A feather-bed was added in winter. All people of my age will remember the operation of "cording up the bed," which consisted in tightening the rope by standing on each length in turn, and taking up the slack. The coverings were quilts and comforters, the making of which from pieces of old gowns was a sociable, co-operative labor, bringing together all the women of the vicinity for a quilting party. To possess a silk patchwork quilt for the "spare-bed" was the ambition of every young housewife and the relative merits of different quilts was a staple theme for the women's gossip. Album quilts were in vogue at that time. When a woman determined to make such a quilt she requested each of her friends to contribute a piece of silk or of turkey-red cotton. These were cut and patched with white to form a star-shaped pattern and in the center of each pattern the donor wrote her name in indelible ink. The guest in the spare bed could entertain himself by reading on his brilliant covering the autographs of two or three score of maids and matrons with the Christian names popular at that time, such as Sophronia, Cordelia, Lavinia, Samantha, Emmeline, Euphrosyne and Arabella; names taken from old novels and last century poems.

[To be continued.]

PROF. MUIR ON ALASKA.

We have received from Charles S. Fee, General Passenger Agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, a work of art in the form of a folder, containing a map of Alaska, accompanied by an illustrated monograph from the pen of Prof. John Muir, whose discoveries in that distant region have won him a lasting and luminous renown in both hemispheres. The folder is a jewel of typography; the illustrations in color are highly artistic, while the following extracts from the monograph will show that Mr. Muir is the master of a most eloquent style:

The trip to Alaska from Tacoma through Puget Sound and the thousand islands of the Alexander Archipelago is perfectly enchanting. Apart from scientific interests, no other excursion that I know of may be made into the wilds of America in which so much fine and grand and novel scenery is unfolded to view. Gazing from the deck of the steamer one is borne smoothly on over the calm blue waters through the midst of a multitude of lovely islands clothed with evergreens. The ordinary discomforts of a sea voyage, so formidable to some travelers, are not felt, for the way lies through a network of sheltered inland channels that are about as free from the heaving waves that cause seasickness as rivers are.

Never before the year 1879, when I made my first trip to Alaska, had I been amid scenery so

hopelessly beyond description. It is a web of land and water, thirty or forty miles wide, and about a thousand miles long, outspread like embroidery along the margin of the continent, made up of an infinite multitude of features, and all so fine and ethereal in tone the best words seem coarse and unavailing. Tracing the shining levels through sound and strait, past forests and waterfalls, between a constant succession of fair, azure headlands, it seems as if surely at last you must reach the best paradise of the poets—the land of the blessed.

* * *

Strange as it may appear, many who are looking to Italy for health had better turn their eyes to Alaska. An Alaska midsummer day is a day without night. In the extreme northern portion of the Territory the sun does not set for weeks, and even as far south as Sitka and Wrangell the rosy colors of evening blend with those of the morning, leaving no darkness between. Nevertheless the full day opens slowly. A low arc of colored light steals round to the northeastward with gradual increase of height and span, the red clouds with yellow, dissolving edges subside into hazy dimness, the islands with ruffs of mist about them cast ill-defined shadows, and the whole firmament changes to pale pearl-gray.

As the day advances toward high noon, the sun-flood pouring through the damp atmosphere lights the waters and sky to glowing silver. Brightly now play the ripples about the edges of the islands, and over plume-shaped streaks between them where the water is stirred by some passing breeze. On the mountains of the mainland and in the high-walled fiords and canyons still brighter is the work of the sunshine. The broad, white bosoms of the glaciers glow like molten silver, and their crystal fronts and multitude of icebergs are kindled to a blaze of irised light.

The front of the glacier is about three miles wide, but the central berg-producing portion, that stretches across from side to side of the inlet like a huge, jagged barrier, is only about half as wide. The height of the ice-wall above the water is from 250 to 300 feet; but soundings made by Captain Carroll show that about 720 feet of the wall is below the surface, while still a third portion is buried beneath moraine material. Therefore, were the water and rocky detritus cleared away, a sheer wall of blue ice would be presented a mile and a half long and more than a thousand feet high.

* * *

The number of bergs given off varies somewhat with the tides and weather. For twelve consecutive hours I counted the number discharged that were large enough to be heard like thunder at a distance of a mile or two, and found the rate to be one in five or six minutes. When one of the fissured masses falls there is first a heavy, plunging crash, then a deep, deliberate, long-drawn-out thundering roar, followed by clashing, grating sounds from the agitated bergs set in motion by the new arrival, and the swash of waves along the beach. All the very large bergs rise from the bottom with a still grander commotion, heaving aloft in the air nearly to the top of the wall, with tons of water pouring down their sides, heaving and plunging again and again ere they settle and sail away as blue, crystal islands; free at last after being held rigid as part of the slow-crawling glacier for centuries. And strange it seems that ice formed from snow on the mountains two and three hundred years ago, should after all its toil and travel in grinding down and fashioning the face of the land scape still remain so lovely in color and so pure.

BLAINE, THE INTERNATIONAL CITY.

AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM JUDGE MURPHY, OF SEATTLE, TO THE "NEW YORK SYNDICATE."

1. My trip to Blaine demonstrated to me the desirability and practicability of building within a reasonable time a line of railway from the International boundary line dividing the United States from the British possessions and Blaine, U. S., from Blaine, B. C., on Washington Avenue, around Drayton Harbor, to the head of Semiahoo spit, a distance of seven miles, with a branch from the main line at the head of the harbor due south for about one to one and a half miles, which I think would pay substantially from the start.

2. Blaine, U. S., can extend no further north than the International boundary, whence it started, and must of necessity extend southward and westward around the harbor and to Birch Bay.

3. The first line that should be constructed and that will pay best is around the water front, and to the neighbor bay.

why these factors and agencies cannot and will not evolve the same great results.

9. Blaine has everything now, or possible that Seattle has and had possible, besides something more; for while Seattle, like Tacoma and the other Sound towns, simply fronts on the great inland sea, called Puget Sound, a long distance away from either inlet or outlet, from and to the Pacific Ocean, Blaine lies at the head of and commands the Straits of Georgia, as also the Gulf of Georgia—with this further point in favor of Blaine, of lying at and controlling the Pacific end of the great international boundary.

10. Seattle has a harbor of the first class in every particular—so has Blaine. Seattle has at her back the greatest of natural resources—agricultural lands, coal, iron, timber and minerals of all kinds—so has Blaine.

Seattle has every facility and inducement for ships and water shipping, and already has them and has them coming—so has Blaine.

Seattle has every facility and inducement for railroads and rail transportation, and already has them and has them coming—so has Blaine.

Seattle has population and capital and more coming—so will Blaine have within one-tenth of

Blaine has and commands the Pacific terminus of the International boundary, which is bound to cut an important figure in the make-up and business of Blaine.

It will be conceded by all that, situated as the Sound country is in respect of both land and water, on both the British and American sides, the customs duties of both countries and governments must and will be collected on this International boundary line—and if so, it must and is further conceded that it will not be done in the interior, on land, but at the terminus, on water—and if so, then inevitably and unavoidably at Blaine.

Hence both the British and American custom houses will be located here, and here the customs authorities will be stationed for both Canada and the United States. Here the ships of both countries and all nations will come to transfer their cargoes and pay their duties. Here both Dominion and Union railroads and system of railroads, transcontinental and international, will concentrate to exchange commodities and contribute customs.

Why not? Why should they go anywhere else? What reason for going miles and hundreds



BLAINE, THE INTERNATIONAL CITY, PUGET SOUND.

4. The company obtaining and owning the franchise have checked the whole townsite of Blaine, U. S., Plymouth City, Drayton and Birch Bay, with lines running north and south and east and west, on all the section lines embraced therein, and even beyond.

5. I find upon investigation and comparison that the two greatest points in my opinion and judgment, on Puget Sound, are Seattle and Blaine, and that for natural advantages and commercial opportunities they stand upon a par.

6. I am satisfied that they, and they only, will make Sound cities of the first class, and that it is still an open question as to which will ultimately attain the highest rank.

7. Seattle, of course, has the start now, but I think Blaine will soon be able to contest the supremacy with her, Tacoma, Port Townsend, Fairhaven, Port Angeles, Olympia, etc., following in the order named.

8. It is apparent that Blaine has the same factors and agencies, combining and at work to make, and making her, that Seattle has had to make and which are making her a great commercial seaport city, and, under similar conditions and like surroundings, there is no reason

the time that it took Seattle to get hers, it only lacking months where Seattle has had years to accomplish those results.

Seattle had to pass through a fermenting and experimental period of twenty years before she started to make anything—while Blaine has jumped that Siwash-clam-digging period and started in where Seattle did, when she commenced a few years ago, to make a town and a city, with the additional advantage over Seattle, that she can and will multiply and develop so much faster than it has ever been possible for Seattle hitherto to do.

You see, therefore, that Blaine only lacks age and a comparatively small number of years to possess in reality what Seattle possesses to-day, and what it was possible for her to possess at the beginning, and that she has all the possibilities in her origin and progress that Seattle had at her commencement, together with all the creative powers that she ever possessed with the single exception of what age, and a minimum of that comparatively, can and will produce. Blaine is even now an all fours with Seattle.

There is positively nothing that Seattle has or can get that it, too, cannot, and will not have.

of miles farther up or down the Sound on either side for the purpose of making the interchanges and collecting these inter-customs, when it can all be done at a given and common point, and at the most central and convenient place for both nations and all nations?

Suffice it will be done at Blaine, and make Blaine a great, if not the very greatest (with the aid of the British addition) commercial metropolis on the mother of seas and the father of oceans.

The Straits of Georgia, which Blaine commands, are now and always will be the direct thoroughfare and great highway for the travel and traffic to Alaska, Siberia and even Japan, as well as all the British Pacific Coast islands of the north Pacific and the Arctic.

Blaine also commands the Gulf of Georgia, and will drain a sweep of level, fertile, garden, orchard and farm country, several hundred miles in circumference and from fifty to a hundred miles in semi-diameter, with the rich and tributary foot-hills and mountainous back-ground, from the natural resources and artificial products of which she will supply Vancouver, Nanaimoo, Victoria and the archipelago of islands and towns surrounding and bordering the great Gulf [and

Straits of Georgia, besides sending the surplus to Alaska, Siberia and the Occident.

Blaine, this season, will have two railroads completed, and through connection from the Canadian, Northern, Union and Southern, besides a road to connect with a road from Spokane Falls, and which is, doubtless, the Pacific end of the Great Northern, is already building from Blaine eastward, via Lynden, in the heart of the Nooksack Valley, with subsidy enough already to pay for it to that point, while another road and a short air-line route is projected and being surveyed from the Canadian, at the Mission, directly through the center of that great intervening country, to Blaine, besides several others, even now being projected and surveyed into Blaine.

Hence the future of Blaine is evidently assured. Will you see it in time?

Governor Squire, from the U. S. Senate, has just sent to the Rev. Dean Watson, Episcopal minister here, the following:

"I desire to acknowledge your letter of May 9th, and to thank you for the information contained therein.

This information is especially valuable coming from so authentic a source.

I am very glad to hear that the prospects of Blaine are so bright and its hopes of future greatness so well founded.

I have already introduced a memorial praying for a sub-port of entry at Blaine.

There is a bill pending before the House of Representatives (having passed the Senate) which provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall designate such ports of entry as he may deem advisable on Puget Sound. If this bill passes and becomes a law, the only remaining effort to be made will be to convince the Secretary of the Treasury of the importance of making Blaine a sub-port of entry. I think it is very probable that we can succeed in accomplishing this." Etc.

This tells the undeniable story from an undoubted source.

Blaine will get there. I may add for your encouragement that both the "Union" and the "Northern" have bonded and purchased large quantities of land in and around Blaine, and are already laying off property and making improvements there.

Saw the "Union" doing it myself.

It will come out just as I have told you. Mark well my word and warning!

Blaine was made a port of entry on the 13th day of May.

JUDGE MURPHY'S LETTER.

The extract, printed in this issue, from a letter written by Judge Murphy, of Seattle, to the "New York Syndicate," explains itself.

The astuteness of eastern capitalists in seeking the most promising fields for investment is well-known. Judge Murphy's reputation for shrewdness and business foresight is indisputable. The letter shows the habit of critical observation and careful consideration, for which he is noted. His description is not exaggerated. It is a conservative view of Blaine's future by one who has had a wide experience on the Pacific Coast, and shows what is possible to a western town in a favorable location with most propitious surroundings.

The future of Blaine is assured. Aside from her harbor unsurpassed, her direct communication to the Pacific, the magnificent body of timber extending back to the mountains, the fine agricultural lands lying adjacent, the vast and varied mineral deposits which must have their outlet on Drayton Harbor, the railroads building or projected, reaching in every direction, her people are characterized by the same confidence, the same push and energy, the same spirit of independence, and the same indomitable will that made a Chicago and is making a Seattle.

HIS BALKED REVENGE.

BY RAY RICHMOND.

"You shall marry me, or you shall never marry!" hissed Al Woodward in pretty Isabel Howard's ear.

"Indeed," she sneers disdainfully. "So you threaten?"

"No, but I swear you shall not marry another man," he said behind his set teeth.

"How could you prevent it?" she asked with tantalizing coolness.

"I would shoot you," he breathed.

"Ha, an idle threat," was her laughing response. Besides I'm not going to marry any one!"

"Well, mark my words Isabel, so long as I live I shall love you, and shall never see you married to another," and with that Al swung gracefully down the walk, leading from the Howard home.

Isabel threw herself languidly into a hammock upon the veranda and soliloquized. "These railroad men are so impetuous. I don't care a snap for him, but it was fun to lead him on, knowing Jessie Wise was wild with jealousy. But I'm afraid I've gone too far," an anxious wrinkle disfiguring her white brow. "However, he'll never be so desperate as to shoot anyone, anyway. Besides, I won't marry any one for ages, and he'll forget all about us. I wonder how I happened to become so well acquainted with him. If Jessie hadn't made such a goose of herself as soon as she knew I had met Al, I should never have given him a thought. Yet he is handsome. His eyes are glorious, and his form superb. But an engineer's wife! Fudge! I was born for the purple, and I shall not wreck my future by a hasty marriage."

Isabel, in her luxuriant home, was a little queen. An only and beautiful daughter, she had been a trifle spoiled with homage and admiration, but a good heart secured her against vanity. She enjoyed the power of making friends and keeping them, but oftentimes was grieved when friends of the sterner sex became lovers. She seldom perceived any growing affection, and so could not be said to encourage any one. But with Al Woodward it had been different, for from the first time he had gazed into her hazel eyes, he had loved, and betrayed his love to her. Although she had led him on, it was very mildly, allowing him only to call and chat pleasantly with her at times.

When Al told his intense love, she treated it respectfully, and declined it as kindly as possible. But when he persisted in avowing it, she tried to laugh him to scorn, feeling ridicule would kill his passion sooner than aught else. But she counted without her host. Al turned desperate with unsatisfied love, and became moody and unreasonable.

Although his vow to shoot her was treated lightly by Isabel in his presence, it made her uneasy, and she decided to leave home for a while. She was heart-free. She had no vague longings, no unrequited love to gnaw at her heart-strings, and so her sentiment for Al could hardly be termed sympathy. He, poor fellow, had never suffered so in all his twenty-five years, and to think that a tiny woman of eighteen could cause such intense suffering made him grind his teeth in despair.

In the course of a week or so Isabel started, in company with her aunt, for Denver and the mountains. Being a wise little body, she gave Al no hint of her intended departure in the two subsequent calls he made, and it was not for two or three days after she had gone that he heard of it. His heart dropped like a lump of lead, and he glared at his fireman in angry silence, while they sped along the rails. His engine throbbed in time to his heart, and he

gripped the lever as he would enjoy gripping his deathless love, to forever choke it out of existence.

Isabel with her aunt spent a delightful fortnight at Denver, and had about decided to move westward when Horace Weldon, an acquaintance, assured them that they would miss half their lives if they failed to go to Breckenridge by stage. Breckenridge was a mining town high up in the mountains. A five or six day's rough stage travel did not daunt these delicate ladies at all, and one glorious morning in June they started with Mr. Weldon for company.

It is surprising how well acquainted strangers can get in six days' constant companionship, when each is shown at a disadvantage. Horace was a polished Chicagoan, out upon a business journey which took him into the mining district. Tall and athletic, with a finely shaped head, deep blue eyes, and a tawny mustache, he was a noticeable person anywhere. Not exactly handsome, yet his face showed intellectuality, ability, energy, and gentlemanly instincts. Isabel was attracted toward him from the first when, at the hotel in Denver, he had rendered her some slight service. He, upon his part, was as strongly attracted to the frail, delicate little woman, with a patrician face, lighted up with wonderfully clear eyes, and he made a successful attempt to become acquainted with her and her chaperon, an easy thing to do among genial Westerners.

When, at last, Breckenridge was reached Horace and Isabel were old friends, but as yet neither had awakened to love. They lingered long at the elevated town, so high that water would not boil nor bread bake on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. In company with Horace, Isabel and her aunt had taken a trip through the famous "Little Mountain" mine. Only one incident marred the pleasure of their stay, and that was the tragic death of a bright young miner who had become enamored of Isabel. As he was descending a shaft, the rope broke, and he was hurled a hundred feet to a terrible death. After that Isabel was anxious to leave, and as they had enjoyed the stage drive up, they concluded to descend by the same route, instead of the narrow gauge. But they were doomed to accidents, not very serious, but alarming. At a narrow point of the steep mountain road, an axle broke, toppling the huge stage over. Luckily the road slanted toward the side of the mountain, otherwise they would have been tumbled down a ragged precipice to instant eternity. Horace extricated himself as quickly as possible, and found Isabel, lying limp and pale against the inside of the roof of the coach. Lifting her in his arms, he crawled out with her, and never heeding the rest of the passengers who were talking excitedly of their narrow escape, pressed his lips to hers and called her in endearing terms and tones to speak to him. When death stared him in the face, he suddenly realized how dear, how precious Isabel was to him, and awoke to the consciousness of what these last few weeks had been to him.

Isabel opened her eyes, to find love beaming at her. She had only been stunned, and the intuitive knowledge that Horace loved her, gave her strength. She rose to her feet, casting a half shy, wholly adorable smile at him.

Her aunt escaped unhurt, and in the course of an hour or so the stage was ready to start. The rest of the trip was through a joyous land, illuminated by the light of unspoken love for at least two of the passengers. In every action, in every attention Horace showed his love for Isabel, who in every glance, every touch of her soft fingers betrayed her growing affection.

When Denver was reached, Horace received a telegram of hasty summons home. With a veiled good-bye, a promise to write, he was gone, and the ladies fell back into their original track for

travel. It was six weeks before Isabel reached home, to find a letter from Horace awaiting her. During the interim she had built many idle air castles and dreamed many happy dreams. She had dropped Horace a note from Salt Lake City, informing him of their intention of returning home, so he knew he was not forgotten. But as for poor Al, Isabel hardly remembered him until she entered the train on the last two hundred miles of her journey. She then saw his gloomy face leaning from the cab window. She gave him a cheerful little nod, which caused a happy smile to overspread his smutty face, and he touched his cap gallantly to her. To Isabel, with the sudden remembrance of Al's love and all that had happened since, the ride was an unpleasant one. To Al, so happy was he, his engine seemed flying along the smooth rails. He pressed the lever lovingly, as he would enjoy pressing Isabel's fair head against his breast, and he hummed a love song which lost itself in the roar and racket of the train.

That night he called upon Isabel, who received him with a new dignity. For the first time he found his burning love could not be spoken, and he felt unspeakably sad. Isabel related, in a cool, reserved voice, all the principal points of her journey, omitting, however, any mention of new friends, and Al left her that evening wholly discouraged, but more madly in love than ever.

The following day, Jessie Wise ran in: "Oh Ian, how we have missed you! Did you have an elegant time?" she gushed.

"Yes, very pleasant," answered Isabel quietly. "How many scalps did you bring home?" inquired Jessie, in the common parlance of the day.

"I did not see an Indian," remarked Isabel, seriously.

"Oh pshaw!" laughed Jessie, "I mean how many hearts did you break."

"You speak of heads, but mean hearts?" inquired Isabel with a smile. "My answer is—not one," but a queer, little, loving expression deepened in her eyes.

"I suppose you think Al was desperate without you?" asked Jessie slyly.

"I do not see why," Isabel retorted, with genuine openness.

"Well, perhaps not," smirked Jessie, twirling a new ring upon her finger significantly.

"O! you have a new ring," cried Isabel. "Let me see it. It is a beauty. Who has been giving you such a lovely gift, Jessie?" But Jessie only hung her head and colored up prettily.

"Are you engaged, dear?" Isabel asked kindly.

"Oh I wouldn't say a word to anyone but you, darling, Al would be so angry to have me boast of it. But you are such a dear friend I can trust you, and you must not say a word to anyone, nor breathe of it to Al, for he'd think I could not keep a secret, and I should be so mortified, but you are such a friend," Jessie said breathlessly. Isabel, believing it all, felt a weight removed from her heart, she leaned over and kissed the artful girl heartily, saying.

"Nothing could please me more, and I congratulate you with all my heart."

Jessie gave her a quick, sharp glance, and, knowing she herself was acting a part, accused Isabel, in her heart, of the same trick. But Isabel was truly glad, feeling Al had lost his love for her, and had transferred his affections elsewhere, leaving her free of his importunities.

After Isabel had answered Horace's letter, which was guarded, but delicately filled with love, she awaited impatiently for a reply. It came by return mail and for the next three months their correspondence was heavy and regular. At the end of that time Horace made a trip to Isabel's home, and for a week these two lived in a happy world of their own. At last one evening Horace said, as he bent over Isabel's sunny head:

"Darling I have loved you for months. Do you love me, and can you be my wife?"

Isabel raised her clear eyes to his, and said earnestly. "Yes."

After Horace had left her, with the remembrance of his loving kisses, his close embrace, and a shining diamond upon her finger, Isabel could not help contrasting his quiet but intense love-making, with Al's hot, impassioned wooing, and she felt that it was Horace's love which would stand the test of time, where Al's passion would not. Isabel's engagement was known to the family only. During the winter she refused to see Al when he called, until at last he grew morose, and stayed away. She had seen very little of Jessie, imagining her busy with preparations for a future wedding, as was she, for Horace and Isabel were to be married in the fair June weather.

The spring months opened beautifully, and it was late in May before Isabel's approaching nuptials were whispered about. When Jessie heard of it, she immediately questioned Isabel as to the veracity of the report, and finding it true, she communicated the news to Al. The effect was terrible and unexpected to Jessie. Al raved and swore and threatened vengeance so dire that she was paralyzed with fright. But knowing two wrongs do not make a right, she set about remedying the first wrong by informing Isabel of Al's behavior.

Isabel grew very grave when she found that Al still loved her. She knew the madness of his love, and was almost ready to cry with dismay at his probable actions. Cautioning Jessie to divulge, in no way, the date of the wedding, she set herself to planning. No one beside Jessie knew Al's love for her, but she decided to take Horace into her confidence. He came at her urgent bidding, listened attentively to what she said, and did not laugh at her.

"We will balk him, darling," he said, encircling her waist protectingly. "If you have a photo of him, I should like it. I will put a detective upon his track, so his movements will not escape notice."

Isabel produced a good photograph of Al which Horace took to Chicago the next day, and the following week, a trim, dapper little gentleman, a detective in plain clothes, called upon Isabel, and was closeted some time with her in earnest conversation.

The evening of the wedding was at hand, illuminated by the rays of a glorious summer moon. The spacious Howard residence was ablaze with light, the rooms fragrant with the perfume of roses. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the entrance. Pedestrians were daintily picking their way along. Although it was a quiet home-wedding a hundred or two guests had been invited. Inside the vestibule door stood a shining darky, who admitted guests. Near him, somewhat in the shadow, was a dapper, trim little man, put down by new-comers as a floor-manager, perhaps. He scrutinized each face sharply, and as each passed up the broad stairs gave a sigh of relief. It was almost eight o'clock. In a few moments more the bridal couple would be entering the drawing-room. The detective felt that all fears had been in vain, for all the guests had assembled, but among them was not the person he wanted.

A quick step on the piazza and the agile darky threw open the door, admitting Al Woodward, his eyes strangely a-blaze, his whole form quivering with excitement.

"Gem'len to de lef'," announced the porter, when a hand was laid upon Al's arm.

"Is this Mr. Al Woodward?" inquired the detective coolly, although in a terrible hurry to get this dangerous man away, before the bridal party appeared.

"That's my name," answered Al tersely, shaking off the hand.

"I've a telegram for you," continued the detective, and pulling one from his pocket said, "Your mother is dangerously hurt; you are to come at once."

If there was one being above another Al worshiped, it was his dark-eyed mother. In the face of her supposed danger he forgot everything, and, turning, started off. The detective followed, and saw him board a western express. Being satisfied with the ruse, he returned in time to congratulate the newly married couple, and to assure Isabel that all was well. The anxious lines in her face disappeared, giving place to happy contentment.

When Al discovered he had been duped, and that his mother was perfectly well and happy, Mr. and Mrs. Welden, were far away upon their wedding journey. It was in vain he gnashed his teeth, tore his hair, and swore. They were far beyond his reach. When a few years later he met them, he had so far worn out his love for her in agony, that he could greet them pleasantly, and inwardly thank Isabel for saving him from a hideous crime by balking his revenge.

HE WAS A TENDERFOOT.

A canvasser for a Helena loan and building association paid a visit to Glendive last week. He fell in with the boys and they showed him all there was to the town. Then they determined to show him how to hunt antelope. He was willing to learn, never having hunted antelope in a wild state before. The boys and their guest left about dark and went a mile or so up the coulee. It was a dark night—just such a one as to make antelope hunting both exciting and profitable. Once on the ground the arrangements were soon made. The solicitor was given a red lantern and a bag. "Now hold the bag open and swing the lantern," said the leader, "and we'll go up the coulee and chase the antelope in." The solicitor obeyed instructions and the party left with the exception of Editor Joe Widmyer, who staid behind to write up the capture of the antelopes. For hours the solicitor stood holding the mouth of the sack open with one hand and swinging the red lantern with the other. No antelopes came. His arms were aching, but he was determined to be a thoroughbred hunter and clung to hope. He got hungry, too, but even his appetite could not conquer his desire to capture a live antelope.

"Tired?" asked Widmyer.

"No, not very," replied the solicitor, as he took a fresh grip on the bag.

"Well, I guess I'll just go up the gulch a piece and see if there are any bears around," said Widmyer. "If any wolves or a herd of buffalo come while I'm gone, just holler."

"All right."

"Left to himself, the solicitor changed hands on the bag and the lantern several times to relieve the strain on his muscles. He was getting very tired. His muscles began to feel like skewers had been run through them and heavy weights attached. Nobody came in sight but a young man in a tall hat and carrying a gun. He said he was gunning for snipe, and passed on. Finally the lantern went out. There was no further use to wait, as antelope, according to the Glendive sporting fraternity, will not run into a sack unless attracted by a red lantern. The solicitor went back to town. It was nearly day-break. The first people he saw were his hunting companions. He reported his failure to secure any game and set up the drinks. Some time later it began to dawn on him that the boys had been playing with him. Then he left Glendive firmly convinced that he had been taken for a tenderfoot.—*Helena Independent*.

UP A TREE.

BY KENNETH LAMAR.

A very bright St. Paul youth strolled into one of our parks, one day lately, on mischief bent. Flinging himself down on a seat, he waited his chance. Presently an old black man came halting up, and after pausing a moment, he seated himself by the lad, notwithstanding there were several vacant benches close by.

"Have you your card with you?"

"Mer kyard?"

"Yes, we are strangers, and when a stranger presses himself upon the society of another, he usually presents his card. It is a formality, perhaps, but custom makes it the next thing to imperative."

"O, hit's mer name y' is er projickin roun' ter diskiver?"

"Yes."

"Wull, I wus named Jeemes K. Polk Johnsing when I blonged ter de John-sings ob Tennysee, befo' de wah, but sense I became a freeman, I became Ulysses Simpson Grant Greeley, sah."

"Well, Useless Simpleton—"

"Mouter made er mishearin'. Hit's er way white folks hez. I said Ulysses Simpson."

"Well, a rose by any other name, you know," quoth the youth, rapping Yankee Doodle on his knickerbockers. "The problem that I wish to propound is this: Prove, by applying the binomial theorem to the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle, that the ratio of the decrease of our Indian population, as compared with present statistics, will be as the area of a perpendicular is to the rectangle of two points."

"Hay? I doan jis ketch yer perzack parallelogram. De miration o' de interlocutory discombolulates de kermunicability ob hits differential hyposquatale an' makes hit sorter fugacious."

"O, it does, does it?" replied the boy, somewhat razzle-dazzled. "Well, solve this conundrum, then: A man sixty years old, has spent three years buttoning his collar. How much time has been consumed by a woman of forty-five in putting her hat on straight?"

"Dat ar 'pends on der ooman. Ef she wuz laik de ole gal dat I wanted ter call Mrs. Greeley, I kinder cal'late hit 'd er taken her fohty-seben y'ar."

"But the conundrum only calls for forty-five."

"Kain't he'p whut de conund'um calls fer. I said forty-sebben, an' I won't fall er blame figger."

"Blue Jimmy and beatified jim-jams, but you are smart! You must be six feet old and 3000 years tall."

"O, yaas, I'ze smaht. Kunnel Johnsing said I was de smahtest hand on he plantation. But dar wus one 'casion w'en I wus er fool."

"Only one?"

"Yaas, on'y one, an' hit wus ernuff ter las' me a hull lifetime. Hit wur twenty-free y'ar ergo, arter I kim ter Minnesota, an' I wus livin' up in whut wus den a big b'ar country. De b'ars wus pow'ful troublous, a-sneakin' 'roun', stealin' provisions, an' dar wus one ol' b'ar wid twenty-seben cubs—"

"O, come now! Knock off at least twenty."

"Knock off nuffin'. Whose er-tellin' dis hyar story—me er you?"

"Well proceed with the procession."

"I had done been layin' fer dat b'ar, fer hit 'd bin a-prowlin' 'roun' my meat-house fer a long spell; but hit hed managed ter 'void er diff'culty

with mer rifle up ter dis hyar day w'en I made a fool er myself. Hit wus er hot day. I hed been er feedin' mer pigs, w'en I foun' de bes' one o' de lot wus er-missin', an' a-leadin' off fum de sty wus de tracks ob a b'ar. I known hit wus de ole b'ar dat I hez bin er-tellin' y' bout, fur it hed a kinder twist in one ob hits hin' feet, so I jis' went right back t' mer house, took down mer rifle, and swore pine-blank dat de bowdacious sinnah must kick de bucket before de shank ob dat ver' day.

"Wull, I follered de tracks up hill an' down, an' follered, an' follered twell I wus half friz."

"Why, I thought, you said it happened in hot weather."

"Now, dat's ernuff ob dat. Things hez kim to a cricketel pass w'en an' ole patriarch laik me is brought ter taw by er boy young ernuff to hev been born in de naixt cintury. Nebber seed sich er cu'ous way as dese hyar white folks hez.

rec'procity in mer politics jis' er'bout den, an droppin' mer rifle I flewed from dat pint o' scen'ry quicker'n I kin tell hit; but dat ole b'ar an' hits young uns wus er-gainin' an er-gainin', an' I seed mer only chance wus ter climb er-tree, an' yer orter seed de way I clim." Jis' ez I straddled er limb, de ole b'ar an' one ob de cubs kim up. De ole un stood back er few feet an' grinned, but de young un put hits paws on de tree, an' looked up t' me in a hungry way dat set me a-tremblin' twell I wus sartin suah I'd tumble squar' upon his teef. I nebber seed sich teef. Day muster bin er foot long, an—"

"O, now, now!"

"Yaas, sah, er-foot long, an' he kep'er-crunchin' em, zif he'd gun ter chaw me already. Puhy soon de balance ob de family kim up, and day fohmed a suckle 'roun de tree, an' gun er-waitin' fo' me ter drap. De sun went down, an' half de househol' went ter sleep, an' slep' twell midnight Den dey woke up an' de udder half went ter sleep.

"Long tohds mawnin' de ole b'ar shuck hese', yawned, an' trotted off. Jis' ez day wus er-brakin' he kim back wid er-nudder o' mer pigs. Yes, sah! Dat catawamtic critter hed de cheeker steal er-nudder o' mer pigs, an' he an' his househol' perceeded to make dar breakfuss offin hit, jis' ez cool ez ef I wusn't er-sittin' up dar er-watchin' de puhyfomance.

"Wull, when night kim, de ole b'ar went off'n brung back er-nudder o' mer pigs for supper, an' jis' befo' mawnin' dat ole outlaw started off er-gain an' kim back wid er-nudder o' mer pigs."

"Must have been pretty hungry yourself by that time."

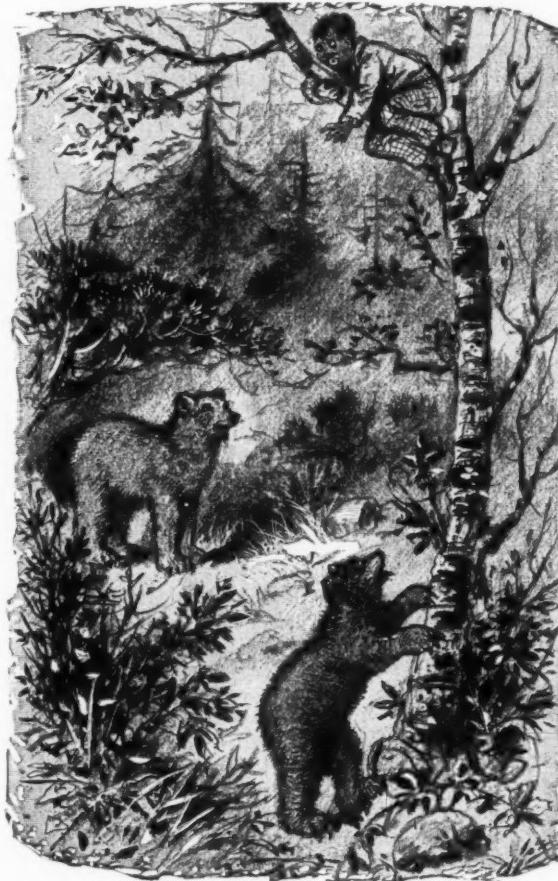
"Hongry? Whooee! An'sleepy? Woof!

"Wull, it hed t' hev an eend, an' ef dah wuzn' a special providence in de way hit kim dar neber wuz one on dis hyar morkal spear. Hit wuz diss 'n way. Some pesky varmints hed been plunderin' mer heneoop, an' I hed fixed up p'ison fer em, but de chaps didn't come, an' dat's how mer life wus saved.

"One o' mer pigs in loafin' 'roun' hed foun' dat p'ison, an' swallered a hull bucket o' hit. Den he became oneeasy in de legs, an' puhy soon he keeled ovah. De ole b'ar kim' long jis' den, an' toted him back to de tree on de secon' mawnin' o' mer sojourn in hits branches. De ole b'ar an' de cubs hed po'k fer breakfuss ez usual dat mawnin', but hit were der far'well feast. Aftah der banquet wuz ober, dey scattered dahsefs, 'roun' waitin' fer t' make er dinnah out'n me.

"Puhy soon dat ole b'ar done give er grunt, rolled ober, an' p'inted his paws ter de sun; den fust one cub an' den anudder follered suit, twell dey all lay dah, er-wrigglin', an' er-whimperin' zif dey 'd nebber care fer hog-meat no mo'. An' dey neber did. Dey jis' nach'ly pegged out dah an' den. Yaas, sah; an w'en dey wus all done dead, I scrabbled down, an' skun de hull kermunity. De profit o' dar hides paid fer er bunch o' hogs, better'n de ones I hed los', but I doan want no mo' 'sperience o' dat kin' fo' naix time de special providence mout be on de side o' de b'ars."

THE CEREMONY PROCEEDED.—"If any here present," said the officiating clergyman, "can show just cause why this man and this woman may not be lawfully joined together let him speak or forever hold his peace." The groom, Mr. Lariat of Arizona, casually laid a pair of large revolvers on the railing in front of him, and the ceremony proceeded



"LOOKED UP T' ME IN A HONGRY WAY."

Glimpses of Western Life

THE CANYON OF THE GRAND RIVER.

Where is the pen of the ancient sages,—
Where are the bards and the prophets old—
Which wrote the book of the rock-ribbed pages,
Or the song of its mystic story told?

Who saw them rise, with fire and thunder,
Out of the awful deeps profound,
Rending the solid earth asunder,
To stand as sentinels along the ground?

Whence were the mighty torrents rushing,
Erosive torrents, a mighty flood,
Down through the mighty barrier crushing
Chasms that chill a mortal's blood?

Ossa on Pelion piled inverted!
Downward we strain the halting sight;
A river in lower earth inserted,
Far as the realms of endless night!

Where is the facile hand with numbers,
The weird accountant grim and gray,
To sing the period that slumbers
Couched in the ages passed away?

Where is the Bard of the mountain ranges,
Or where is the Seer with vision grand,
To read the time when the coming changes,
Shall solve these rocks into fertile land?

I stand in awe at the sight stupendous,
And count by millions, not understood,
To measure in years the age tremendous,
Of building rocks and of melting flood!

Humbled, I bow to the canyon hoary;
Prefer my quest to his depths sublime:
Tell me the tales of your long-lost story!
Read the rock runnes in the words of time."

"Mortal, thy life is an age eternal,
To measure this thrill of the universe!
A day is too long for the deed supernal—
Complete, ere thy pen may the act rehearse!

"The mount at morn; at noon, the canyon;
The plain and the grassy mead at night!
Why! these, all these are a passing moment!
A scintillant flash of cosmic light."

ISAAC A. POOL.

Escanaba, Mich.

Retributive Justice.

An editor works 165½ days per year to get out fifty-two issues of a paper: that's labor.

Once in a while somebody pays him a year's subscription: that's capital.

And once in a while some son-of-a-gun of a dead beat takes the paper for a year or two and vanishes without paying for it: that's anarchy.

But later on justice will overtake the last named creature, for there is a place where he will get his deserts: that's hell.—*Dunseith (N. D.) Herald.*

Few Snakes There.

A magnificent specimen of the common garter snake was captured on Sunday a little way out on the Douglas road, says the Westminster (Wash.) *Ledger*. It was thirty-six inches from muzzle to tail tip, and its skin displayed some beautiful colors. This variety is akin to the common English grass snake and is absolutely harmless, although rather alarming in appearance. Fortunately poisonous reptiles are very scarce in this Commonwealth.

A Prehistoric Skeleton.

A skeleton was dug up on a ranch in Grant County, which is thought to be that of a prehistoric man. It is described as being extremely large, and having a skull that indicated a high order of intelligence. The description settles the fact that it is not a prehistoric skeleton, but

more likely that of some white man who died there years ago. Prehistoric giants are myths. All that can be learned regarding those mysterious races which existed before history recorded their stature and their deeds goes to show that they were physically inferior to the men of today, and certainly were mental pygmies.—*Spo-kane Review.*

An Incident of War Times.

The death of Addison M. Starr, at San Francisco, recalls an exciting incident of war times in Portland, when he was sheriff. One night in the winter of 1862, Captain Staples, of the steamer "Brother Jonathan," which afterward went down off Crescent City, Cal., Captain Dodge, a gambler named Fred Patterson and a familiar character known as "One-Armed Brown" were drinking in the old Pioneer Hotel, on Front and Washington Streets. All were taking a drink with Staples who was pretty well "loaded." When the barkeeper said "all ready gentlemen," Captain Staples lifted his glass and said:

"Here's to the Union!"

"To h— with the Union," answered Patterson, before any one could say Jack Robinson.

Immediately the other men took after Patterson, who ran out of the hotel into the street. The fire bells were rung and so were the church bells summoning nearly everybody who lived in Portland. A great crowd collected about the Pioneer Hotel and threatened to hang Patterson. Brown got a rope, the lamp-post was handy, and Patterson was all that was needed. He had taken refuge on the stairs of the hotel and as Brown approached with the rope, he cried out:

"I will kill the first man who comes up the stairs."

"Give me the rope," shouted Captain Staples, "and I'll bring him down by the neck."

Staples took the rope and started up stairs. As he approached Patterson the latter fired a shot in the air. Nothing daunted, Staples kept on. The next time Patterson fired to kill, and Captain Staples fell with a mortal wound in his stomach. Patterson fled and took refuge in an outhouse and surrendered to Louis M. Starr, Addison's brother, who was then deputy sheriff. As he was leading Patterson to jail hundreds of people crowded around and threatened mob violence. Sheriff Starr appeared on the scene about this time, and, drawing his pistol, threatened to kill the first man who touched Patterson. This prevented trouble.

The next day Patterson was released on \$10,000 bonds, furnished by ex-United States Senator Ben Stark, T. J. Holmen and A. Arrigoni. The jury before which he was tried acquitted him. Patterson was afterward shot dead in a barber's chair in Walla Walla, by a man named Donahoe, who was a special policeman in Portland when Captain Staples was killed.

How He Swore Off.

There was once a judge of the district court of San Bernardino County, California, who, disapproving of liquor and wine drinking, lost no opportunity in sternly holding up to the public gaze all persons who had committed crimes or misdemeanors while under the influence of strong drink. There lived in that town at the time this exemplary man sat upon the bench a good many men who looked upon the wine when it was red and who often frolicked with John Barleycorn until they got the worst of it. There was one young man in particular, who belonged to a good family, who was wont to paint San Bernardino scarlet when funds were not too low. This youth entered His Honor's study one day and exclaimed:

"Judge, I'm going to swear off and I want you to—"

"All right, all right; I know—I know. I'll

make out the papers and fix you up. It won't take ten minutes."

And tickled nearly to death the judge made out a satisfactory document, the young man quickly subscribed to it and then swore never again to drink anything intoxicating. Then he asked:

"How much do I owe you, Judge?"

"Owe me! Heavens and earth, young man you don't owe me anything. Confound it! I owe you! You have made me supremely happy! I can never repay you!"

"Now, see here, Judge, that won't do. I have taken up your time and I'm going to pay you!"

"Never, never, never! My dear boy, I will not take a cent."

"But you must."

"Never!"

"Well, you are the best man I ever saw."

"That's all right."

"And I am determined to demonstrate my thankfulness in some way."

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes! I'll tell you what we'll do, Judge."

"What?"

"Let's go and have a drink!"—*Wasp.*

A Cowboy Poet.

Mandan, N. D., has a cowboy poet in the person of Willis Stevens. He is a fine-looking young fellow of 22, tall, slender, with large blue eyes, dark brown hair, refined features and a winning address. None of his writings has yet appeared in print, and THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE has the pleasure of first introducing him to the public through the following sweet and simple lines:

LITTLE SWEETHEART.

Little sweet heart come and kiss me,
Just once more before I go;
Tell me truly, will you miss me
As I wander to and fro?

Yet I feel a tender pressing
Of your rosy lips to mine,
With your dimpled hands caressing
While your snowy arms entwine.

Little sweet heart come and kiss me,
We may never meet again;
We may never roam together
Down the dear old shady lane.

Every year may bring us sorrow
Yet our hearts but little know;
But if care we should not borrow,
Come and kiss before I go.

Little sweet heart, come and kiss me,
Come and whisper sweet and low,
Tell me that your heart will miss me
As I wander to and fro.

Were There First.

Like other portions of Puget Sound, Whatcom County was first visited by trappers and traders belonging to the famous Hudson Bay Company, but of course the date of the first visit is unknown to any now living in the country, if known anywhere. As the country becomes settled an occasional relic of former visitations is unearthed, while no evidence is left of the visitor. The Whatcom *Reveille* says: A few years ago some parties were on a prospecting tour far up the South Fork of the Nooksack River and in their wandering ran across the ruins of an old shanty, and in searching among the debris came across the remains of an old flintlock Hudson's Bay musket. The worms had eaten off the stock and the rust had made the usual inroads upon the barrel. It was brought down to Whatcom and for a long time placed on exhibition in the window of the First National Bank. Further search failed to reveal any new developments, although every indication went to show that the cabin had been built by white men. Mr. B. B. Jones, who was for years in the employ of the old Bellingham Bay Coal Company, relates that about fourteen or fifteen years ago he and some other

parties were cruising the land near Langtree Point on Lake Whatcom, and one day while camped on the shore of the lake he picked up an old knife which had carved on it the name of the owner and the date of his arrival on the lake. The name he has forgotten, but the date, 1838, is still fresh in his memory.

The Diamond Hitch.

An illustration on this page shows a party of prospectors who have broken camp and are almost ready to set out on their day's march. The baggage is being loaded on the unwilling pack animal. This operation requires special skill. After the pack saddle is put on the various bundles are adjusted, a broad band of stout cloth in which bristles are interwoven is placed under the animal's belly and a rope is passed back and forth between the rings attached to its ends and finally secured by what is universally known in the West as the diamond hitch. This peculiar fastening is the despair of the tenderfoot, whose load, unskillfully secured, is pretty sure to fall off his animal after a few hours' shaking on a rough road. The diamond hitch, properly made, holds the entire miscellaneous cargo in place until it is unloaded at the end of the day's trip.

Very Tame Bears.

E. C. Waters, for some years manager of the government hotels in the Yellowstone National Park, is in New York. Mr. Waters believes that the park is destined to become the feeder of the zoological gardens of this country and that one of its immediate needs is an immense paddock or series of paddocks where the species now in the park may be cared for and bred on scientific principles.

"How many animals are in the park?" he was asked.

"Many hundreds or perhaps thousands of elk," he said, "about a hundred buffalo and some mountain sheep and bears. The buffalo are in danger of becoming an extinct species. Since they have been placed under protection of government troops they have been increasing. Elk thrive there also. The bears are perfectly harmless. Having never been hunted they have no fear of man. My little daughter, six years old, has sometimes gone within fifteen feet of a bear and tossed bits of meat to him."

"The streams afford the best fishing ground in the country. No prohibition is laid on this sport and many parties come and take large strings. Senator Jones, of Arkansas, landed more than a hundred pounds of trout one day last summer."

A Toe Social.

Who ever heard of a toe social? Not many people in Tacoma, probably, but the Sheridan Post Woman's Relief Corps essayed one last evening in their hall in the Sprague Block.

A description of a toe social is as follows, as illustrated by the one last evening: All who want to go to it bring their wives, daughters or best girls and then afterwards try to find them by the size of their feet. After every one had arrived the ladies were invited to retire behind a curtain stretched across one side of the room.

The ladies retired, or at least most of them did, and shortly afterwards forty-eight pair of feet appeared from under the curtain. Whether all the feet were in the same shoes that went behind the curtain is doubtful from the result that followed.

A man who called himself an auctioneer then appeared, and with a piece of chalk numbered each pair of shoes, saying, "Gentlemen, we will sell these feet for the evening to the highest bidder. Number one is now for sale. What will you give me for it?" The ladies had put up a joke on the men, for a delicately constructed one and a half pair of patent leather slippers that



THE DIAMOND HITCH.

brought \$10 turned out to contain some ancient grandmother, and a pair of brogans that the auctioneer had to buy in himself for two bits and give to a friend stood under a fairy.

When the curtain was raised there was lots of amusement and some embarrassment when the gentlemen claimed their partners for supper and the first dance. All who attend these entertainments are old friends so no hard feeling resulted, but it did jar on the nerves of some of the younger men to see his best girl bought for two bits while he had paid \$7 for somebody's grandmother. The corps furnished the supper and everything else, and the evening was voted not only a novelty but also a great success and will be repeated.—*Tacoma Globe*.

Seeing the Country for Thirty Cents.

A boy of fourteen years, who gave the name of Ori Oski, and his home, when he happened to be there, as Red Wing, Minn., walked into the police headquarters last night and asked for a bed. He was clad in a well worn and somewhat torn suit, a brakeman's cap, a flannel shirt and a stout pair of hobnailed shoes completing his outfit. His bright, intelligent face and his straightforward way of talking soon put him in good favor with those present, and Marshal Cronin gave him some money and sent him to the restaurant, from which he soon returned with a well satisfied appetite. Sergeant Quirk then put him to bed. Starting from Red Wing in August last with about \$4 in his pocket, Ori Oski has made the circuit of the vast stretch of country bounded by the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean on the east and west, and the British Possessions and the Mexican border on the north and south. He has ridden all the way and the only money that the railroad companies got out of his trip was thirty cents. The boy did not run away from home. He told his father he was going to see the country. His father tried to dissuade him. Finding him bent on his trip, his father told him to go. He struck out south. Kind hearted train hands let him ride in the caboose. The first stop was made in Arkansas. It was short, as he only wanted to work long enough to replenish his pocket money. Then he went to Texas. Stopping at various places along the line of railroad for a week or so at a time, he secured

work with families who fed him, and, when his clothes became ragged furnished him with a new suit. When he thought he had seen enough of any locality he simply put his wardrobe on his back and left. From Texas he made his way, sometimes stealing a ride, sometimes traveling in a caboose, and now and then working a day or so at odd jobs, until he struck Los Angeles, Cal.

Here he made a short stay, but on leaving found an implacable railroad man and had to give up his first fare, thirty cents, to ride far enough out to catch a train with more liberal hands on board. The next stop was made at San Francisco. There he remained four weeks. Falling into the tender hands of the humane society, he was well fed and well groomed, but did not like the confinement. He therefore took advantage of the first opportunity and ran away. Then came more free train rides. Portland was visited, then Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. He found no trouble anywhere in getting enough odd jobs to keep himself supplied with food, and the longest that he went without eating during his journey was about thirty-six hours. At Spokane Falls his thoughts began to wander homeward, and he started in that direction. He stopped a day at Missoula, caught a freight train, and rode to Helena in the caboose.

Ori expects to leave for the East today. He says he will go to St. Paul, where he has a married sister living, with whom he will rest for a while before going to Red Wing. He has two brothers and a sister, all younger than himself, at home, and another brother who is married and living elsewhere, besides the married sister in St. Paul. He says he has seen the country and wants to see his folks now. Nowhere on his journey, he says, was he badly treated. Being a stout boy and willing to work when he found it necessary, he found no trouble worth mentioning to carry him through his long trip. As most of his work, however, was done for his board and lodging, the boy has handled less than \$30 on his trip. A party of Helena gentlemen who heard his story are thinking of forming a syndicate and letting the boy in on the ground floor on condition that he will act as their guide over the country and guarantee that the tour shall be made at as low a figure as it cost Ori Oski.—*Helena Independent*.

LIVINGSTON, MONTANA.

Its Resources in Silver, Gold, Coal, Lime-stone, Farms and Stock Range.

None of the Montana towns surpass Livingston in confidence of large future growth, in solidity and variety of resources or in volume of business in proportion to size. No town of its population (2,750 at the last census) is better sustained by actual money income from trade with regions necessarily tributary to it and from home business created by mechanical industry. The place grows steadily year by year, with no setbacks from hard times or sudden leaps ahead from periods of speculative activity. It builds substantial brick blocks, and pretty cottages by the score, is now erecting an opera house and a court house of handsome architecture and can point with satisfaction to good schools, numerous church edifices, water works and electric lights. It gathers in the trade of new mining camps and profits by the constant extension of the cultivated area in the neighboring valleys and the increase of flocks and herds on the vast natural pastures that lie along the flanks of the mountain ranges. As the "Gate City of the National Park," that land of wonders and summer play-ground for thousands of tourists from all parts of the globe, it derives a large revenue from the entertainment of travelers and their purchases of supplies, game trophies and natural curiosities.

Livingston is situated on the Yellowstone, where that noble river makes its great bend to the east after emerging from its lower canyon. At this point the Bozeman Pass through the Belt Mountains, the national route from Eastern to Central Montana, descends to the valley of the Yellowstone. This pass was an Indian highway from times immemorial, and the railway engineers found it to be the best route for their steel rails. The savages always adopted the easiest passes over mountain ranges for their trails and there is to-day no railroad across the Rockies or any of the spurs of the Rockies that does not keep close to deeply-worn tracks made by the hunting expeditions of the Aborigines. Above the lower canyon of the Yellowstone there is a stretch of narrow valley about forty miles long, very fertile and handsome, ending at the northern confines of the National Park. Below the canyon, and beginning about three miles from Livingston, the valley assumes a different character. The mountain ranges recede more and more, and make room for broad stretches of fields and pastures, and for rolling expanses of bench lands, where thousands of cattle and horses feed on the natural, free bunch-grass pastures. The scenic beauties of the situation can be understood only by readers familiar with the grandeur of mountain landscapes in Montana. The Belt Mountains on the west form an enormous wall, green below with the new growth of grass and black above with the somber hue of pine forests. On the south rise the huge, jagged peaks that sentinel the Park—Emigrant, Electric, Old Baldy, and many nameless summits of grey rock and snow, fascinating and formidable. On the East the singular isolated group of the Crazy Mountains, surrounded by smiling, verdant valleys, offers a picture thoroughly Alpine in its majesty. The swift, clear river runs through the midst of this glorious scene, fringed with cottonwoods, willows and rose-thickets and bordered by green plateaus and upland slopes where nature strews myriads of wild flowers with lavish hand.

I might write many pages about the surpassing loveliness of the panorama of mountains and valleys which can be seen from the slopes of the hills just north of Livingston, but most of my readers would prefer to learn about the practical

side of this bright, brisk town of eight years growth. What does it live upon, they will ask, and what are its prospects? What are its substantial resources in the neighboring country, and what openings are offered to new men and new money to further develop those resources. What sort of a place is it to live in and to make money in? The Western man and the Eastern man who comes West, are not devoid of sentiment. They may have a large stock of idealism and poetry stowed away in some nooks of brain and heart, but their immediate interest is in the material problems of life. How to make a living, how to get ahead, how to make money, are the uppermost questions with them. Let me, therefore, trace the growth of the town and then glance over the surrounding country, which is so corralled by mountain ranges that its trade comes into Livingston as naturally as water runs down hill.

I camped on the site of Livingston in 1882. It was then called Benson's Landing, from the fact that flat boats had been built there and floated down the river laden with furs to meet the steam-boats on the Missouri, 500 miles distant. Benson's Landing consisted of one house and a rope ferry. Returning in 1883 I found a long street of cottonwood log-huts occupied by railway laborers and saloons and called Clark City. In 1884 there were promising beginnings of a town—the new name adopted, streets laid off, many stores and dwellings built, railway repair-shops in operation and about 500 people on the ground. The seven years that have passed since 1884 have been years of constant growth. Projected by the Northern Pacific Company as a shop and division headquarters town, where heavy extra engines for the mountain grade are kept and train crews live and where the Park Branch diverges from the main line, Livingston has developed into an important center of trade and of mining activity. The neighboring valleys were occupied by ranchmen. Coking coal was discovered on the rear slopes of the Belt Mountains and a large plant of coke ovens was built. A second coke-making enterprise was established in the upper valley on the Park Railroad. The Castle silver mines, sixty miles north of Livingston were opened and the best route for teaming ores and supplies was found to be by way of the Shields River, which joins the Yellowstone eight miles below the town. Here was a new and important source of business and here, too, was the certainty of a new railroad line in the near future to bring the increasing ore output down to the main line of transportation. Here, also, was a new and mighty argument for the building of smelters and reduction works at Livingston.

The silver mines of Cooke City, which also await railroad building for their full development, lie about as far to the south of Livingston as those of the Castle district do to the north. An extension of the Northern Pacific Park Branch will go to Cooke just as soon as Congress gives permission for it to cross the extreme northern verge of the Park, where no tourists go and where there is no game for locomotives to scare. Congress is very slow to move in the matter, but it cannot much longer persist in locking up what is probably the greatest storehouse of silver ores in the United States. A railroad to Cooke City and a railroad to Castle must make of Livingston a great reduction point. Ground has already been purchased for extensive works and water rights secured. Coal and coke are close at hand in unlimited quantities. All the conditions are combined for building up a great industry at this point based on the ores of the precious metals. New discoveries are constantly made in the neighboring mountains. The mineral resources of the region are in the infancy of their development and the situation of Livingston is such, in relation to railways,

the river and the valleys that all further progress in this region, which the mountain ranges enclose as its special domain, must inure directly to its advantage.

Park County, of which Livingston is the capital, is about seventy-five miles long and of nearly the same average width. It contains an area of nearly 5,000 square miles, of which three-fifths, roughly estimated, may be described as grazing and agricultural land, and two-fifths as mountain ranges, timbered with the Rocky Mountain pine, the universal lumber tree of Montana, and seamed with veins of coal, iron, copper, silver and gold. The county was not organized until May, 1887, and at that time contained but a handful of settlers, engaged chiefly in stock-raising. In 1890 its population was ascertained by the Federal census to be 5,558, and the assessed valuation of property amounted to nearly \$4,000,000. It is safe to estimate that fully three-fourths of this wealth was created in five years from the natural resources of the country by settlers who brought very little capital with them besides their own energy and sagacity. Park County and its chief productive features and principal towns are thus well described in brief space by the editor of the *Livingston Enterprise*, the pioneer newspaper of the region:

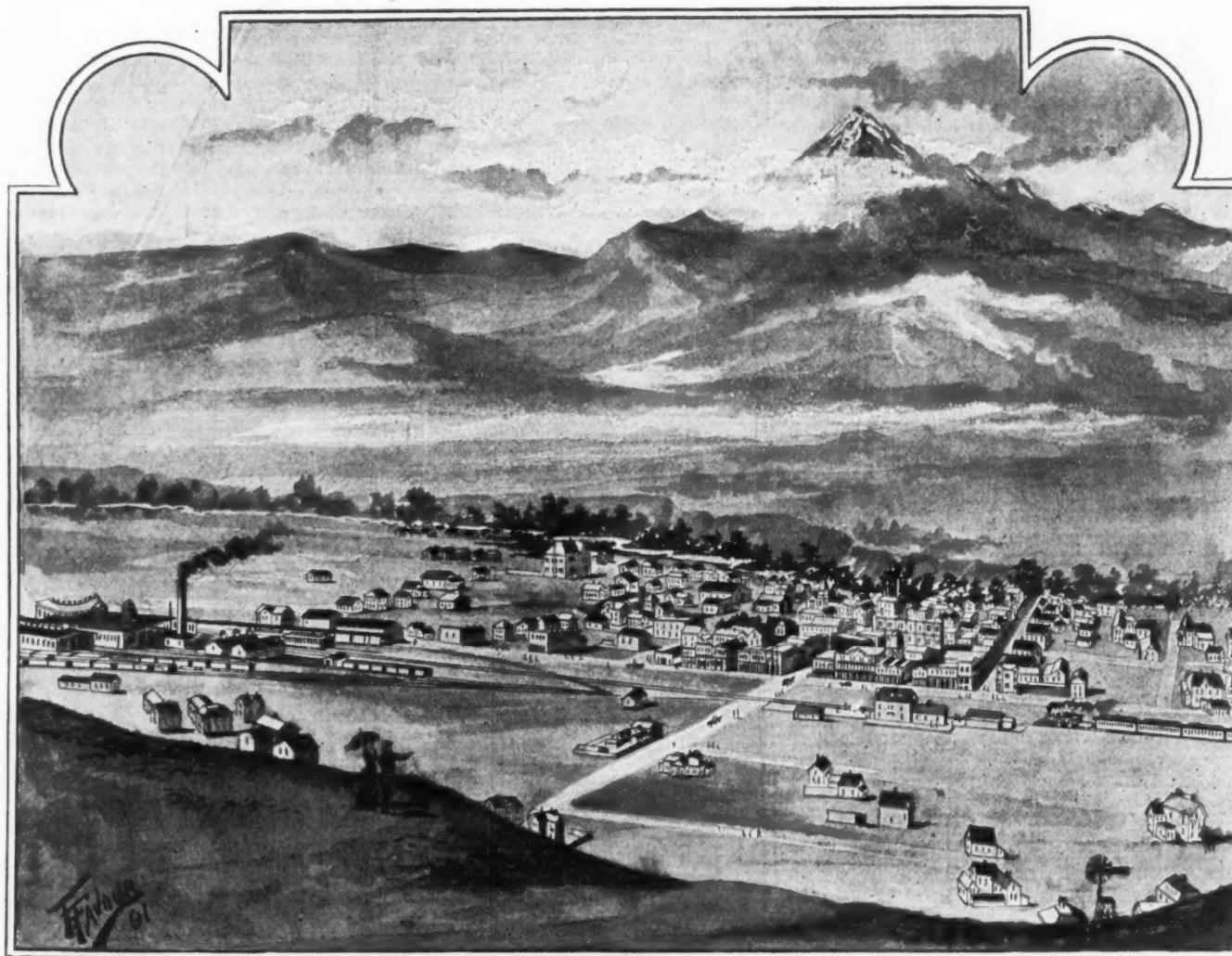
"It belongs entirely to the Yellowstone region. The Yellowstone River, having its source in the National Park (which forms a portion of the southern boundary of the county), flows northward nearly sixty miles, and at Livingston makes a sharp curve to the eastward, still continuing within Park County about sixty miles, so that fully 120 miles of the Yellowstone Valley is contained within the county, together with several important tributaries.

"The mining districts comprise the New World, considered the most extensive body of mineral-bearing ores discovered in late years, and only await transportation to develop it into the greatest mining camp in the country; the Bear and Crevice Gulches, Emigrant Gulch, Mill Creek and Six Mile Districts, contributing gold, silver and copper ores in great quantity and richness, besides extensive tracts of placer grounds; the famous Stillwater District with its immense deposits of copper, silver and nickel; and the rich quartz and placer claims of the Boulder district. Besides these there are the immense coal measures of Rocky Fork, Cokedale, Trail Creek and Cinnabar, all well-developed and contributing largely to the production of Montana's mining industries.

"The extensive valley of the Yellowstone, with its tributaries, furnishes a large area of rich agricultural lands, that already supports many farmers and will afford room for hundreds of others. Notable among the tributary valleys are the Shields, Upper Yellowstone, Mission, Big Timber, Sweetgrass and Boulder, all abundantly supplied with water for irrigating purposes, and destined to support a large farming population.

"The Upper Yellowstone, Shields, Big Timber, Boulder and Sweetgrass valleys are admirably adapted to stockgrowing as well as agriculture, the uplands and plateaus producing luxuriant pasturage. The stockgrowing in the Upper Yellowstone is confined principally to cattle and horses, while in other localities large flocks of sheep are also pastured.

"Livingston, the county seat, is by far the largest town in Park County, although there are several other prosperous towns with ample resources to insure permanency and continued growth. Cooke, the trading point and postoffice for the New World district, is a town of considerable size whose future is assured by the vast mineral deposits surrounding it, and must eventually become a city of no small importance.



GENERAL VIEW OF LIVINGSTON, MONTANA.

Gardiner is located on the northern boundary of the Park and directly across the river from Bear Gulch. During the summer season it enjoys a profitable traffic from government laborers and others located in the National Park, and supplies the mining camps of Bear and Crevice Gulches. Like most western towns it has gone through the ordeal of fire during the past year, but its business men, with the indomitable pluck characteristic of the country, have rebuilt and will retrieve their losses by remaining with the town, knowing that the development of the rich mineral districts tributary will assure future prosperity. Within two miles of the terminus of the Park branch are the towns of Cinnabar and Horn, the former enjoying the traffic incident to a terminal point as well as surrounding coal measures in course of successful development, while the latter sprang into existence as the trading point for operatives in the employ of the Park Coal & Coke Company, and will continue to grow and prosper with the development and increased output of the company's plant. Fridley is the chief trading point and postoffice for Paradise Valley, and is located on the Park branch, about thirty-five miles south of Livingston. Eight miles west of Livingston, situated on a branch or spur from the main line of the Northern Pacific, is the thriving village of Cokedale, whose business has rapidly increased the past season with the improvement and enlargement of the Livingston Coal & Coke Company's plant at that point. East of Livingston, eighteen miles, are Hunter's Hot Springs, a

famous sanitarium, resorted to by large numbers, not only to enjoy the curative virtue of the waters, but as a pleasure resort as well. Further east and near the confluence of the Big Timber and Boulder Rivers, with the Yellowstone, is located the town of Big Timber. It is an important trading-station, enjoying the largest trade from the flockmasters, and ships more wool than any station in Montana. It also enjoys a good traffic with the ranchmen of the surrounding valleys as well as the mining district of Boulder. Near the eastern boundary of the county and at the terminus of the Rocky Fork branch of the Northern Pacific is the town of Red Lodge, whose rapid growth and importance is assured by the immense coal measures that are being successfully worked, as well as the rich mineral districts of Stillwater and Rock Creek. In the northeastern portion of the county, surrounded by agriculture and stockgrowing, is the town of Melville, a prosperous community well supplied with general merchandise and other establishments."

The stock interests of the county are constantly increasing. The valleys, foot-hills and lower slopes of the mountains are well-grassed and furnish admirable ranges. Cattle and horses run out all winter, feeding on the dried bunchgrass, which is, in fact, standing hay, of the most nutritious quality. In the county there are now, in round numbers, 600,000 cattle, 250,000 horses and 200,000 sheep. Big Timber, near the junction of the Boulder and the Yellowstone, is now the most important wool-shipping station on

the Northern Pacific line. The ranges are not yet overstocked and the stock industry will continue to increase in importance for many years to come. Large herds are not so numerous as in former years, but the number of horses, sheep and cattle owned by ranchers who live in the valleys and give careful attention to small herds and flocks is steadily growing. A rancher on the Yellowstone, the Shields, the Sweet Grass, or the Boulder is fortunately situated and with ordinary industry and knowledge of his business is sure to prosper. He usually irrigates a few fields for oats and hay, has a vegetable garden, lives in a comfortable house close to a mountain stream where he can fish for trout, keeps a good saddle-horse for each member of his family and a buggy in which to drive to town, brings down a deer now and then, if fond of hunting, and enjoys his life in a reasonable way, surrounded by noble mountain scenery and in a climate nowhere surpassed for invigorating, health-giving influences.

Farming has thus far been confined to the bottom lands close to the streams where irrigation is inexpensive. There are many handsome farms on the Yellowstone above the Lower Canyon, where water is taken out of the smaller streams flowing across the valley from the mountains. This section of the valley is forty miles long by five or six wide and is well settled. Below Livingston there are also many farmers established near the river who raise abundant crops of wheat, oats and potatoes. The Shields River makes a valley one or two miles wide and

about forty miles long, occupied almost entirely by stockmen, but offering miners excellent sites for opening farms. Adjacent to this valley is a large area of table land sloping up to the base of the bold range of the Crazy Mountains and comprising about 200,000 acres of fertile soil with a depth of three feet underlaid with clay. It is believed that this entire plateau will raise good crops of wheat without irrigation by reason of local showers from the mountains and of the character of the subsoil, which holds the moisture near the surface. The situation is similar to that of the bench-lands close to the Highwood Mountains, near Fort Benton, where small grain has been successfully raised for ten or twelve years without irrigation. The few farmers on the Shields River plateau who have tried wheat and oats have always been rewarded by success. Stock raising occupies the energies of the old settlers in the valley, however, and new men are needed to go into farming and to fully establish the value of the great plateau for wheat culture.

As a center of coke production Livingston has no rival in Montana. The two points where coke is made in this vicinity are Cokedale, on the near slope of the Belt Mountains, whence over 2,000 tons are shipped monthly to the smelters of Helena and Butte and Horr, up the Yellowstone Valley, near the Park, which sends out about 1,200 tons per month. This coke has largely displaced the coke from Connellsburg, Pennsylvania, which was formerly the only available fuel for the Montana smelters and was enormously expensive, owing to the haul of 2,000 miles. Coal is shipped from both the Horr and Cokedale mines, but the common domestic fuel of Livingston is the Red Lodge coal coming from the mines at the town of that name in the southeastern part of Park County. This coal retails at \$6 per ton.

Ledges of excellent limestone crop out from the hillsides along the National Park Railroad, a few miles from Livingston, and the manufacture of lime is a growing industry. A vein of marble twenty feet thick and pure white in color was opened two or three years ago in the upper valley and wants capital and enterprise to make it valuable. The specimens exhibited in Livingston compare favorably for color and texture with the best Vermont marble.

The Yellowstone River flows past Livingston with a swift, full current, which is capable of utilization at small cost for a first-class water power. A dam could be built at a cost of \$15,000 which would give 10,000 horse-power. This possible water power project is taken into account in all plans for the erection of smelting and reduction works. When such works are put in operation their smoke will not poison the air with sulphuric acid fumes as is the case in many places, for the wind that blows almost constantly from the canyon in a uniform direction will scatter such fumes far and wide. If placed at the eastern end of town smelters of any capacity would not in the least affect the purity of the air in Livingston.

The freight handled during the month of April at the railway station at Livingston was 8,913 tons, an increase of 1,640 tons over the same month of the previous year. This increase is a very fair index of the growth of the business of the place during the past year. The cash receipts of the station for the past year averaged about \$36,000 per month. Big Timber, the first important station east of Livingston, shipped \$1,600,000 pounds of wool in 1890 and will probably ship 2,000,000 pounds this year. Big Timber challenges all the wool-shipping points in the country to beat this record. Cokedale handled 2,262 tons of freight, mostly coke, in April last. Cinnabar, which bills for the Horr mines, handled 1,264 tons, and Red Lodge, the

heavy coal shipping station, reported 27,000 tons.

The Northern Pacific is an important source of regular cash income for Livingston. Its shops employ about 150 mechanics, most of whom are men with families. The train crews living here number about 100 men. Then there are the yard men and the officials and clerks in the division superintendent's office. The monthly pay roll of all this force makes a large item in the regular business of the town. In fact, the railroad men alone are sufficiently numerous to form a considerable village by themselves. With the building of the branch to Castle and White Sulphur Springs, already decided upon by the Northern Pacific management, and the extension of the Park branch to the Cooke City mining district, which awaits the permission of Congress to cross the park, Livingston will become one of the most important centers of railway movement in the Northwest. The Castle Mines were described at length in the January number of this magazine. Those of Cooke City are fully as important. Indeed, the general opinion of mining experts is that the Cooke City veins will prove as valuable as those of Butte as soon as railway transportation is secured. The prosperity

rich in natural wealth exclusively tributary to it, and with as good a prospect of future growth as any town need desire. Its citizens seek, by such means as this article, not so much to attract more people to their town as to make more widely known the resources of the surrounding country, in its ores of silver, gold and iron, in coal, in farming lands, in stock ranges, and in an agreeable, invigorating climate. They know that the sure way to make the town grow is to attract more people to till the land, raise cattle, horses and sheep and develop the unbounded mineral wealth of the region.

E. V. S.

LIVINGSTON BUSINESS NOTES.

LIVINGSTON'S WATER SUPPLY.—The Livingston Water Works Company, of which W. J. Anderson is President, J. A. Savage, Samuel Bundoock and Chas. Angus are trustees, furnishes the city with not only an ample supply of pure water for domestic purposes and irrigation, but also safe protection from fire. The company possesses two Deane Pumps of most modern build, one of the daily capacity of 500,000 gallons



THE NATIONAL PARK BANK BUILDING, LIVINGSTON, MONTANA.

of both these new silver districts means the prosperity of Livingston, which is their natural outlet to the main line of the Northern Pacific and their most convenient supply point.

The three banks of Livingston, two national and one private, all do a good business. Money commands one per cent a month for large loans and one and a half per cent for small loans, and there is nothing hazardous about the security. It is as sound as that required by the old, conservative banks in St. Paul.

Houses are in demand. There are no vacant ones and the increasing population causes the supply to fall short of the need, although there is a good deal of activity in building. Small houses, suitable for mechanics and others of moderate income bring from fifteen to twenty per cent on the investment, when built upon lots costing two or three hundred dollars each.

A flouring mill is needed in Livingston, and an experienced miller with some money of his own as a guarantee of his business ability, could readily obtain subscriptions in the town to the stock of such an enterprise. In conclusion let me say that Livingston is a solid, enterprising, growing town, with a large region of country,

the other 750,000 gallons, which force the water from the Yellowstone River at the foot of Third Street to a capacious reservoir at the head of Main Street, some 180 feet above the level of the city, from whence it is distributed in the mains to all parts of the city. The city hydrants or fire plugs are placed 400 feet apart, and the company guarantees to throw from four hydrants at a time, either by direct pressure from the engines, or indirect from the reservoir, water to a height of 100 feet from each hydrant.

F. S. WEBSTER & CO., REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND INSURANCE.—Mr. Webster came to Livingston from Red Wing, Minnesota, in 1887 when the town was little more than a stopping place on the Northern Pacific Railroad. Whatever has been done to make Livingston the important point it is to-day has been done during that time and Mr. Webster has always been in the front rank, bearing his share of the general burden. In 1889 he formed a partnership and purchased the real estate business of Savage & Elder which was established in 1882. The business of the firm is not confined to Livingston alone for their realty and mining interests include properties in

both Castle and Cooke City, two coming Montana towns. For the benefit of those not personally acquainted with the firm the readers of this article are referred, by permission, to the National Park Bank or the Livingston National Bank, for information regarding the personnel of the firm and their business standing. A specialty is made of looking after property for non-residents, collecting rents, paying taxes and caring for the property generally. They have a large list of real and mining properties in Livingston and the other Montana towns in which they do business.

GEO. T. CHAMBERS & CO.—One of the first hardware firms to commence business in Livingston eight years ago was the house bearing the above name. Since that time it has increased in importance as the development of the country demanded till to-day it controls a large share of the hardware business of Livingston and reaches south to Cooke City and the National Park and has a branch house at Castle from which a good share of the mining supplies for that now prosperous camp are taken. In addition to this the house has a trade that reaches into the numerous small towns in Meagher County and has the sole agency for the Schuttler wagons and Deering machinery. Mr. Chambers, the senior member of the firm, is one of the most enterprising men of Livingston and was one of the original organizers of the new Electric Light Co., of which he was the first president.

H. S. POTTS, REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT BROKER.—Mr. Potts came to Livingston in 1889 to engage in the real estate business but had been watching the growth and development of the new town ever since the time when he surveyed and platted the several additions owned by Crawford Livingston, of St. Paul, more than seven years ago. Mr. Potts is by profession a civil engineer, in which capacity he is well known in St. Paul, where he was county surveyor of Ramsey County for six years. He is the sole agent for the Livingston interests and makes a specialty of looking after outside investments in both mining and real properties. He has directly carried through some of the largest deals ever made in Livingston property and been the cause of the investment of large sums of outside capital in Livingston and tributary country. His commodious offices are located in the Realty Building, corner Park and Second streets.

THE NATIONAL PARK BANK.—This is one of the oldest National banks doing business in Livingston. The capital stock is \$100,000 and their statement dated February 26, 1891 is as follows:

Assets:

Loans.....	\$296,889 34
U. S. Bonds and Premiums.....	27,562 50
Other stocks, bonds and city warrants.....	23,707 87
Real estate, furniture and fixtures.....	20,037 32
Current expenses.....	3,127 71
Redemption fund.....	1,124 50
Cash and exchange.....	88,581 22

Liabilities:

Capital stock.....	\$100,000 00
Surplus.....	11,000 00
Undivided profits.....	6,104 20
Dividends unpaid.....	120 00
Circulation.....	22,490 00
Bills re-discounted.....	20,531 73
Due to other banks.....	2,022 67
Deposits.....	208,761 86

\$461,030 46

The officials of the bank are E. H. Talcott, President; G. T. Chambers, Vice-President; J. C. Vilas, Cashier; D. A. McCaw, Assistant Cashier, and the Board of Directors are W. M. Wright, W. D. Ellis, F. A. Krieger, R. B. Briggs, E. Goughnour, Geo. T. Chambers, E. H. Talcott, D. A. McCaw, Geo. A. Gordon.

LIVINGSTON NATIONAL BANK.—This bank was started a year and one half ago with a capital stock of \$50,000. Its officers are C. A. Broadwater, President; A. W. Miles, Vice-President; Geo. L. Carey, Cashier; A. Macdonochie, Assistant Cashier; and the board of directors includes C. A. Broadwater, W. E. Thompson, O. Krieger, A. W. Miles, J. A. Savage, M. Roth, H. O. Hickox. Their latest statement shows:

<i>Resources:</i>	
Loans and discounts.....	\$104,556 50
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	370 41
United States bonds to secure circulation.....	12,500 00
Stocks, securities, claims, etc.....	2,495 36
Due from approved reserve agents.....	3,403 86
Due from other national banks.....	1,730 25
Due from state banks and bankers.....	429 85
Furniture and fixtures.....	2,477 53
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	1,069 53
Premiums on U. S. bonds.....	437 50
Checks and other cash items.....	129 80
Bills of other banks.....	1,250 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	3 24
Specie.....	4,441 60
Legal tender notes.....	2,610 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (five per cent of circulation).....	8,434 64
Total.....	562 50

<i>Liabilities:</i>	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 50,000 00
Surplus fund.....	4,000 00
Undivided profits.....	2,659 14
National bank notes outstanding.....	11,250 00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	28,503 21
Demand certificates of deposit.....	15,363 94
Time certificates of deposit.....	17,600 00
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	100 00
Due to other national banks.....	61,567 15
Notes and bills re-discounted.....	351 64
Total.....	8,700 00

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF LIVINGSTON.—Until recently this solid financial institution was known as the Bank of Livingston, but the new name is more in keeping with the plan of operating adopted by the cashier, Mr. C. S. Hefferlin, who has during his nine years residence in Livingston been the right man in the right place. Several of the substantial buildings of the city have been built by him and by November 1, his new opera-house and bank building will be completed at a cost of over \$40,000. As an inducement to laborers and others to horde their savings the Merchants Bank pays interest at the rate of six per cent per annum on three months deposits and eight per cent on all deposits left for six months or over. The present bank is supplied with safety deposit vaults for the use of merchants and are rented at a nominal sum. This will be one of the features of the new building—it will be provided with safety deposit vaults as good as are to be found in the State.

WM. F. SHEARD & CO., REAL ESTATE AND MINING INVESTMENTS.—Though recently organized, this enterprising firm is well prepared to attend to the interests of investors in Livingston and Park County, realty or mining properties in the wonderful new mining district of Cooke City. They own a large list of choice residence and business lots in Livingston and offer only such as they exclusively control, hence are in a position to offer extra inducements to investors. The gradual, yet permanent growth of Livingston and the surrounding country renders the coming season an opportune time to secure desirable acreage in close proximity to the business centre of Eastern Montana. They offer their services to such as desire reliable information regarding mining properties in the Cooke City and Castle districts, the value of mining stocks of those districts, and investments in general in Park County. They will gladly furnish reliable information to persons seeking a superior location for manufacturing industry in Livingston, where power, fuel and raw material are to be had at a minimum cost and will specially interest themselves in securing a liberal bonus to any enterprise locating in Livingston.

LIVINGSTON ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.—This company was organized in December, 1889, with a capital stock of \$50,000 and the systems used embrace both the Thomson-Houston and the National Electric Company systems. The Thomson-Houston arc lights are used to light the streets and some commercial houses but the incandescent is principally used for commercial and residence purposes. The system now embraces fifteen miles of wire and six of pole line that has been erected at a cost of nearly \$50,000. Negotiations are now pending between the N. P. Railroad Company and the Electric Company for the use of their incandescent system throughout the company's shops and railroad buildings at Livingston. The company is officered as follows: J. R. King, president and general manager and F. A. Ross, secretary and superintendent. The Electric Company is entirely a home institution, every dollar of the stock being owned in Livingston which has the reputation of being the best lighted city in Montana.

HOOPES & EATON, REAL ESTATE, MINERS AND INSURANCE.—The business of this firm dates back only one year, prior to which time Mr. Hoopes was chief clerk of Montana Division of the Northern Pacific and Mr. Eaton was engaged in the mining business at Cooke City. The location of Livingston as an available point in which to handle mining properties in both Castle and Cooke city makes this one branch of the company's business an exceptionally large and lucrative one, which, together with the fact that one of the firm, Mr. Eaton is a mining expert and thoroughly familiar with every mining property in Cooke City gives them a standing not easily attained. As to the personnel of the firm and their business standing information can be had by addressing either of the National banks at Livingston, the Montana National Bank at Helena, or Mr. Thomas Sturgis, 45 Broadway, New York City.

GORDON BROS. LUMBER CO.—The gentlemen comprising this firm came from New York City to Livingston in 1882, since which time they have practically controlled the lumber business of not only Livingston but all the territory along the line of the N. P. Railroad for a distance of eighty miles east and an equal distance north and to Cooke City on the south. The company's stock includes all kinds of building material from that required for a miner's cabin to a brown stone residence. It requires over fifty employees to carry on this business aside from the individual members of the company.

SAVAGE & DAY, ATTORNEYS.—This is the best known law firm in Eastern Montana, Judge Savage, the senior member, coming to the State in the sixties, since which time he has won an enviable reputation as a mining lawyer in which branch of his profession he is a widely recognized authority. E. C. Day, a college-bred young man, is a Kentuckian by birth and gained his first knowledge of Western life in the editorial rooms of the West Publishing Company in St. Paul, where he spent three years prior to coming to Livingston a year ago. He has rapidly taken a foremost position in his new home, being recently elected president of the Livingston Club. The firm is the local attorney for the Dun Commercial agency and have a large clientele outside the State.

THE ALBEMARLE HOTEL.—Mr. E. C. Waters is the proprietor of this well-known hostelry, which is the only first class hotel in Livingston. It is a three-story brick building fronting on Park Street and has a capacity of 150 guests. The house is comfortably furnished, conveniently located and well managed. The house is supplied with steam heat and electric light and is the headquarters for tourists to the Yellowstone Park.



COME!

BY W. H. K.

Come in thy sovereign beauty, O, come to my breast again,
Though thy robes have dragged in the mire through the lecherous haunts of men—
Though out of thy life hath drifted the radiance of its youth—
Though out of thy love departed its old, sweet, rapturous truth.
Come to me, come, beloved, as far on that fateful morn, And I will forgive thee, sweetest of souls that were ere foreworn.
I cannot measure the seasons that have passed through the sun and snow.
Since I knew the supremest sorrow that ever a man may know—
The sovereign sorrow of feeling that perfidy finds a part In one that was made ideal of spirit and brain and heart. This is the bitterest lesson that ever a man can learn: It burns out his holiest passions as the fires of hell might burn;
It turneth to nameless ashes his every noble aim; It putteth his purest feelings to the scarletest blush of shame;
It smiteth his faith in Heaven down into the very dust, And nothing is left—nay, nothing—that his soul will not mistrust.
Thus was it with me, O, Cecil, when thy treason to me was shown,
And I knew the supremest sorrow that ever to man was known.
I drank of the beaker of lotus, and thridded the depths of air.
And went with the starry seraphs up many a shining stair;
My thoughts were of titan trumpets that shook all the world when blown,
Of palms and chaplets and lyres, and the white, ineffable throne;
But, out of these vivid visions I wakened in wild affright In the midst of the mad, fierce tempests that tore through the moonless night,
And sheeted wreaths stalked by me to the tolling of funeral bells,
And my thoughts were of fetters of fire, and the serpents of smoking hells.
Thou, in thy far, fair palace to-day thyself bedeck,
While I in a far, fair country am wandering now—a wreck;
A nothing to thee, O, Cecil! but surely the time will come
When thou wilt stand in the presence of eternal justice, dumb—
Stripped of thy gaudy jewels and titles that thou hast worn,
And I will forgive thee, sweetest of souls that were ere foreworn!

A Pretty Bedroom.

Bedrooms are treated most beautifully with cretonne. I saw the daintiest nest recently—the sleeping room of a brunette whose wealthy husband cannot find ways enough to indulge her pretty fancies. The walls were entirely covered in pearl-tinted cretonne, being sprinkled with pink roses, laid in deep folds. The ceiling, too, was covered in the same way, the folds converging from a huge rosette of the stuff in the center of the ceiling. The bed, dressing table, chairs and lounges were covered with the same stuff and the whole room was like a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream, for, to carry out the rose-hued fancy, there were cushions which shook out ottar of roses and every corner had its jar of jacks or its bowl of American beaut'ees.—*Edith Tupper.*

Putting Coins in the Mouth.

A great many ladies naturally and unthinkingly hold coins between their lips, but the habit is not a commendable one. A horse car conductor recently recorded his experience with a fashionable woman who was riding in his car beside an unattractive Chinese. "When I said, 'Fare, please,' without looking, she took the dime from her mouth and placed it in my right hand,

while I rang the bell with my left. I then reached towards the Chinaman for his fare, before returning the change to the lady. The Mongolian, with his thumb and forefinger, picked a dirty-looking nickel from his right ear and placed it in my right hand. I gave this to the lady, and, womanlike, she put it in her mouth. Now, that was a mere habit. Several passengers had a good laugh at her expense, but she never knew what they were laughing about."

The Newspaper Man and the Dog.

Last Monday night, about half past nine, one of the denizens of this office was met in the street by a dog which acted somewhat strangely but friendly, and which followed him to the door, but was shut outside; it then went around to the rear of the office and howled in a mournful way. About half an hour later one of the proprietors was met again by the same dog which leaped upon him, took his hand in his mouth, and by various ways attracted attention, and finally followed into the office, where he was patted, but would not stay but went out into the storm again. A little while after this, another employee of this office was returning from down town, when the dog came to him and fawned upon him, seizing him by the coat and hand, and acted so strangely that the employee's attention was attracted and he began to look about him, and there, through the storm and darkness, saw a dark form lying in the ditch. It was the dog's master. There are several morals which might adorn this simple tale, but this is the story of a dog, only.—*Pembina Pioneer Press.*

Before and After Breakfast.

"Do you know," said a matron whose married life extended over a score of years, "that I attribute in a considerable degree the happiness of our life to a custom which my husband and myself have unfailingly respected—we never do any talking, hardly speak to one another, indeed, before breakfast. He was quite a confirmed bachelor when I married him, and he told me soon afterwards that until he had taken his breakfast coffee he held the most morose and gloomy view of every thing. I thought at first this was a little peculiar, but when my attention was thus called to it, I decided that I, too, found life much more agreeable, and small burdens much more bearable after I had broken my night's fast. Many wives tell me their most available time to 'talk over things' is during the dressing hour. I always feel like begging them to try some other time. It is a mental exertion to discuss the ways and means of this exacting existence of ours—too great a one, I think, to be indulged in before breakfast."—*New York Times.*

Spanish Politeness.

The Spanish lover has a very pretty way of saying, "I throw myself at your feet, senorita." Of course, he does nothing of the kind, explains the Detroit Free Press. The Spanish hostess says to her friends, "Possess yourself of my house, it is all yours," but she does not expect them to take actual possession. The words are the flower of chivalry. But an occasional visitor takes these polite people at their word, and they are too polite to explain the mistake. When Gen. and Mrs. Grant were in Cuba they were invited to dine at the palace of the governor general in Havana. In the evening a ball was given which was attended by the beauty of the city. Among the señoritas was one lady who stood conversing with the American general's wife. She was superbly dressed and carried a marvelous fan which had descended to her from her great-grandmother. It was a costly affair of carving, lace and diamonds. Mrs. Grant admired it, upon which the Spanish lady at once handed it to her with the usual remark: "It is yours, madame,

with the greatest felicity. Do me the great favor to possess yourself of it." Mrs. Grant was delighted; she warmly thanked the lady and kept the fan, nor would the dismayed señorita, who had lost an heirloom, permit the mistake to be announced.

Why She Is Tired.

I am tired of many things. I am tired of the miserable little god, "worry," shrined in every home. I am tired of doing perpetual homage to the same black-faced little wretch. I am tired of darning equestrian tights, and using up all my blessed spare time threading needles. I am tired of looking for an honest dealer. I am tired of the adamanantine and masculine woman, and of the inanity of the dude. I am tired of putting down pride and curbing a righteous indignation. I am tired of keeping my hands off human weeds. I am tired of crucifying the tastes that demand purple and fine linen and cultivating the nickel that springs perennial to my needs. I am tired of poverty and all needful discipline.

I am tired of seeing babies born to people who don't know how to bring them up. I am tired of people who smile continuously. I am tired of amiable fools and the platitudes of unintelligent saints. I am tired of mediocrity and tepid tea. I am tired of cats both human and feline. I am tired of being a soldier and marching with the advance guard. I am tired of people who are two negatives and chew gum. I am tired of girls who giggle and boys who swear. I am tired of married women who think it charming to be a little giddy, and married men who ogle young girls and other men's wives. I am tired of a world where love is like the blossom of the century plant, unfolding only once or twice in a hundred years. I am tired of men who are worthless and decay to the core like blighted peaches. I am tired of seeing such men in power. I am tired of being obliged to smile where I long to smite.—"Amber," in *Chicago Herald.*

Her Deceit Didn't Win.

During the course of the winter's entertainments a gentleman who is somewhat known in financial circles happened to sit at a dinner next to a very talkative and sprightly young lady. As it fell out they were not introduced, but on reading the card by her plate his interest was excited by the name, and he promptly engaged her in conversation. He found her more interesting than she dreamed of, as her boastful little mendacious tongue ran on about a new pair of ponies she intended buying, a proposed trip to Europe to fit herself for her Newport season, and so on—a lot of purely imaginary nonsense begotten solely of the wish to shine and dazzle. Seeing that she made an impression, she chattered on, quite flattered by the pronounced interest with which he listened to her prattle. When the ladies rose to go, and her neighbor drew back her chair, he said gravely: "I am very glad to have met you, Miss A. I know your father, pray tell him I have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance." Quite pleased with her supposed conquest, Miss Vanity returned home, and at the breakfast table the next morning told her people of her dinner and Mr. —'s message. Her father, who had seemed careworn and pale of late, looked up with sudden interest. "Mr. —, do you say?" he asked quickly. "I hope you made a good impression; that man's opinion is worth more to me to-day than any one's in New York." For the poor man had been battling against the current of financial troubles for months past, and had finally nearly effected an arrangement which would float him into calmer waters. By one of those curious coincidences which seem like the veritable irony of fate, the "impression" which his daughter gave to his chief creditor of extravagance and luxurious



YOUNG WOLVES AT PLAY.

living completely upset his combinations and defeated his hoped-for plan.—*New York Tribune*.

The Fear of Step-Fathers.

The will of the late Dr. Crosby provides that his estate shall go to his widow, but that is the event of her remarriage it shall be divided equally among his children; and the will of the late Lawrence Barrett contains practically the same provisions. These are not cited as exceptional cases, but as illustrations of a rule that has wide operation. Such wills are so frequent that they may be said to indicate a general course of reasoning on the part of the testators. Why is it that men so often thus disinherit their widows if the latter shall take second husbands? It must be that they fear the conduct of the step-fathers toward their children. There is no reason to believe, as is frequently charged, that they are animated by a selfish desire to prevent their widows from marrying again under any circumstances. No man can wish to keep his wife a widow by bribing her to adopt such a course. If she should wish to remarry it would surely not add to his felicity in another life to know that she was restrained from doing so only by a financial consideration of this kind. It is not to be supposed that he would wish to have his memory preserved in the woman's heart by paying her not to forget him. That is not the way in which intelligent and worthy men consider such things,

and so an explanation must be sought elsewhere.

When a man makes a will bequeathing all his property to his widow so long as she shall remain unmarried, he gives the highest proof not only of his personal regard for her, but also of his confidence in her disposition to deal justly and fairly with his children. It is not the woman that he distrusts in any event, but his possible successor. He knows men, and understands that they cannot have the same feeling for other men's children that they have for their own. His good sense tells him that another man stepping into his shoes will easily overlook the claims of his children, and probably deprive them of the patrimony that he earned for them. There are plenty of instances of this sort in his own experience to show him how readily, even under legal conditions, a step-father may commit gross wrongs in that respect. His business sagacity, therefore, prompts him to see that his offspring shall not be left to the mercy of a man who has no interest in them, and whose inclination it may be to benefit himself at their expense. He does not seek to make restrictions that are against public policy, as the courts have sometimes declared such wills to be; he only aims to do a father's part in a consistent and effective manner. If the widow chooses to remarry, very well—that is her privilege—but the interests of their children in their father's estate will be protected, nevertheless.

It is all a matter of human nature, in short. The testators do not intend to survive themselves, so to speak, in such a way as to stand grimly and exultingly between their widows and eligible candidates for second husbands. They do not forbid the banns; they merely provide that when the woman makes a new matrimonial venture the children by the former union shall have a better guaranty of protection than is implied by the relation of step-father. The right to so construct a will is not to be denied according to any rule of plain and simple justice, nor is its exercise to be condemned as a breach of any moral or sentimental obligation. A man may properly do what he pleases with the estate that he has acquired by his own diligence and enterprise; and certainly he is bound to take care that his children shall first be made secure in the case against dangers which can be foreseen and averted. The fear of stepfathers, that is to say, is a sound and wholesome sentiment. Those who denounce or deride it have not given it due consideration, and are unacquainted with the logic that inspires and justifies it. Wills like those of Dr. Crosby and Mr. Barrett are not to be treated as conspiracies against the right of widows to cease mourning for departed husbands and take unto themselves new ones, but as sane and practical efforts to lessen the mischievous opportunities of stepfathers and to give step-children what naturally and conclusively belongs to them.

MISSOULA.

The Garden City of Montana as a Place of Residence.

BY WM. S. CRAWFORD.

At one place in Western Montana the Northern Pacific Railroad, suddenly emerging from a canyon through which for several miles its course has lain, comes upon a plain formed by the junction of two valleys. On this plain stands the city of Missoula. To the east rise the mountains, on the north a range of hills, while to the south extends the valley of the Bitter Root River, which at a few miles distance suddenly bends and disappears from view, and to the west the valley of the Missoula until its course is lost from sight in the distance. On all sides are mountains, some bald, some wooded and others continually snow-capped. A few years ago Missoula was a little village containing some pleasant homes and small business blocks, but the rapid development of the surrounding country made it necessary to increase business facilities; and, the tide of immigration setting this way, the village soon became the third city in Montana in population and as a place of residence second to none. Situated on the plain, about 3,000 feet above sea level, with the Missoula River running almost through its center, its location could not be surpassed for climate, healthfulness, and beauty. The natural drainage of a city situated thus is generally good, and so it is with the parts of Missoula adjacent to the river; but the remaining portions are so level that a system of sewers has been found necessary, and, to commence it, bonds to the amount of \$65,000 were voted at a recent city election. Fortunately the pioneers of Missoula had confidence in

its future and took pains to lay the town out in an excellent manner. With the exception of one or two of the oldest, which conform to the course of the river, the streets are generally straight, broad and regular, and, from necessity, level. From the condition of the soil water remains on the surface but a short time and muddy streets are a nuisance suffered only for brief periods of not very frequent occurrence. In securing a water supply the city was unusually fortunate. One of the tributaries of the Missoula River is the Rattlesnake Creek, a swift, clear stream rising in the mountains where the snow lies almost the year around. It was a comparatively easy matter to carry part of its water through pipes to a reservoir situated on one of the hills overlooking the city at a height greater than that of the tallest building and thence conducting it to the various parts of the city through mains of sufficient size to furnish an abundant supply not only for domestic purposes but for the watering of lawns and gardens as well. It is probably to the climate, atmosphere and water

that the city owes in a large degree its wonderful healthfulness, which unfortunately cannot be mathematically demonstrated as mortality statistics were not carefully kept.

Missoula has not forgotten the necessities and conveniences of city life during her rapid growth. An excellent police force and volunteer fire department, sufficient for the needs of a city of 7,000 inhabitants, are at once a source of pride to the citizens and of protection to themselves and their property. There are in the city nine regular hotels capable of accommodating 1,000 guests, besides a number of first-class lodging houses, all of which are well patronized. Two large electric light plants furnish light for the streets and for nearly all the business houses. A street car line connects the depot and the city. At present horses furnish the motive power, but they are soon to be replaced by electricity, the company in charge of the matter having projected an extension system and being ready to commence operations as soon as the present bridge over the river shall have been replaced

To a person of culture no city can be agreeable, however much nature and money may have done for it, unless he finds among its inhabitants congenial associates. Missoula was never a camp. It developed like most Eastern cities from a village. The founders were men of intelligence and broad views and those who succeeded them were of the same character. This is shown by the attention given to educational and religious matters. Until recently there was but one public school in the city, a brick building considered large when it was erected. Last year, however, another building had to be rented for a ward school. Recently bonds to the amount of \$45,000 were issued; and before the fall term opens two new schoolhouses will have been erected, one in the northern and the other in the southern part of the city. The school trustees have pursued a liberal policy and secured good officers and teachers, who have maintained a high standard of scholarship. The citizens are justly proud of their schools.

Religion is not neglected. The Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian and Baptist churches are all represented, most of them having commodious structures except the Catholics, whose little frame church will soon be abandoned for a fine brick one with seats for 800 people, whose foundation was built last year and whose cost when completed will be about \$22,000. The Catholics also own the Academy of the Sacred Heart and St. Patrick's Hospital, two excellent institutions conducted by the Sisters of Providence.

After the stranger has seen the city, its business blocks, churches and pleasant homes, has learned the amount of business done, the standing of its mercantile houses and banks, and indeed has become pretty well acquainted with the city itself, he asks, not without cause, what its resources are, for he sees no large sawmills nor manufacturing establishments, no mines

and smelters, and but little agricultural land. The resources are just what he has failed to see, the lumber, mining and agricultural interests of Missoula County, a territory more than half as large as the State of Ohio, and a region beyond its boundaries, with which Missoula is connected by railroads already in operation or soon to be constructed. Those already in operation are the Northern Pacific, the Missoula & Bitter Root Valley and the Missoula & Cœur d'Alene, leaving the Northern Pacific at De Smet six miles west of Missoula and extending to the Cœur d'Alene Country in Idaho, famous for its mines. Two railroads are in prospect, the Missoula & Northern, incorporated last year, to connect the Northern Pacific at a point west of here with Demerville, the metropolis of the Flathead Country, and the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific, which was incorporated about May 15, whose course is to be from Butte to Anaconda and through the Bitter Root Valley to this city and west to the boundary of Idaho.

No attempt has been made in the foregoing to



THE HIGGINS WESTERN BANK BUILDING, MISSOULA, MONTANA.

by a new one, for which the county of Missoula has appropriated \$10,000 and the city issued bonds to the amount of \$25,000.

In the matter of buildings Missoula compares very favorably with almost any other Western city. Many of the business blocks are large brick and stone structures of great architectural beauty and supplied with all modern conveniences; but the residences would perhaps impress a stranger still more favorably. Among them the appearance of newness, so striking and to many people so unpleasant in Western cities, is absent. The modest ones of early days are surrounded with stately trees, fine shrubbery and flowers, while the more pretentious ones of recent erection show by their surroundings that their owners have not forgotten that vegetation rather than architecture makes a home beautiful. This is indeed a city of homes. The people are not adventurers, who have come hoping to make a little money and then go elsewhere, but are permanent citizens doing all in their power to make Missoula as pleasant a place of residence as possible.

more than mention the resources of the region tributary to Missoula. In succeeding issues these subjects will be discussed at length, but reliable and complete information regarding any and all of them may be had by addressing any one of the following firms or persons at Missoula:

Frank G. Higgins, president, and George C. Higgins, cashier, C. P. Higgins' Western Bank. Cornish, Winstanley and Tower, real estate, insurance, mines and stocks.

McConnell, Cook & Co., real estate, loans and insurance.

Stoddard & Low and Geo. F. Brooks, real estate, insurance and civil engineers.

J. H. Fairchild, secretary and manager Missoula Realty Company and W. H. H. Dickinson, mining expert.

M. E. Rutherford, mines and mining stocks, real estate and loans.

IRRIGATION BY ARTESIAN WELLS.

Col. Richard J. Hinton, special agent in charge of irrigation, artesian and underflow investigation, United States Department of Agriculture, writes as follows on the practical side of artesian well irrigation in its relations to farming in the two Dakotas: Among the largest wells of which the office of Irrigation Inquiry in Washington now has any record, are those at Springfield and Woonsocket, South Dakota. One such well is reported as flowing under high pressure about 6,000 gallons per minute. This makes a total flow for twenty-four hours of 8,640,000 gallons. The usual allowance for domestic and town purposes is seventy-five gallons per capita. With a population requiring 150,000 gallons daily for domestic use, etc., there will remain unconsumed 8,490,000 gallons. What can be done with such a supply in the matter of irrigation? The pressure is sufficient to raise the column of water to any height that may possibly be required for its storage. The waste water of the well, stored in reservoir or stand-pipe, and distributed as steadily as stored, would give a supply sufficient to cover daily 515 acres with six inches of water. The irrigating season or period of water scarcity will not exceed more than 100 days in the year. There will remain therefore 265 days of surplus flow which will have to be stored in order to insure the largest amount of service from this bounty of nature. That will give us 2,249,850,000 gallons of water for irrigating purposes. With a reservoir properly constructed, with a maximum of depth and a minimum of surface so as to save the waste of evaporation, the loss by that means will not be over twenty per cent, leaving an irrigation supply for the season of ripening and harvest of 1,799,880,000 gallons sufficient to irrigate with six inches of water per acre, 100 acres of arable land. Add to this area the 515 acres which the daily flow will irrigate, and you will have a total under this estimate of 161.6 covered with water six inches deep for 100 days. You can readily perceive that no such amount of water will be necessary. The rainfall for the period I am considering, will not be less than ten inches or 3,063,100 feet of water. It has been considered that if this amount of rainfall could be distributed with the same evenness and regularity that water is distributed by irrigation processes, that not over four inches more for the season would be necessary. At least 500 acres may safely be estimated as a reasonable area of irrigation for such a well. This example will show you the possible value of artesian wells' supply, as it certainly will illustrate the necessity and advantage found in the severest economy of water.

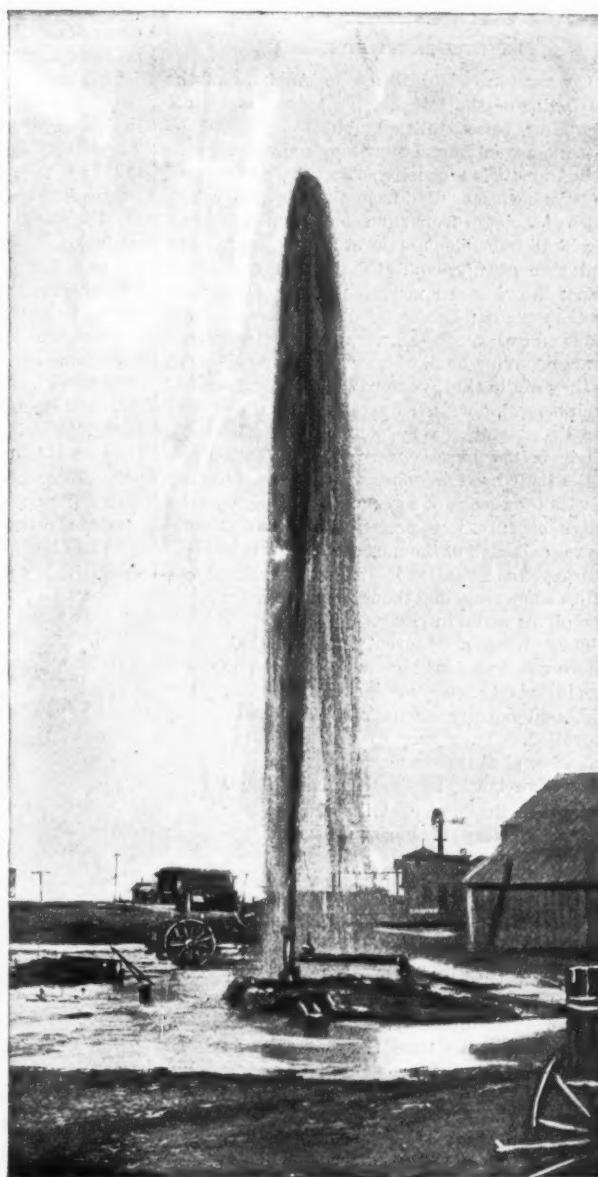
Let us look at this from the standpoint of profit alone. The cost of such a well is reported at less than \$4,000. The arable land, which may be served in the manner I have suggested, will certainly not be worth, if uncultivated, more than

\$6 per acre; if cultivated, not over \$20. The present cost of the well, estimating 500 acres as the least area of reclamation thereby, would be less than \$8 per acre. The cost of reservoir and ditches will not exceed \$4 more per acre, or \$12 in all. If, for greater economy in the service, a pipe line should be established, the total cost would be in the neighborhood of \$15 per acre. Let us take the latter figure for a basis. It is fair to assume that with such a system established in the vicinity of a young but growing community, that every uncultivated acre under it, will be worth, at once, not less than \$30; while the selling value, if cultivated, would easily range between \$75 and \$100 per acre. The character of the crops would largely improve. The quantity would greatly increase. The testimony on these points that has been taken within the last two years shows an estimated increase in yield under irrigation of from three to ten fold over that within our humid States. The calculation of supply that I have made as readily attainable from one of the Woonsocket wells, will give with perfect certainty in any ordinary season a yield per acre of forty bushels of wheat. The people of the Dakotas know whether this will pay or not; but under irrigation other crops will pay much more largely. Root crops, garden vegetables, small fruits, and orchard products, will so largely increase their yield under properly applied irrigation as to bring the favored 500 acres I am considering, up to a yield of ten times more

than would be obtained over the same area within the older States. If the measure of the water imbibed by the soil is the measure of its capacity to produce food, surely the security of supply for imbibition at the right time, must also greatly add to this food-producing capacity.

A QUEER CASE.

One of the interested victims of the celebrated Jones County (Iowa) calf case, sends the following summary to the New York Tribune: Calf case, Jones County, the most celebrated case known to history. Begun in 1874; Robert Johnson, plaintiff; Potter, et al., defendants. Number of calves involved, four; estimated value, \$15.00; years pending, sixteen; times before the supreme court, four; number of jurors tried before, 144. About twenty lawyers were employed on each side at different times. Final verdict for plaintiff for \$1000.00 and costs (probably amounting to \$6,000 or \$7,000) aggregate costs, \$30,000. Condition of litigants at the beginning of suit, prosperous; condition of lawyers, poor. Present condition of litigants, bankrupt; present condition of lawyers, rich; present condition of



ARTESIAN WELL AT WOONSOCKET, S. D., THROWING A FOUR-INCH STREAM 61 FT. IN THE AIR. DEPTH, 725 FT.; BORE, 6 INCHES; DISCHARGE, 6,000 GALLONS PER MINUTE.

calves, dead from old age. One lawyer, B. E. Wheeler, of Tipton, stayed with the case of the plaintiff from the start to the finish.

WASHINGTON FRUITS.

The Fairhaven *Herald* says it is the fruit of the islands of San Juan, Lopez, Orcas, Stewart's, John's, Decatur, Blakely, Waldron and numerous others forming the Archipelago De Haro, that is going to be in the near future their great staple. It continues: The climate of the islands and the soil seem to be peculiarly adapted to fruit raising, and the manner in which apples, apricots, pears and the lesser fruits, especially strawberries, grow on those islands is simply wonderful. From the little village of Friday Harbor on San Juan Island, there were shipped last season tons of strawberries. With some capital, patience and industry many a paradise might be built on these islands. There are hundreds of places for the most delightful summer resorts, game is plentiful, fishing the best, and the opportunity for outdoor, especially aquatic, sports is remarkably good.

THE LOGGER AND HIS LOVE.

BY WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.

Circumstances called me to Ashland at the beginning of the last logging season, and while traveling toward that ambitious city on the Chequamegon Bay, I saw hundreds of loggers bound for their respective camps. They seemed to have been recruited from all sorts and conditions of society—from slums on the one hand and circles of refinement on the other. Boys of fifteen and men of fifty-odd; the homely and handsome; the vicious and virtuous; the scholar and semi-simpleton; Yankees, Poles, Huns, Scandinavians and what-not—all were represented in that confused salmagundi of humanity; but, differing as they did in their personalities, the raiment of each was emphasized by rank colors that lent the little army a very picturesque appearance. Their belted blouses were radiant with dyes, while their brief breeches were tucked into gray felt boots or socks of a gorgeous hue. Some wore rough caps; others preferred the rakish sombrero, and each of them carried a canvas bag—or “turkey,” as he called it—which he utilized as a valise when traveling though it served him as a pillow while in camp.

They were a fraternal crew, withal. There was no mistering, and the surname was invariably ignored. Jack, Limberjim, Kid, and equally euphonious cognomens prevailed. They sang, whistled, joked, and a few of them drank from a big, red, suggestive bottle as the train boomed on.

My vis-a-vis, since the hills of Bessemer had sunk below the horizon, was a strapping young lumberman of a superior type, and the charm of his conversation convinced me that he was a student both of human beings and of books.

“It is a hard life, that of a logger,” he said, “and yet it has its fascinations. I know many who have followed it from youth to their middle years, and who are unhappy from the time the last drive is made until the return of the logging season; but they are men of the peculiar temperament that pertains to the pioneer—men who find Nature more entrancing than the most exalted civilization.”

“And you—are you of that type?” I queried.

“I half-believe I am. I was born in New York City and lived there until I was fifteen, when my father, having failed in business, came to Northern Wisconsin for the purpose of beginning life anew. I was ardent to help him in his struggles, and after many refusals on his part, he finally permitted me to join a crew of loggers that were preparing to leave for the woods, their camp, by-the-way, being located a few miles from our new home.

“I will never forget my first day in camp—the dense, green beauty of the pines contrasting vividly with the snow that glittered with silvery splendor where the sunbeams struck it here and there; the ring of axes; the crash of falling trees; the shouts, laughter and songs of the woodmen, all combined to make me feel that I was somehow in an element that was more enjoyable to me than that of the mighty metropolis I had lately left.

“There was only one feature of my new life that I did not like then, and do no like to-day—I mean the rough character of the reckless contingent that finds its way into every camp, and only too often turns the conversation into unclean channels; the contingent that punctuates its every sentence with an oath; the contingent that slaps you on the back and salutes even its best friends with a fusillade of feculent epithets. But let that pass.”

“I think they are as pure of heart as many of the titled trash beyond seas,” I said, “or as many of our Anglo-maniacs who ape the British milords, for that matter.”

“Right you are!” was the reply; “but I want to tell you of the first log-jam I ever saw. It was in the spring of my first season in the woods. There had been a heavy freshet, and it had piled the logs together for a mile or more, their progress having been suddenly stayed by a bend in the river. The scene presented was one of confusion worse confounded, if you will pardon the petrified phrase.

“Men were prying at the lower part of the jam to reach the log that held the key to the difficulty, and I watched them with intense interest—with consuming curiosity.

“Suddenly, sharply, with a mighty and majestic rush and roar, the logs began to move! Faster! faster! faster! The jam-breakers seemed as if they had taken leave of their senses. They yelled like victors in the vortex of battle. They leaped from log to log. They shook hands, and howled afresh in an agony of jubilation.

“I had been standing on a log, in front of the jam, with my peavey clinched fast in both hands,



“CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.”

and prepared to jump on shore at the moment the jam began to break; but, in a flash, I found myself flying down the river, and balancing myself unsteadily on the log.

It rocked to and fro; my peavey became ungovernable; my head reeled, and I fell into the seething current with that terrible raft of logs tearing down upon me with a great, grinding force that would rend me into bloody ribbons, unless I was saved. But, even as I struck the river, a man on one of the advance logs caught me with a strong hand—a hand with a red scar down the side of it—stood me up in front of himself, and we went sailing off into smoother waters.

“A close call, young man,” said my preserver. “I have seldom seen a closer.”

“He was a man of thirty; of powerful frame; of kind, sad, poetic features. I knew him well, though his disposition was one of the most reticent I had ever known. He had taken me under his special protection from the day I first went into camp; had done me frequent favors; had lent me books and papers; had taught me many facts in reference to science, history and literature; but while he talked freely to me, he

seldom held converse with his other fellow-campers.

“Boy though I was, I knew even then that his life had been unhappy. The knowledge was confirmed by what he told me at a later time.

“It was seven years after the adventure I have just related. I had been on a flying visit to my parents in R——, and on my return had brought the mail for the camp, as was my usual custom. In this mail was a letter for Horace Layton—the man who had rescued me from the river. I met him coming toward me through the woods.

“‘A letter for you, Mr. Layton,’ I said, putting it in his hand.

“‘For me? A letter for me?’ Then looking at the handwriting, he started back as if he had been shot. He tore the envelope open, read rapidly, eagerly, and then with a cry of ecstasy that rings in my memory still, he cried:

“‘Do you know what you have done, my boy?’ and seizing me by both shoulders, he looked me in the eyes, his own glowing with unspeakable gratitude.

“‘Wh-what is it?’ I stammered.

“‘Do you remember my saving your life? Do you remember you sent an account of the affair to the paper at R——, and made a veritable hero of me therein? Do you remember that I called you sharply to account for mentioning my name in connection with the adventure?’

“Well, your article was quoted all through the Northwestern press at the time, and now—seven years after it was written—it chances to fall under the notice of one whom I thought was lost to me forever, and she writes to me—yes, she writes to me! Come! There is no one in the camp at this hour, and I will tell you the story there.

“Ten years ago,” he began, when we were comfortably seated before the fire that danced redly on the hearth of the camp, “I was residing in Madison, when I met Marie LaBerge, the daughter of a wealthy Frenchman who had refugee to this country after the political upheaval following the Franco-Prussian war. Marie was seventeen when I met her, and her modest bearing blent with her marvelous beauty made me her slave from that moment until—yes, I can say it now—until this. She had many suitors, but she preferred me, the least favored of them all in point of looks, talent or fortune, and one June day, repented with light, color and melody, we were betrothed.

“She was one of the most loving and lovable of girls, and whenever she saw me a glad light broke into her eyes—a light that told me I was worshiped, even as I worshiped her.

“There resided in Madison a young man whom I will call Seeley—a wealthy, dashing, attractive fellow, who had sought the hand of Marie, but she refused his suit on the very day that she promised to become my bride.

“Seeley proved himself both tactful and treacherous. His pride had been stung to the quick when he saw that my love was preferred to his, but he made no sign, and still met us both with his old friendly and familiar air.

“One day—a week before the day that had been named for our nuptials, I called upon Marie, and after a longer interval than usual she came down into the drawing-room. She was very pale, and her manner was very proud. She replied coldly to my questions, and I reproached her in a caressing way. She resented my remarks in one cold, cruel sentence of which I thought her incapable, and, irritated beyond bounds, I replied with ruthless force.

“With a haughty smile she returned the

ring with which I had sealed our betrothal, and, without a word, retired from the room.

"I left the house with a sense of utter bewilderment. What had I done? What devil had come between my beloved and me? Had I been justified in resenting her remarks? Had I a right to return at once, and beg her forgiveness? But what had she to forgive save the angry answer that she had provoked by her own pitiless speech? Nothing."

"I had hurried on, unheeding whither my steps were tending, when I suddenly found myself on the beach of Lake Mendota, its translucent and twinkling waters breaking in flowers of foam at my very feet. I turned to retrace my way, and was confronted by Seeley. He reached out his hand, and after a gay good-morning said:

"You look as if you had seen a ghost, old fellow. You give me quite a turn. What has happened?"

"Nothing," I lied.

"Nothing? Why, you insult my intelligence," and he laughed a low, mocking, sinister laugh—a laugh that was touched with triumph.

"Then I knew, and the knowledge maddened me for a spell. I sprang at him—I knocked him down—I throttled him till his red tongue hung out betwixt his white, sharp teeth—I thrust him from me with my foot—I spat upon him, and left him half-senseless there.

"I went straight to Marie, but she refused to see me. I dashed by the servant who brought the message, and rushing through the hall-way passed into the library. She was standing by an open window that was overhung by trailing trumpet-flowers, and was listlessly plucking the petals from a blossom as I strode in. Turning, she fixed full upon me a steely stare.

"You!"

"Yes, Marie; and I have come back to make amends, if possible, for what I said to you an hour ago."

"I gave you the credit," she began, in a slow, stinging voice, "of being a gentleman, at least upon the surface, but you are not even that, judging from the way you have forced yourself unannounced into my presence. Will you please leave me as quickly as you came?"

"No, Marie," I replied, "I will not leave until this whole miserable matter is settled, once for all."

"It is settled, and once for all. Now, will you leave, or, shall I ring and have the servant show you the door?"

"Seeley is responsible for this misunderstanding. Will you refuse to let me vindicate myself? Will you ——"

"She stepped to the bell.

"Leave, or I ring!" and I retired, knowing full well that she would carry out her threat if I staid, and knowing if she did it would delight my rival to the core of his rotten heart.

"I sold my little property in Madison, and, without telling any one of my destination, I departed for this camp. I had become sick of life, and, had I been a craven, I would have committed suicide. I had lost all faith in my kind, and looked upon civilization as it throbbed and thundered through the world as one grand, glittering cheat.

"Well, you know the kind of a life I have led and am living here. It is a life of trials—it is one that frequently tests the mettle of a man to its utmost—and yet it has its compensations. It is rough, dangerous, unprogressive, but it is free of the shams, lies and illusions of what is called society. Here a man throws off his mask, and shows himself precisely as he is. There is no cant here, no hypocrisy, no phariseism, and—but, I see you are impatient for the conclusion of my story.

"The letter you handed me to-day was written by Marie LaBerge—yes, LaBerge, for she has never married. She tells how, in looking over an old file of papers at the house of a friend, this

week, she came upon an account of the adventure in which I rescued you from death; how she learned my address from the article, and hoped against hope that her letter would reach me, even at this late day. 'I have sinned against you,' she says, 'but God knows how I have suffered since I found that I had wronged you as woman seldom wronged man before; but hear my plea, poor though it may sound and seem, and if you will only tell me that I am pardoned, I will know a little of the old peace once more, though happiness has left my heart forever.'

"On the day before you called to see me last, Mr. Seeley met me with a New Orleans paper in his hand.

"What a world of duplicity it is!" he began. "I thought Horace Layton was truth itself."

"He is," I replied, flushing ready with wrath.

"You will never know, Miss LaBerge" he said, "how it pains me to unmash his character, but I must save you, let hap what may," and with that he pointed to a sensational article in the New Orleans paper, in

which it was alleged that a certain Horace Layton had deserted his wife in that city, had left her and their three children without the commonest comforts—that he had proved himself a rascal in every relation of life, and, having fled to the Northwest, it was supposed that he was looking for fresh victims there.

It went on to state that he was a lawyer; thirty years old; tall; slender, but stalwart; with a face of unusual refinement; a captivating smile; crisp, curly, black hair, and a red scar down the side of the right hand. In fact, it described you to a dot, and left me no room to doubt that you and the New Orleans scoundrel were one and the same man. Remember, I was only a girl in that old day; that Seeley was keen, plausible, magnetic, and gave me to understand that if I married you he would cause the article in the New Orleans paper to be published by the Madison press on our wedding-day, together with a picture of yourself. Poor dupe that I was, can you forgive me for believing the black and brutal falsehood? Can you forgive me for dismissing you from my presence, without even permitting you the privilege of an explanation—a privilege that should have been yours by every reason and by every right?

But you have even more to forgive than this—if you can forgive at all.

"Your sudden disappearance from Madison for an unknown destination confirmed my belief in your guilt; and when our wedding cards were recalled, there was great pity expressed for me on every hand; but pity, you know, is a thing that my pride will never permit. I went more into society than ever. I was seemingly the merriest of the merry there, and when Seeley again asked me to become his wife, I gave consent—for grief had made me reckless of what I did.

"One day, while calling upon me, Seeley drew a photograph from his pocket that he wished me to see, and in doing so, drew out a letter that dropped upon the carpet, unseen by either of us at the time. It was not until after he left that I found it. It had fallen partly out of the envelope, and on the exposed part of the page I saw—your name! Moved by an impulse of which I ought to be ashamed, perhaps, I read the letter through, and every line of it seemed to sink my heart further and still further into desperation, remorse and despair. It had been written to Seeley by

a bohemian of the New Orleans press and said:

"So that fake in regard to Horace Layton has caused his Dulcinea to throw him overboard, and accept you in his stead. Good! I am glad of it, not only for your sake, but for the sake of that other \$50 you promised me if your pious little plot succeeded!"

"There was more of it, but this will suffice.

"I told my father the whole infamous story. He took the letter and went to Seeley. What happened at their interview I never knew, but Seeley left the city that night and has never come back.

"I have waited to send you this confession from that hour until this, but I never had track nor tidings of you till to-day. You may have left the R—camp, but I pray Heaven on bended knees, if you have that this letter will be forwarded; that it will reach you, and that your reply will be a pardon, for your pardon will bring me peace."

"Layton left that evening for R—in a canoe, where he intended taking the train for Madison. There were tears in his eyes as he stood on the



"BALANCING MYSELF UNSTEADILY ON THE LOG."

bank of the river, with both my hands clasped closely in his own.

"Farewell," he said in a broken voice. "No, it must not be farewell, but good-bye, my boy—a brief good-bye. I will write to you, and when I—you understand—you must come and see us—come and make our house your home."

"As I saw him drifting round the bend of the river, I felt as if I had parted from the best friend man ever had, and there was a sob in my throat as I walked back through the scarlet sunset to the camp.

"Well, I spent several weeks at his Madison home, last summer, and a happier household cannot be found under Wisconsin skies. Blessed with the love of his wife, Marie, with a little king in their cradle, and surrounded by all the luxuries that opulence can provide, he is still the same plain, generous, unassuming gentleman that he was in camp; but his cynicism has dropped from him as a raiment."

As the lumberman concluded, the lights of Ashland glared suddenly through the sheeted gloom, and I parted from him reluctantly with the hope that the revolving changes of fortune might make him my fellow-traveler again.

WHERE FARMERS PROSPER.

Bozeman and the Fertile Valley of the Gallatin.

BY MATT. W. ALDERSON.

The building of a hotel at Bozeman costing in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars and the contribution thereto by persons in the city of \$20,000 speaks something for the prosperity of the place where it is located. There must be something in the way of business to justify such an outlay and investment.

If Bozeman were a booming mining town, no one would be surprised at its having such a caravansary, perhaps, but it is instead a staid, solid and substantially built Western city in an agricultural section.

Farmers are not supposed to be as enterprising as people who follow other pursuits. The amount of money they receive is supposed to be comparatively small in proportion to the amount of effort put forth to obtain it. Cities dependent on them for support are of slow and oftentimes of limited growth, because the farmers have little to spend except for the bare necessities of life.

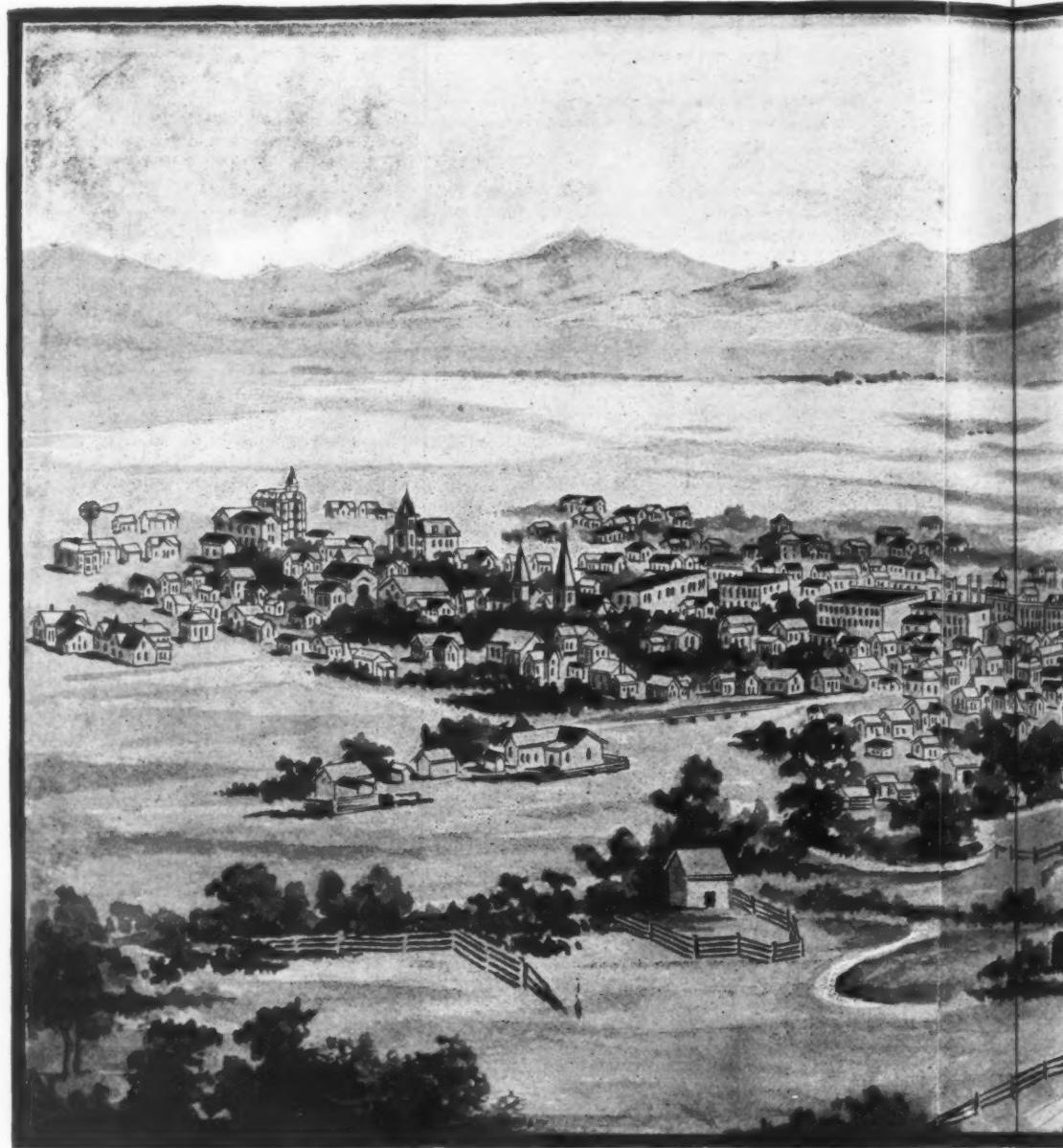
With Montana farmers this is not the case. Many of them came West originally to engage in mining; but the attractiveness of the fertile Gallatin Valley and observation of the opportunities to supply miners with what they needed at big prices encouraged them to raise grain and vegetables. When the placer mines "played out," the farms were as good as ever. When the quartz mines received attention the market was better than ever and "the garden of Montana," as Gallatin Valley has been aptly called, was asked for more than it has ever been able to supply.

The prosperity of the individual is a matter of congratulation. Much more so is the advancement in wealth of a community and of a nation.

When the individual prospers we seek to know what influences have brought the prosperity about. Has it been by the exercise of superior sagacity, by being favorably located or by one or more causes that may or may not be traced? Is there room in the field he occupies for others, for who does not wish to better his condition and improve his surroundings?

There are places in the United States where farmers may prosper for a year or two and then have backsets. There are years when crops are poor or prices low and the farmer must mortgage his land that he may provide necessities for his family. The occasion for such action in Gallatin Valley is less than elsewhere for several reasons: The productiveness of the soil coupled with the fact that it may be irrigated makes a good crop almost a certainty. The distance from competitors in his line and the demand at his own door for more than he can possibly supply insure good prices.

This is no fanciful picture and what has been done can be done by others. Let us draw an imaginary line across Gallatin Valley from the East Gallatin River to the West Gallatin River. Between the two are hundreds of farms. Under our line we have a dozen. They are the property of James Moore, James H. Kennedy, Rufus Thompson, Matt Ham, J. D. Pattee, J. W. Drennan, J. B. Weaver, J. S. Hoffman, C. H. McDonald, John McDonald, Alex Weaver and Vard A. Cockrell. Not a dollar of incumbrance is on any one of the places and each individual is worth from \$5,000 to \$50,000 in addition to the value of his land. Go into any country outside of Montana, put a line on any dozen farms adjoining one another and see if they can step to the front with such a record.



GENERAL VIEW OF BOZEMAN

The U. S. census for 1880 gave the assessed wealth of the Union as \$16,902,993,543, an average of \$337.09 for each individual. At that time there were but 3,643 persons in Gallatin County yet the assessed valuation of property in the county was \$1,955,220 or \$536.43 for each person. Notwithstanding a continued increase of population, wherein laboring men and men with families and of moderate means largely predominated, the ratio of wealth to the individual has continually increased until at the last report, when the government census officers credited the county with a population of 6,246, the assessed valuation was \$4,643,119 or \$759.38 for each man, woman and child, more than twice the amount to the credit of each individual in the United States at large.

There is another way in which the wealth of people living in a certain section may be easily determined. How much have they in bank?

Mayor T. H. Kleinschmidt, of Helena, has compiled a table of the resources and liabilities of a number of banks in Western States and Territories from which it appears that the per capita of capital and deposits in Montana is more than twice the amount in any of her neighbors. The actual figures are as follows:

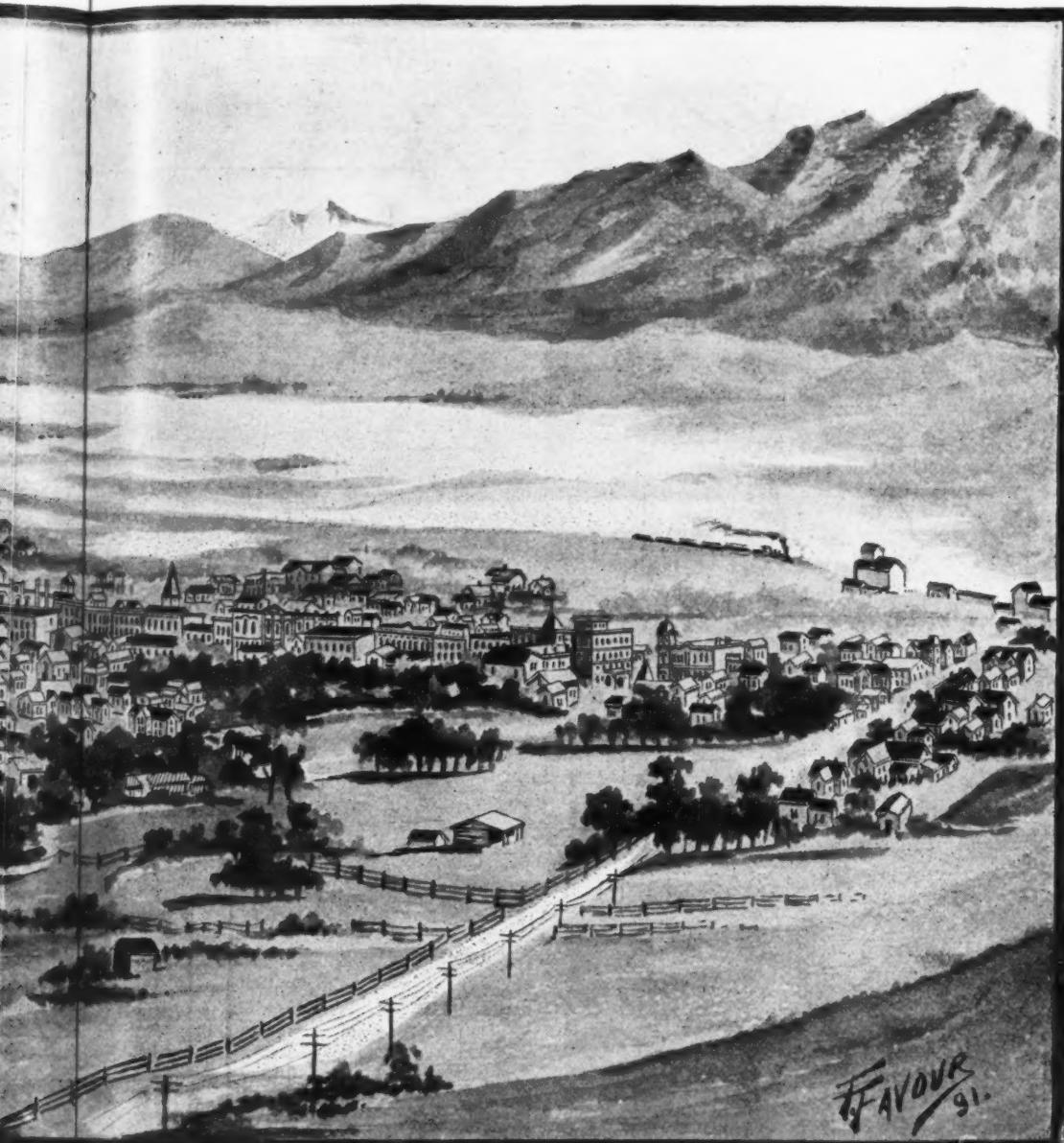
DEPOSITS AND BANKING CAPITAL.	
Montana, per individual.....	\$150.48
Wyoming " "	73.41
Washington " "	65.94
Oregon " "	54.32
Utah " "	41.15
N. Dakota " "	35.59
New Mexico " "	28.05
Idaho " "	25.37
S. Dakota " "	24.64
Arizona " "	8.42

Mr. Getchell of the firm of Olds, Getchell, Sweitzer & Co., of Bozeman, credits the wealth of that city as follows:

"Combined resources of her two banks, \$824,-550.21,—giving to each man, woman and child \$206.13, making her the richest town of her size, per capita, in the West."

These figures will stand out in their true significance when it is known that in the United States as a whole the amount of cash per individual is but \$34.90.

The oldest national bank in Bozeman is but little over ten years of age and yet in that time it has accumulated a surplus fund of \$20,000, undivided profits of \$40,475, and built a banking house costing \$18,000. Younger in years and with but half the capital at the commencement,



VIEW OF BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

the other bank has accumulated a surplus fund of \$10,000 and undivided profits amounting to \$3,717. Their deposits have gradually increased from a few thousand dollars to an aggregate of over half a million. Compare either of the following statements with banks in settlements of like population outside of Montana.

STATEMENT OF THE BOZEMAN NATIONAL BANK.

Resources Feb. 26, 1891.

Loans and discounts.....	168,682 99
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	5,220 46
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	12,500 00
Stocks, securities, claims, etc.....	1,565 48
Due from approved reserve agents.....	16,971 81
Due from other Nat'l banks.....	4,491 92
Due from State banks and bankers.....	281 25
Banking house, furniture and fixtures.....	1,500 00
Other real estate and mortgages owned.....	4,341 40
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	669 40
Checks and other cash items.....	\$472 29
Bills of other banks.....	2,007 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	118 70
Specie.....	10,818 40
Legal tender notes.....	11,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation).....	562 50
Total.....	\$241,194 39

<i>Liabilities.</i>	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 50,000 00
Surplus Fund.....	10,000 00
Undivided profits.....	3,717 18
National Bank notes outstanding.....	11,250 00
Individual dep. subject to check.....	169,491 80
Demand certificates of dep.....	56,486 40
Due to other National banks.....	249 22
Total.....	166,227 42

STATEMENT OF THE GALLATIN VALLEY NATIONAL.

Resources Feb. 26, 1891.

Loans and discounts.....	\$380,030 72
Overdrafts secured and unsecured.....	3,157 95
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	25,000 00
Stock, securities, claims, etc.....	35,030 54
Due from approved reserve agents.....	\$ 35,925 05
Due from other National banks.....	11,625 11
Due from State banks and bankers.....	10,922 66
Banking house furniture and fixtures.....	58,442 82
Other real estate and mortgages owned.....	18,000 00
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	1,100 00
Premiums paid on U. S. Bonds.....	995 58
Checks and other cash items.....	4,000 00
Bills of other banks.....	2,813 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	91 10
Specie.....	37,673 00

Legal tender notes.....	11,700 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation).....	52,159 10
Total.....	1,125
<i>Liabilities.</i>	\$581,355 61
Capital stock paid in.....	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund.....	20,000 00
Undivided profits.....	40,475 37
National Bank notes outstanding.....	22,500 00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	227,997 40
Demand certificates of deposit.....	168,417 41
Due to other National banks.....	1,470 76
Due State banks and bankers.....	494 67
Total.....	398,380 24
Total.....	\$581,355 61

The State Auditor in his report of 1890 credits Gallatin Valley with having produced 260,281 bushel of wheat, or 41 per cent of the total product of the State—631,592 bushels; with having produced 119,620 bushels of barley or over 75 per cent of the total product of the State—159,163 bushels; and with having produced 551,860 bushels of oats or over 29 per cent of the product of the State—1,857,394 bushels, only two other counties in the State producing more than 140,000 bushels each.

The wheat yield in Gallatin County was an average of 25.1 bushels per acre for the ground cultivated, a greater average than the wheat cultivated ground of any other State in the Union can show and more than twice the average yield of the ground cultivated to wheat in all the States and territories in the Union including Montana.

The yield of barley was an average of 31 bushels per acre for the ground under cultivation, that of Montana for the same year being 28 bushels and that for the United States not more than 21 bushels.

The yield of oats was an average of 47.3 bushels per acre for ground under cultivation that of Montana being 33.8 bushels per acre, while the average for the United States for 1889, whose yield was the greatest for many years, was only 27.4 bushels. The average selling price of oats in the United States was 22.9 cents, while Gallatin Valley oats sold for fifty-six cents.

Montana not only excels all other States in productiveness of these cereals per acre, but the yield in Gallatin County is shown by official returns to be in excess of the other portions of the State. It must be borne in mind that these figures give the average yield of all ground under cultivation to these crops. Occasional instances are reported of much greater yields, but the writer wishes to emphasize the fact that a large average yield is of benefit to the many when good prices are obtainable and that the combination of large yields and remunerative prices account for the prosperity of farmers in Gallatin Valley and must continue to prosper them, so long as the ground is properly tilled.

By virtue of its peculiar situation, the farmers of Gallatin Valley are forever protected in following their occupation. On the east is a range of mountains and beyond that a stretch of land over five hundred miles in extent, where wheat and barley have never been successfully cultivated. To the west are mountains ribbed with quartz, peopled by thousands of miners delving in the bowels of the earth and eager for the handful of supplies that Gallatin Valley can contribute towards satisfying their necessities. To the north are mountains containing mining towns and limited areas of agricultural land. To the south is the Yellowstone National Park with its elevated plateaus too high above the level of the sea to admit of its soil being cultivated, as much of it might be under other circumstances.

The agricultural resources of the valley have not begun to be developed except in the raising of wheat, oats and barley, and even with these cereals much more can be done. The profit in grain raising has satisfied many farmers, and

thus these opportunities in producing other agricultural products are still open to others.

No other place in the Union offers so great advantages to farmers who will give intelligent attention to putting upon the market eggs, poultry, pork ham and bacon. Eggs are shipped into Montana by carloads from Iowa and other states. At fifty cents and sixty cents a dozen even, it is at times, especially in winter, impossible to obtain in many places in the State fresh ranch eggs. It would be difficult at any season of the year to collect a carload from Gallatin Valley ranches in a month. Instead of this being the case, Gallatin Valley should ship a carload a day. There is a constant demand for them in Butte and other places in the State which no attempt is made to satisfy, even Bozeman the centre of the valley being at times poorly supplied. Not enough poultry is raised in the valley to satisfy the demand within its limits. People get accustomed either to doing without or eating canned chicken. There would be much profit in supplying the demand within the valley limits and that of many other places in the State, which like Butte ship poultry in by the carload.

The meat markets of the valley consider themselves fortunate in being able to get enough fresh pork to supply their customers. Probably not more than twelve or twenty Montana cured hams could be bought in the valley in the course of a year. All the grocery stores carry stale hams and bacon.

There are also openings and a most promising field for manufacturing in Gallatin Valley, attention thus far being given in this line to the manufacture of flour, lumber and lime only. As an instance, consider the manufacture of boots and shoes. Not long ago, it was confined to New England and prominent places south. Now Chicago and St. Paul manufacture millions of pairs, and it will not be long before this branch of manufacture is brought farther West. Why should not factories be located in Gallatin Valley? It has the beef hides, bark for tanning and streams to furnish requisite water power, while the miners in the surrounding regions supply for the manufactured goods a ready market from which distance will exclude all other competitors. As favorable opportunities exist for many other branches of manufacturing, such as that of paper, of oatmeal, coke, etc.

But it is not the province of this article to point out what might be done or what should be done. On the contrary it deals briefly with what has been done. Gold, silver, copper and coal mines, forests of timber supplying fuel and lumber, building stone easy of access, lime rock for lime and everything which is necessary to the comfort and well-being of humanity surround the settlement mentioned and make it a place where prosperity attends the toiler and contentment follows as a matter of course.

But, leaving the practical for recreation and enjoyment, where in all the West will one find scenery grander and more varied than in the canyons of the Rocky Mountains surrounding Gallatin Valley at distances of from three to thirty miles, from Bridger Canyon on the east to Jefferson Canyon on the west? The canyons in nearer mountains, those from four to seven miles, are particularly worthy of mention because of their picturesqueness, their clear streams, most of them abounding in trout and grayling, rush-

ing down over rocky beds, plunging into yawning chasms, or quietly flowing along between banks whose fanciful shadows play over their calm waters; their rocky ledges bared to the sun or covered by the pine and quaking-asp; and not least for the lovely flowers which bloom in the waters of the streams, along the banks, upon the shaded slopes, in the sheltered nooks of the rocks, and even upon those weather-beaten rocks themselves striking root deep in the crevices.

The flora of Gallatin Valley is noted for its richness and variety. Even those who have had an appreciative acquaintance with it have been surprised by finding here flowers not known to be in the Rocky Mountain region. An instance of this was a trillium found in Bozeman canyon, which has not yet been classified, but which Prof. Greene thinks is identical with one found in California. In the same canyon was found a monkey flower not down for this locality, a beautiful pink species of the minnemus.

Within a few miles of the city, so great is the variety of soil, may be gathered the bitter root, the pasque flower, the mud flower, the white, yellow and blue violets, roses innumerable and unanalyzable, the meadow rue, the climbing and the erect clematis, the frittilaria, the gaudy

The Montana Mining, Real Estate and Investment Company, that handles Montana mining properties and real estate in Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley.

R. R. Finlay, agent for the Minneapolis syndicates, Capitol Hill Park and Spring Brook additions to Bozeman.

Imes, Ferris & Co., real estate and loan agents and mining brokers.

S. P. Panton & Co., dealers in real estate, mines and mining stocks.

Swan & Irvine, real estate and mining brokers, mines and mining stocks a specialty.

Gardner, Smith & Co., real estate agents. Sole agents of Meadow Spring suburb.

Lindley & Hundley, real estate, insurance, loan and collection agents.

C. S. Jackman, real estate and loans.

The Bozeman Board of Trade.

A DELIGHTFUL RESTING PLACE.

Tourists going to the Pacific Coast by the Northern route will find Bozeman a delightful half-way station at which to break the journey. Nowhere else in Montana can be seen to such advantage the results of irrigated farming carried on for

a long series of years and few towns offer so many attractions in themselves and their immediate surroundings. The visitor in search of rest or of the health-giving influences of the pure, rare Rocky Mountain atmosphere finds first, the comforts of a large, elegant hotel where every room looks out on lofty mountain peaks and over the broad, level expanses of a fertile, well-settled valley. The hotel has baths, steam heat, a passenger elevator, and spacious reading, office and billiard rooms. Everything about it is new and clean and the cooking is first-class. The rate of three dollars a day is moderate for the character of the house. Once established in a comfortable room, the visitor finds, as soon as he has feasted his eyes for a time from a balcony on the superb panorama of mountain scenery, that he is on the well-built main street of a busy town. On each side of this long business thoroughfare and across it at right angles, run the shady residence



PRIVATE PARLOR IN "THE BOZEMAN," BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

"dog tooth violet," primroses, stonecrop, etc.

The big pool in Rocky Canyon, an expanse of a mountain stream, lying between its bank of willows and its high, overhanging bank of rock, with its yellow monkey flowers opening to the June sun is a picturesque spot, from which one can look across the railroad track to Gray Mountains towering high on the other side.

A beautiful drive is up into Bozeman Canyon where constantly changing scenes bring new beauties constantly to view; others may be made to Bear Canyon, to Middle Creek, Cottonwood or Bridger Canyon. One may go by horseback to Mystic Lake twelve miles south of the city and there camp on its banks, sail on its clear waters, fish for trout or shoot the ducks which sport on its surface.

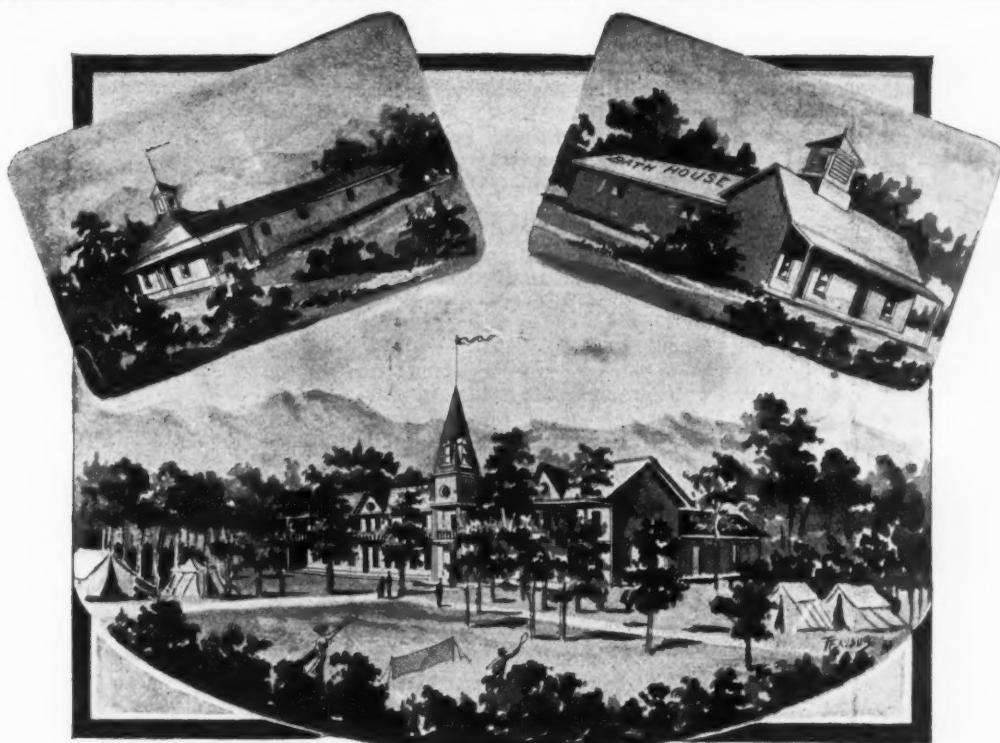
The toiler who would prosper, the person who would enjoy the invigorating, health-giving air of the mountains and the seeker after recreation should visit Gallatin Valley and make a home within its limits.

For more detailed information regarding the agricultural and mineral resources of the Gallatin Valley and tributary country, and values of Bozeman real estate, the reader is recommended to address any of the following firms at Bozeman:

streets, bordered with pretty houses, each with its lawn, its poplar trees and its flower beds. If it be mid-summer he will marvel at the fresh green of the turf and the flourishing appearance of all the shrubbery and plants, but when he takes his first stroll this is all accounted for by the little streams of water that flow through and around all the gardens and door-yards, half-hidden by rose-bushes and currant bushes and by tall grass. These gurgling runnels make spring last all summer for the vegetation along their banks and nourish with their cool waters a bountiful growth of garden products and small fruits. They give rapid development to the shade trees, too, and make the air fresh and May-like. No cottage, however humble, is without running water, flowers and shade in its doorway.

Right through the heart of the town flows a large creek, which fills all these little streams and has an ample surplus of water to carry off the drainage of the place. It does not dry up in hot weather, because the snows in the mountain gorges, melting slowly all summer, give it a current of almost equal volume in all weathers from spring to winter.

Walking about the town the visitor is pleased



THE FERRIS HOT SPRINGS, BOZEMAN, MONTANA.



BOZEMAN, MONTANA.—VIEW OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM "THE BOZEMAN" AND CITY HALL.—[From a photo by Hamilton.

with the evidences of comfort and taste on every hand. The stores are large and filled with modern wares; there are churches of all the chief denominations, two public school houses, an academy, a free library, an opera house, a few stately residences which speak of wealth accumulated in cattle, in mines and in trade, and hundreds of modest, pretty homes. At every street crossing a new and delightful vista of mountain peaks greets the eye. From a hill in the near eastern suburb the whole broad, green floor of the Gallatin and Madison valleys spreads out from the Three Forks on the north to the Peaks of Gallatin on the south, a distance of over fifty miles, and from the Belt Range on the east to the Main Divide on the west, thirty or forty miles across. At least a hundred individual summits can be counted on the imposing mountain walls which surround the plain. These peaks of snow look down on a lovely picture of farm life, with houses, barns, roads and green fields, and in the midst of it all is the handsome town, with its steeples and houses peeping out of a vast bower of shade-trees.

I care not how far a traveler may have journeyed in search of the beautiful. He may have seen Switzerland, Northern Italy and the Bavarian Alps, the Highlands of Scotland, the vales of Sweden, the Rhine and the Hudson, but he cannot fail to find a new pleasure in the surpassing beauty of this glorious landscape.

Yet thousands of pleasure-seekers rush through the Gallatin Valley every summer, catching only a few glimpses of the scenery from the car-windows, hastening to the Pacific Coast and thinking it not worth while to stop in Montana. Not worth while! Why it would be as sensible to suppose it not worth while to stop in Switzerland on the way to Italy, or not worth while to see the White Mountains when traveling for pleasure in New England. You cannot see Montana from the interior of a Pullman. As well try to see Central Park from the inside of an omnibus. Stop in Bozeman, I say, and you will be grateful for the word of advice. Taste the elixir of this life-giving mountain air, expand your vision and your soul by gazing on these magnificent landscapes; then, when you go back to the East, you will have much to tell to your friends of the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains and will possess a stock of pleasant memories that will not fade out from your mind if you live to be a hundred years old.

E. V. S.

FERRIS' HOT SPRINGS.

The Hot Springs of Montana that are in comfortable reach of railroads are attracting widespread attention among tourists and invalids. This growing interest has led to the expenditure of vast sums of money in the improvement of these Springs and their environments, until now a large number of people annually find their way to them either for pleasure or health. There are no objections to be offered to any of these resorts, except it be that the more pretentious, owing to elaborate service and surroundings, are obliged to charge a good, round price for the accommodations they offer, and that visitors, as an old mountaineer says, are obliged to go around on dress parade all the time. At the resort illustrated in this issue dress suits are not an obligatory accompaniment.

Seven miles from Bozeman, Montana, there exist ever-flowing springs of warm water, conducted to a large covered plunge and private baths. This water, by a careful analysis, is declared by eminent scientists to be exactly similar to that of the far-famed Carlsbad Springs of Europe, to which thousands of Americans make a pilgrimage every summer. The Ferris' Hot Springs, owned by E. Myron Ferris, are situated in the heart of the Gallatin Valley, and are reach-

ed by a smooth, level wagon-road, an hour's drive from the Hotel Bozeman, at Bozeman, by means of heroic coaches and landaus. The large hotel building, just completed at the Springs, is situated in the midst of a grove of native trees and extensive grounds. From the verandas of the hotel is an unsurpassed view of the valley and the snow-capped peaks of the surrounding mountains with their ever-varying aspects to gladden the eye, and at once commend the situation as charmingly beautiful. Close to the hotel is the West Gallatin River, dashing through timber-skirted banks impetuously, to form the mighty Missouri, a few miles below. This branch of the Gallatin River rises in the mountains above, and offers constant attractions to the fisherman, who with rod and fly can indulge in trout fishing to his heart's content through all the summer months. In this stream the grayling also abound and often reward the expert fisherman.

The Ferris' Hot Springs had been owned by farmers until 1890, and as a result very little was done to make them attractive with a view to inducing tourists to visit them. When Mr. Ferris purchased these Springs, together with a large tract of land, which now aggregates 1,000 acres of woodland, upland and meadow, well-watered by irrigating ditches, he did so with the purpose of making the Springs an attractive resort. He believed that the time would come when these Springs would be more eagerly

sought than any other in the State by reason of scenic surroundings, the quiet restfulness of the rural situation and the inducements offered to sportsmen in the stream close by. The applications made for accommodations last summer justified his opinion, as they were far in advance of his ability to provide for. Visitors camped in tents, but still they came to go away delighted.

This year Mr. Ferris has provided a hotel large enough for all demands and at the same time will put up tents for those who enjoy and prefer camp life.

There is a great deal to say in favor of the curative qualities of these Springs, which has already been made public by the eminent men who have examined them. There is a great deal to be said of the beauties of the surroundings, and enjoyment to be obtained by those seeking a quiet, healthful resort, but this can best be learned by a visit and a trial of the Springs and the Ferris Hotel.

Upon the ample grounds surrounding the hotel are an abundance of berry plants and fruit trees, flanked by a large garden, in which all the vegetables needed for the hotel are grown and freshly served. During berry season guests are also furnished with an undiminished supply of fresh berries, particularly strawberries, while the cows on the place do their part to provide fresh milk and cream.

These Springs and the hotel come as near filling the wants of those who wish a quiet spot to rest, recuperate and get rid of rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, kidney trouble and kindred ills as any place we know of. This resort is young, but the time will come when it will be the most popular in the great Northwest.

The number of people who will visit it this summer, as is made apparent by the applications for accommodations, is already a forerunner of this fact, and, moreover, those who come will depart as all others have done, with praises for the quiet little mountain retreat, its carriage drives, horseback rides, its fishing and its health-giving waters.

HIGH ART

In furnishing and beautifying homes has only been brought to perfection by one firm in the West and that firm is Bradstreet, Thurber & Co., of Minneapolis, Minnesota. They at all times carry in their great warerooms the very latest

styles of furniture, draperies, wall paper and fancy decorations. They employ gentlemen whose artistic tastes are faultless. No matter what part of the country, this firm is prepared at the shortest possible notice to take a building directly from the plasterer, and, as some one says, you press the button and they do the rest. The cost of pressing the button is the amount you desire to invest. You can have the richest, the finest medium or the best low-priced goods and work and no matter which you take everything will harmonize and the price will be a little lower than the same can be purchased elsewhere. This firm have already furnished some of the leading families in Bozeman and also receive orders from all the principal towns in Montana and Washington as well as our adjoining States. Their stores are accounted as one of the sights of Minneapolis and no visitor should fail to go through the establishment as they will not only behold elegant furniture, rich draperies, fine carpets, splendid effects in frescoing and wall papers but also an immense variety of decorations and curiosities that have been judiciously collected from all parts of the world. Messrs. B., T. & Co. have just completed a splendidly illustrated catalogue and price list and those who are unable to visit them should be sure and send their address for one.

THE BONANZA STATE.

The designation of "Bonanza" as the pet name for the State of Montana, as given to it by Judge John W. Eddy, of this city, is appropriate, suitable and pretty. Even if we only had the one bonanza, the Granite Mountain mine, we would for that reason be justified in naming Montana the "Bonanza State," but as we have a great many bonanza mines in most all parts of the State, what is more appropriate than to call Montana the "Bonanza State?" The name is beautiful, and when compared to such names as the "Hoosier State," the "Badger State," or the "Nutmeg State," that only suggest the backwoodsman, the burrowing animal and the Yankee trick, the name "Bonanza State" is suggestive of our native diamonds, gold, silver and copper mines that verily scintillate the pet name "Bonanza." Pass it along and let's all say "Bonanza State," and while we hold Judge Eddy to the paternity we will all stand sponsors to the christening.—*Helena Bd of Trade Journal*.

IDAHO TIMBER.

With an area of 7,000,000 acres of forest lands Idaho stands well-equipped for the building of future cities. The growth of our timber is heavier than in many of the timber States east of the Rocky Mountains. Among the varieties of trees are fir, white, red and black spruce, scrub oak, yellow and white pine, mountain mahogany, juniper, tamarack, birch, cottonwood, alder and willow.

The amount of timber per acre is scarcely equalled in any other part of the United States, except on coast mountains of the State of Washington. Much of the timber is of large growth and splendidly adapted for building purposes. White pine logs five feet in diameter, 100 feet long, without a knot and straight as a bee's flight to the hive are not uncommon.—*Idaho Statesman*.

Spokane Falls adopts a new charter and decides to drop the word Falls from its name. The Capital cruelly asks, "why not leave off the last syllable also and make it simply Spoke?" When it comes to making suggestions in this line how would it do for Jamestown to leave off the last syllable of its name? Jim is an euphonious, as well as an unusual name for a city. Come to think of it, however, Devil's Lake could hardly stand an abbreviation.—*Devil's Lake Inter-Ocean*.



Paper Horseshoes.

The statement that horseshoes are now made of paper—some horseshoes, that is—will not be surprising to those who have noticed to how many varied uses paper is adapted. The paper horseshoe is the invention of a German. A number of thin sheets of parchment paper, saturated with oil and turpentine, are glued together and the mass subjected to strong hydraulic pressure. The holes for the nails are then bored, after which the shoes are trimmed, and ready for the market. It is said that the shoe wears in such a way that the surface is always rough, thus adapting it particularly to smooth pavements.

Lifting Bridges by Electricity.

The ease with which electricity can now be applied to the moving of heavy weights has led to its employment for that purpose in many operations where steam or hydraulic or other power was formerly used. Among these may be mentioned the lifting of bridges, for which the electric motor is peculiarly fitted. It is stated that in the city of Rochester all the bridges that cross the Erie Canal are to be operated electrically. Of the fifteen bridges for which it is proposed to provide power, it is assumed that at least four will at times be lifted simultaneously, and that a period of fifteen seconds will be occupied for each lift; furthermore, that each bridge will be lifted at least eight times per hour for a period of ten consecutive hours of the day of greatest canal traffic.

What Causes the Tides?

It is high time that the old superstition about the moon controlling the tides be dropped. The moon has some effect on the tides and on "looney" people; but the main cause of the ebb and flow of tides is the pulse-beat of the earth exercised by the positive and negative currents of electricity generated in the dynamos at the heart of the earth. All of the planets that are near us affect not alone our tides, but our climate, our crops, our health and our temper. The Japanese Current of the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic Ocean are the arteries of the earth; the rivers are the veins. The movement in the arteries and veins and the ebb and flow of the tides make up the circulation of the blood of the earth. Other influences besides the planets and the pulse-beat of the earth affect the tides—for instance, the elliptical motion of the earth.

A Light for Watches.

A novel electric watch lighter is being manufactured in England. It resembles an enlarged open-faced watch case, and has in its rim a minute incandescent lamp and reflector. On placing the watch in the case and pressing a small stud the face of the watch is brilliantly lighted. A dry battery supplies the current, and may be placed in a closet, with a flexible conducting cord leading from it to the head of the bed or stand on which the watch is placed. The *pater-familias* is thus enabled to retire for the night in the serene consciousness that the wakefulness of his spouse is likely to lead to no more disastrous consequences than the touching of the button, handy to his pillow, which controls the battery, and which causes the light to be shown on the face of the watch at any moment when the time

of night is desired. The battery will last for this purpose for years, and no chemicals are required.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Coming Wooden Overcoats.

It is said that Don M. Dickinson and I. Milton Weston, of Michigan, are interested with Mr. W. C. Whitney in one or two business enterprises of considerable moment. One of them is a syndicate to manufacture sulphite fiber. The plant is in Maine, and the process used is a German invention. The fibers of the spruce wood seem so far to have given the best results. Mr. Weston says that the sulphite fiber from wood makes as good blankets as wool does. The wood blankets are said to be cheaper, and while the woolen blankets sell for six dollars a pair the spruce tree product can be turned out, according to the syndicate, for three dollars a pair. It may interest his society friends to know that Mr. Whitney is said to believe that we will all be wearing wooden clothes after a while—not the "wooden overcoats" in which tenderfeet who die out West are said to come home, but complete outfitts of apparel which can be made from "the soft side of a board."—*New York World*.

The Chinook.

Chinook is an Indian word which is difficult to translate literally, but it may be paraphrased by the English heart's ease. This wind, whose characteristics are so marked as to even arouse poetry in the breast of the Siwash Indian, is said by scientific authorities to come from the *Karo Siro*, or Japanese Current, that runs parallel to the Pacific Coast of the United States. This current, like the Gulf Stream, is an immense and fathomless river, pursuing its way and preserving its own individuality amid the measureless tract of waters which it traverses. It is, as in the case of its prototype in the Atlantic, of a different temperature from the rest of the ocean and wherever it flows produces a marked modification in the climate. *Karo Siro* (blessing be on it) is in fact the talisman whose magic contact makes the western country rejoice in an equability of temperature and geniality of climate that is the wonder of the world. The blasting storms and blizzards of the winter and the blistering heats of summer are alike rendered impossible by this wonderful *Karo Siro* and its "blessed Chinook."

How to Mesmerize.

If you want to mesmerize a person who has never been put in that state, you must place him in an easy posture and then request him to be calm and resigned. Take him by both hands, or else by one hand and gently place the other on his forehead. But with whatever part of his body you choose to come in contact, be sure you always touch two points answering to the positive and negative forces. Having taken him by both hands fix your eyes upon his, and if possible let him contentedly and steadily look in your face. Remain in this condition until his eyes close. Then place both your hands on his head gently, pass them to his shoulders, down the arms and off at the end of his fingers. Throw your hands outward as you return them to his head, and continue the passes until he can hear no voice but yours, says the *Indianapolis News*. He is entirely in the mesmeric state. When a person is in this condition, whether put there by yourself or some one else, you can awake him by the upward passes or else do it by an impression as follows: Tell him, "I will count three and when I say 'three' I will slap my hands together and you will be wide awake and in your perfect senses. Are you ready?" If he answers in the affirmative you will proceed to count "one," "two," "three." The word "three" should be spoken suddenly and in a very loud voice, and at

the same instant the palms of the hands should be smitten together. This will instantly awaken him.

A Novel Scheme.

An ingenious Roxbury citizen was one day last week handling the water pipe which runs into his house and was surprised at receiving quite a severe shock. This led him to investigate and he discovered that the water pipe entered the building very near the guy post of the electric railway. Here was an opportunity not to be lost. He purchased some storage batteries, and after making a few experiments which he was enabled to do by a limited knowledge of electrical science, he proceeded to equip his house with wires, lamps and other contrivances. He then connected his storage battery with the electrified water pipe, and he soon had the battery fully charged. From the battery he lights his house from top to bottom, and in the morning before going down to business, he simply turns on the water pipe connection, and when night comes the battery is ready for its evening's work. He has been so lighting his dwelling for some time, at no inconvenience or expense, and, in addition he operates an electric fan, a system of call-bells and burglar alarm.—*Boston Post*.

Chemistry of the Sun.

In connection with the photography of the solar spectrum, considerable advances have been made in the recognition of the chemical elements present in the sun. Copper, silver and vanadium have been transferred from the list of doubtful metals to the certain; and very recently Rowland has found clear evidence of the presence of the presence of silicon—the apparent absence has been long a standing puzzle. The evidence in favor of the presence of carbon also seems to gain strength and the same is true in the cases of aluminum, cadmium and zinc. The fact that the lines which reveal the presence of silicon are almost entirely in the ultra-violet, invisible portion of the spectrum, warrants the expectation that photography may soon find there evidence of some of the other missing elements, such as boron, phosphorus and sulphur. But no new light yet appears in reference to the mysterious absence from the sun of oxygen, nitrogen and chlorine, which play so important a part in the chemistry of the earth; except, indeed, that the results obtained by Jassen last summer, on the summit of Mount Blanc, are conclusive that the great "B" line of oxygen, which is so conspicuous in the solar spectrum when the sun is near the horizon, is entirely of earthly origin, and not in the least solar, writes Prof. Young, of Princeton, to the *Youth's Companion*. The veteran astronomer, still enthusiastic and full of pluck, though unable to endure any severe physical exertion, had himself carried by a small army of guides and porters to the very summit of the mountain, and there obtained decisive observations. As regards the "phosphore"—the luminous surface of the sun—and sun spots, there is little new to note. Jassen at Meudon has made real improvement in the processes of photographing the spots and the details of the solar surface; and recent observations of the displacement of the lines of the spectrum at the eastern and western edges of the sun, made by Duner, of Upsala, have confirmed the laws of the sun's swifter rotation at the equator—a law which, though first discovered more than thirty years ago, has recently been called into question. It still remains as much a mystery as ever how the great cavities which we see as spots come to be formed in the sun's surface, why they are so limited to the two zones on each side of the sun's equator, and why they show such a regular increase and decrease in numbers every eleven years.



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E. V. SMALLY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, JUNE, 1891.

THE RISE IN FOOD PRODUCTS.

The most notable phenomenon of the past few months, in its probable effects on the immediate future of the West, is the remarkable rise in the prices of all kinds of food products. This rise, following as it did close upon a long period of extraordinary depression, was thought at first to be the fruit of speculative combinations, and farmers were slow to place faith in its permanency. A study of the situation by statisticians and others who are in a position to take a wide range of view leads to the belief that the advance in values of almost every kind of food product for human beings and domestic animals is the result of natural causes only. Population has caught up with food supply. The civilized world has at last readjusted itself to the new conditions brought in by the extension of railway and steamship lines, the improvement of agricultural machinery and the occupancy of vast new fertile regions like those of our Western States, and of Australia and South America. In a word the world needs to-day all the wheat and corn, beef and mutton it is producing and will soon need more. Its markets are no longer clogged with a surplus of food. The reaction from low prices is sudden because trade is not far-sighted. It assumes that old conditions will continue to exist and only when brought in contact with new conditions does it readjust its standards of value. Trade now sees that the world in this year 1891 is not likely to produce more food than it will need and that consequently, with the steady growth of population in nearly all civilized lands, more cereals and more meat than the present average annual supply will soon be wanted. Consequently prices go up and will stay up, at least for a long period of years.

As farming becomes more profitable it will become more attractive. More sons of farmers will stay on the land and fewer will flock to the cities to compete in the overstocked labor

markets of the crowded centers of population for a mere livelihood. The drift to the cities, so much deplored by students of social science, will thus be checked and the rural districts will become more populous. We shall not in the next decade witness a repetition of such startling phenomena as the decrease of population in several of the old counties in Southeastern Minnesota, which took place between 1880 and 1890. Farm lands will advance in value; mortgages will be paid off instead of being renewed; new houses will appear along the country roads and old ones will be newly painted. Farm stock will be improved and old farm machinery replaced with new. The towns will feel at once the stimulus of better times in the world of agriculture and will take a fresh start. In short everything will brighten up through this Western country and the good times will be fully as welcome and as beneficial to the farmers of the East as to those on the prairies.

A recent writer in one of the reviews gives excellent authority for the statement that the average annual yield of wheat and rye in Europe, the two great breadstuffs of that continent, is actually less now than it was in 1870, although the population has increased in the last two decades over twenty per cent. It is plain, therefore, that Europe reached the limit of her food producing capacity twenty years ago. Railways have penetrated India since 1870 and that vast region, swarming with people, has been drawn upon as a new source of supply. It would seem that nothing more than a slow, gradual increase of wheat production is now to be looked for from that quarter, even under the stimulus of high prices. China does not raise much wheat, and only eats wheaten bread when she can buy our California flour cheaper than she can her own rice. In other words, when the rice crop is short she imports our Pacific Coast flour to make up for the deficiency in the home food supply. Australia has about reached the limit, working back from the coast into the dry interior, of profitable cereal production, and her rapidly increasing population and the growth of her manufacturing towns is so far consuming her own product, both of wheat and of meat, that she is not likely to increase notably her food exports. In South America the Argentine Republic is the only country producing a considerable food surplus and speculation and the excessive expansion of the credit system have pushed the development of that region forward at an unnatural pace so that there is now a severe reaction. It is plain that there will be no very important increase in the exports of cattle and cereals from that quarter during the next ten years.

Let us turn now to our own land. We have absolutely no new regions to settle. There is no longer a Farther West waiting for occupancy. Railway enterprise has thrown five main lines across the continent in the United States and will soon complete a sixth and has built one in the long, narrow ribbon of productive Canada from ocean to ocean. All these lines send out feeders wherever there is a prospect of traffic in grain, cattle, minerals or lumber. While there is room for millions of more people in the Trans-Mississippi region, there is no great new land to conquer and the process of settlement is no longer a moving forward of the skirmish lines of civilization into vast, fertile, vacant spaces but only a steady filling-up of domains already thinly peopled. Thus there cannot again be repeated the phenomenon of a sudden and enormous increase in the food surplus such as followed the rapid settlement of the plains of Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota and Manitoba between 1875 and 1885. We shall increase our production of the great food staples but the increase will hardly be in proportion to that of population in this country and in Europe. At all events our

Western farmers can reasonably look ahead to a long period of remunerative prices and active markets. This is now the opinion of all careful students of the situation on both sides of the Atlantic.

This new turn in the affairs of agriculture is particularly encouraging to the people of the Northwest for the reason that we have more new fertile land to cultivate than any other part of the continent. Our prairies in Minnesota, the two Dakotas and Manitoba are already occupied, but settlement is still sparse back from the immediate vicinity of railroad lines. The movement of population upon these prairies was checked a few years ago by the great decline of prices for cereals and meat. The risk of farming and stock-raising was too great for new people to go into it when wheat commanded only sixty cents a bushel at the elevators and a fat steer would bring only twenty or twenty-five dollars in the Chicago market. With an increase of prices averaging nearly a third on all farm products the situation is entirely changed. Even in the epoch of abnormally low prices just closed people were able to make a living on our prairies and the more thrifty accumulated property; therefore it is plain that in this new period of good prices there will be general prosperity throughout the Northwest and the report of this prosperity will attract thousands of new settlers, who will give enhanced value to the old farms while cultivating the virgin tracts everywhere to be found interspersed with the now occupied homesteads. With new population will come new towns and the growth of old towns, new railroads, new manufacturing enterprises and the steady increase in the business of the cities which furnish the region with its centers of trade. In brief there will be a forward movement along the whole line of Northwestern development.

VILLAGE VERSUS CITY.

This magazine some time since commented on the drift of population from the farms to the cities, and discussed the various forces which caused the movement. The census returns show not only that the movement has increased in volume during the decade just ended but they also show that it is not alone the farms that are affected but that the villages are sending their quota to help swell the overpopulation in the great cities. In the older portions of the West where cheap lands no longer attract the home-seekers of the East, the census shows the villages when not actually decreasing to be stationary in growth, and as their population should have and, doubtless, has had a natural growth from the retiring farmers of the neighborhood during this decade, this movement must have been offset by the removal of villagers to the cities. One, resident of a city, wearied with its rapid life, its hard struggle, its inhuman competition, its cramped spaces for homes, its soot and dust, traveling over our West and seeing its beautiful villages with their contrast with all that makes his city life irksome, marvels that anyone can be discontented amid so much peaceful, restful beauty and sigh for that mirage of a "wider life" in the greater town. He marvels the more if he has reached a point in his life journey which gives him a retrospect of thirty or forty years and recalls the villages of those days and the life in them and compares them with those he sees dotting the West everywhere to-day. He recalls the uncouth one-story schoolhouse with its one or two rooms and its board benches and desks, adorned to be sure, but decorated with all the fantastic carving that a boy's taste and a dull jack-knife could devise and execute. The building was but a huge box slightly differentiated but made none the more attractive by the change; the bell which summoned the pupils reposed when not in use on the teacher's desk,

itself a triumph of rude carpentry over rough boards. The grounds about lay unshaded and bare in the sun and the whole aspect, when school was "out," was the dreariness of desolation. The unpaved streets alternated between mud and dust and no sidewalks relieved his ears from the constant injunction from mother to "clean your feet" as he came home over the muddy walk. Cows and pigs and geese were free commoners on the streets and frequent depredators in the gardens. There was no library and the hunger of his soul for books found scant nourishment in the sedate and sober topics treated in the few books on his father's or his neighbors' shelves. An occasional dance at the tavern, a picnic out in the woods in summer or a sleigh ride in winter, were the narrow means by which the social side of his nature found expression, while the mental activity of the hamlet found vent in the lyceums or debating society which bred the embryo orator for later service on the hustings, in the pulpit or at the bar. No railroads; slow mails bringing weekly papers from the cities with news weeks old; no magazines save possibly the "Lady's Magazine" which mother took to keep somewhere in touch with the fashions of the outer world shown in the plates and described in the back pages, the interim filled with stories heavy laden with a mawkish sentimentality. The village he sees anywhere to-day, while its potentialities are not all developed, is a much pleasanter place than was the village of his boyhood. The tasty school house, with its cupolaed bell, its furniture of polished iron and hard wood, its shaded grounds, a pleasing object whether school is "in" or "out;" the planked sidewalks; occasionally a paved street; neat houses bowered in trees bordering tree-lined streets; a school library, perhaps a public reading room; railway trains with their whistles taking the place of the old swinging, Concord stage with its resonant horn, minimizing the time-distance to the cities and bringing back the daily papers with their gleanings of news from all the world; books so cheap and plenty that homes now have them by the hundred where they then had one; magazines for all, from the monthly for the little ones up thro the illustrated ones to the heavy monthly for sober, thoughtful, philosophic papa, this is the village to-day even out on the borders where the waves of civilization yet break on the lands of the red man.

Still, the village life of to-day fails to offer to the brighter minds sufficient attractions to overbalance those of the cities and year by year these transfer themselves to the cities, hoping to find there satiety for the longings if not the real wants which the village does not fill. The effect is bad on the village. It needs these active, energetic minds to push forward the development of all the possibilities of the village life. The major part of men are slow moving, conservative, parsimonious, easily satisfied, adapting themselves to disagreeable environment rather than make the effort needed to change it. They need the constant spur of those who are trying to better conditions, to get them out of their ruts and to consent to the betterment of the social fabric. Progress ceases when the spur is removed. If the villages of the West care to stop or minimize the draft of the cities upon their population they must provide as far as is possible the attractions which the cities offer. These very largely consist of the material comforts of life. The back-yard well, with its constant threat of disease thro the contamination of its water, should be replaced by the stand-pipe or reservoir system with its pure water, the convenience of an indoor supply for all purposes, including, not as the least, the bath-room, and furnishing needed water for the lawn and garden. Supplementing this should be the sewage system,

carrying the waste outside the village and relieving the back yard from the unsightly and unhealthy deposits. In conjunction with the pipe-laying needed for these works should go that of piping the village for gas, even if the supply of gas must be deferred to a later day. There is no valid reason why the denizen of the country village should go feeling his way carefully along at night when the streets may be lighted by gas or gasoline lamps. With the coming expiration of the principal patents it will be possible to provide the village with that great convenience and economizer of time which has come to be an indispensable adjunct of modern life, the telephone, connecting the homes with the stores, the shops and the offices. Then there should be the town hall with its offices for the village officials, its fire equipment, the village library and the hall for meetings, lectures and the entertainments which the "barn-stormers" furnish. All of this should be the work and the sole property of the village. The mistake of the cities is giving these valuable franchises to companies who soon become "dynasties of absolutism," exacting exorbitant profits and growing wealthy in supplying the community with what it can better provide itself. Experience has demonstrated that, where no jobbery taints the work, all these public improvements can be made and operated as cheaply by the municipality as by the private corporation and that the objection of excessive cost of public works is not necessarily well-founded. It has also been shown that the cost of first construction is only a loan or advance by the public and that the income, at figures a little advanced on cost is sufficient to meet the operating expenses and the fixed charges of interest and sinking fund. With municipal bonds eagerly taken at from four to five per cent there is no village of a thousand people but can profitably embark in the improvements suggested. Whatever may be one's conception of the limitations of government when we consider the State or nation there is no doubt that the village life is properly a communal one. It is but a larger family with a common life and interests and, as the family united to supply itself with comforts and conveniences, using its common wealth wisely to that end, so should the village use part of the aggregate wealth to furnish all with those adjuncts of modern civilization which contribute so largely to its health, its comfort and its convenience. When villages adopt and practice this view then will we have the ideal town and not only will they hold their own against the city's magnetism but they will begin to reverse the current and draw from the cities those who, having a competence, and a longing for the wider spaces, social and mental as well as physical, which village life can give, are now prevented from indulging their impulses by the deprivation of so many of what they have come to consider the necessities of life at present involved in life in the country village.

HAPPY GRAY HARBORITES.

There is no doubt that the railroad connecting the Gray's Harbor towns with that G. W. Hunt was to have built will shortly be completed. The Northern Pacific will be the company building line, which will be a virtual continuation of the road now running from Montesano to Centralia. G. W. Hunt will still be the builder of the road, but will do it entirely for the company, who will secure the bonus amounting to nearly \$1,000,000. The road will be in operation on the date originally fixed, July 28. The bonuses are now being collected and the deeds for the same placed in the Hoquiam National Bank and the Bank of Aberdeen, to be delivered to the Northern Pacific on completion of the road, July 28th.—*Tacoma Ledger*.



MONTANA, which has the richest gold mine in the world, the richest silver mine in the world and the greatest copper-producing plant in the world, has also the greatest deposit of precious stones in the world. This last statement will seem extravagant, but I am convinced that it is strictly true. The stones are not diamonds; they are sapphires—next in hardness and brilliancy to diamonds. They are not, however, sapphires of the dark-blue color known to all lovers of gems. Their hues vary through a wide range of color. Most of them are of a light grayish hue, but some are green, some pink, some yellow, some plum color, while only a few have been discovered that resemble the peacock hue of the oriental gems. To see the region where these Montana jewels are found and to wash out some of them myself if possible, from the gravel, I made a two days' trip in May, from Helena, accompanied by my friend P. B. Groat, of St. Paul. We hired a team and a strong Montana buggy, drove across the valley of the Prickly Pear and over a low range of mountains to Canyon Ferry. There we fed our beasts and ourselves at a country tavern and inspected a handful of precious stones displayed by a German named Albert Zeiger, who said he had dug them on his own ground near French Bar. He asked one hundred dollars for his five largest stones—about as much as a Helena jeweler would ask for them when cut and mounted in jewelry. At the tavern we also met the guardian of the French Bar property, which was sold about a year ago to a London company for \$25,000. The company has locked up the tunnel run last summer into what was claimed to be the mother-lode of the gems, and from which about 3,000 carats were taken out and shipped to London.

THE great gem field is not French Bar, but Eldorado Bar, about eighteen miles down the river. The small bar was bought while efforts to raise the money for the purchase of the large one were in progress, the purpose being to control all the gem-producing territory on the Missouri. Eldorado Bar is controlled by F. D. Spratt, who lives at York, a placer mining hamlet back in the mountains, on Trout Creek. To see Mr. Spratt we drove across a mountain range and descended into a green, narrow valley, passing at almost every mile the vestiges of old mining operations, in abandoned flumes, dry ditches, great pits and piles of gravel. We found Mr. Spratt to be a genial, well-informed Michigan man, who lived in a large and comfortable house with his wife, daughter and young son. A married daughter occupied with her husband and baby another house in the same inclosure, a nephew who kept the store lived in another, and half a dozen other dwellings were tenanted by the employes of the head of the family. We were heartily welcomed and made at home for the night. The evening was spent listening to the history of the gem discoveries and looking at the finest stones in Mr. Spratt's collection, which included about twenty cut sapphires of various hues and two or three hundred stones in the rough. The handsomest colors in the cut stones were dark blue and pink. Next morning we drove six miles over a mountain spur and down a savage canyon to the Missouri River to reach

Eldorado Bar. This bar contains about 1,500 acres of ground, and consists of a tolerably level bench skirting the river and a "high bar" about 150 feet above the river and much broken by ravines. Gold mining was carried on here many years ago, but the costly flume went down in a storm and the diggings were abandoned. It is in the gravel piles of the old placers that the stones are found most abundantly, and also in tunnels run in on bed-rock level. Alex. Macaulay, the son-in-law of Mr. Spratt, occupies an old cabin and stands guard over the bar to keep off trespassers. He was exceedingly obliging, working hard for two hours in the hot sun with pick and shovel and rocker to show us how sapphires were obtained. First he filled a bag with dirt and gravel dug from a deep trench on the highest ground of the bar. This we took down to the river in our buggy and Macaulay washed it out in a sieve, threw out the coarse stones and gravel from the top and spread the material that had settled to the bottom out on a table. Only two sapphires were found—one a fine gem of about a carat's weight, the other not worth having. Macaulay was disappointed at this result. He drove to another point on the high bar, entered a tunnel that had been dug into a side hill for about a rod and filled his bag with about a bushel of dirt and gravel. This yielded, when washed, one fine blue stone of about two carats, and twenty-one small stones, only one of which had a perfect crystallization.

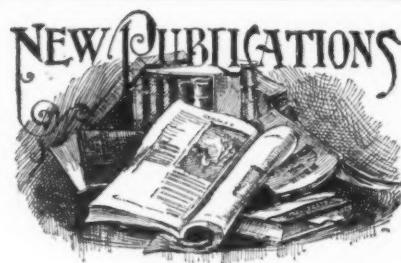
IT was now time to turn back to York. Our kind friend wanted to wash more dirt and proposed to take a bag full from the lower end of the bar, a mile distant, but we had a long, rough journey to make to reach Helena that night. We drove back to York, lunched with the Spratts, and took away with us as mementoes of the visit not only the gems we had seen washed out but several much finer ones which our host insisted that we should accept. We crossed the Missouri at Stubb's Ferry, where Col. Wheeler and I launched our boats for a memorable expedition down the wild river in 1881, and at eight o'clock were back in our hotel in Helena. In some future number of THE NORTHWEST I shall have more to say about these Montana gems, and the plans for mining them and for giving them the rank and value in the jewel markets of the world to which they are entitled by their hardness, brilliancy and beauty. There is no longer room to doubt that the sapphire fields of Montana will soon make a conspicuous figure in the chief items of wealth annually produced by the new State in the Rocky Mountains.

ONE of the pulpits in Bozeman, Montana, is occupied by a forcible and original preacher, who has had an unusual career for a Presbyterian elder. He was a captain of artillery in the civil war, and after the war closed was assigned to the duty of guarding Jeff Davis at Fortress Monroe. Then he drifted into journalism and led a rather careless and adventurous life, traveling much in both Europe and America. He seldom went to church and felt no sort of interest in religious work. One day in Cincinnati, where he was doing the dramatic criticisms for a daily paper, he dropped into a church for the first time in many years. The music charmed him and something in the sermon set him to thinking on the serious problems of human existence. He threw up his profession of journalism, entered a divinity school and became a synodical missionary. In this field he labored for a long time, only lately assuming charge of a church. His sermons are out of the usual line of preaching heard in country towns. They are intellectual and sympathetic and they take note of the progress that is being made in all advanced lines of modern thought. In his private life something of the dashing artillery captain and the adventurous

journalist still clings to this Montana preacher. He can tell a good story, is thoroughly companionable, and has not the slightest trace of cant or sanctimoniousness in talk or manner.

WHAT extraordinary books fall into the hands of young people now-a-days, since publishers have taken to bringing out translations of all sorts of French novels. On a train in Montana lately I noticed that a girl of seventeen, from a Minnesota village, going out to Spokane Fall to live with a married sister, was provided with two books to read on the journey. One was a typical English love story, silly but harmless, and the other was a translation of the very worst novel, from a moral point of view, that Guy de Maupassant has written—a novel that a middle aged man of the world would throw down in disgust if not attracted by its great literary power. A "gentleman-friend" had recommended the book, the girl said, but she had only read a few pages and did not like it. Queer sort of a friend that must have been who recommended a village girl of seventeen to read a novel written to please the morbid taste of Paris. There are scores of brilliant and bad French novels on the tables of the book sellers and in the booths of the railway news stands, but this particular novel surpasses them all in immorality, for the reason that its hero instead of coming to grief as a just punishment for his baseness and treachery towards men and women, his selfishness, cowardice, licentiousness and meanness, comes out in the last chapter radiant and successful, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and descending the steps of the Madeleine with the daughter of his millionaire employer as his bride, in the midst of a brilliant throng of the notables of Parisian politics and society. He has reached this pinnacle of triumph by unscrupulous cunning; his worst passions serve his ambition instead of pulling him down. Of course so great a writer as De Maupassant had a purpose in this book beyond a vivid description of a certain phase of political and journalistic life in Paris. He meant to show that worldly success can be achieved by vicious as well as noble means—that the moral law of retribution is not infallible in its workings in this world; but what sort of an impression is such a book likely to leave on the sensitive mind of the young man or girl to whom the world is still fresh and beautiful and good?

THE editor of THE NORTHWEST had an opportunity lately of going over the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad, from its southwestern terminal to St. Paul. In Chicago they call this line the "Maple Leaf" road, from the emblem used in its advertising; in Iowa it is universally known as the "Diagonal," and in Minnesota we speak of it as the Kansas City road. Its head is in St. Paul and it reaches Chicago with one long leg and Kansas City with the other. In another than a physical sense its head is also in St. Paul, for Albert Stickney, the man who projected it and who controls its finances, lives here and the chief offices of the company and the residence of its president, J. M. Egan, are also in this city. It is in fact, a St. Paul enterprise and one of which we St. Paul people may well feel proud. It affords us a direct line to the metropolis of Kansas and Western Missouri and one of our shortest lines to Chicago. Its roads traverse a magnificent agricultural region for their entire length. You see scarcely an acre of land that is not highly fertile in riding over them. These lines reach, beside their terminal cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago and Kansas City, such important points as Dubuque, Des Moines, St. Joseph and Leavenworth. They run through the great corn and winter wheat belt of Northwestern Missouri and Southwestern Iowa, and through the famous dairy country of Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota and the Chicago extension traverses the most productive part of Northern Illinois.



"Idle Time Tales," No. 150, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York, contains four stories by Francois Coppée Honore De Balzac, Alphonse Daudet and Alfred De Musset. The story by Balzac is one taken from the shelves of his "anatomical museum of depravity." While it is interesting and dramatic the moral is rather forced, and is summed up in a paragraph at the end of many pages depicting a life that pure-minded American girls and noble American young men need know nothing about.

"Stories of Old New Spain" will be welcomed by the sea side and lake resort summer residents. The stories are nine in number and are masterpieces of legendary, quaintness and truthful narrative. They are none too long for the twilight hour on the piazza and the tenderness and pathos of some of the love passages ought to stimulate ambition and increase the receipts of the license clerk and popular ministers. The stories are by Thomas A. Janvier and constitute No. 71 of Appleton's Town and Country Library. Published semi-monthly; 50 cents a copy, \$10 a year.

"A Queer Family" is the result of Effie W. Merriman's second excursion into the fields of literature. Like "Pards," her first book, "A Queer Family" is the story of two homeless boys who find companions, friends and a home, although it is an improvement on her first production. As editor of *The Housekeeper* the author is not unknown to Northwestern and local fame, and Lee & Shepard, her publishers, have now introduced her to a larger constituency. The story of the "Queer Family" is an interesting one and is full of the real life that touches the heart and makes us feel more kindly toward the waifs of city streets. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.

"The Science of the Nineteenth Century" is an appropriate sub-title to a book on "Electricity," by Emma Mario Caillard, author of "The Invisible Powers of Nature." The writer has given an outline of modern electrical science that may be readily understood by readers who have no previous acquaintance with the subject, and most readers will agree with the author in her opinion that to have no knowledge whatever of the striking advances which are being made in all branches of physical science, and especially in those which fall within the scope of electricity is a considerable intellectual loss. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

Chas. S. Fee ought to resign as general passenger and ticket agent of the Northern Pacific and follow the profession of art illustrator, author and publisher. Under his supervision, Mr. Albert B. Guptill has prepared the copy for one of the most unique and attractive publications of the year. "A Ramble in Wonderland" it is entitled, and there are more than 100 pages of descriptive matter relating to the marvelous region traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad. Facts about the geography, climate, soil and products of six States are so artistically interwoven with the narrative, that the reader's attention is closely held and valuable knowledge is almost unconsciously stored away. Not of least interest are the two Rand & McNally maps

and the summary of "Rates and arrangements for the tourist season." Twenty-five superb photo engravings from photographs by Haynes, the heaviest book-paper and a clear letter-press assist materially in making the publication, what it is—a real work of art.

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"Mrvale Eastman, Christian Socialist" is the latest offering of Albion W. Tourgee to the public, and it proves that the author is growing in literary strength, and is acquiring the much sought for subtle power to please. The story of Murvale Eastman is a thrilling one of every day life, full of the striking picturesqueness of romantic scenes. Every line is a text, and every chapter a sermon of the rare kind that are never too long. It is a bold, fresh application of the teachings of the great Teacher to the troublesome conditions of modern life. It is a wondrously vital and suggestive book that thinking men and women will take delight in reading. Published by Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York. Price \$1.50.

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"The Gospels Are True Histories," is asserted and proved by Dr. Barrows in a small volume containing seven lectures which were first delivered and afterward amplified for publication with an introduction by Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good" is his approach to the question. The style is clear, concise, convincing; it is as if a voice spoke the arguments instead of the eye's seeing. There is nothing dull in the book, any more than there was in the famous Music Hall sermons preached by Dr. Barrows in Chicago several years ago, and it is bound to do a great deal of good in the world and is an excellent one for gifts to older Sunday-school classes, etc. It is published in pretty and unique binding by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

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The Worthington Co., New York, have published "The Rector of St. Luke's," by Marie Bernhard, translated by Elsie L. Lathrop. It is a singularly pure, natural story of modern social life in a military town of Germany. The hero, the rector of St. Luke's, is a fine character; noble, upright, of high principles, without the slightest touch of bigotry or self-righteousness, and fully worthy of the charming, lovable, little heroine. It deals largely with the terrible remorse and unhappiness of a highly gifted artist, whose life was ruined by a hasty, passionate, youthful deed. It is a book of power and eloquence, characterized throughout by a noble and all-embracing sympathy, and interesting for its charming style and insight into life and character. Price in one-half Rox., \$1.25; paper, 75c.

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"The great characteristic of modern life is worry" is the text from which a helpful sermon is preached in a seventy-five page publication of five essays by the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." The American publishers are Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., of New York. No one can read the brief essays without being the better for it. By a strong line of reasoning the author shows that worriment may not be escaped, but that it may be and should be made a means of grace. Everything that worries us should be met in a prayerful spirit. The writer does not pretend that the Holy Spirit will give any mortal a new nervous system, but he asserts that "by faithful endeavors and by the grace of God we may in the long run overcome any temptation whatsoever." One of the chief of these is "the terrible temptation of daily worry."

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"Warwick," the Kingmaker, is the title of C. W. Oman's contribution to the "English Men of Action" series published by Macmillan & Co., of London and New York. Nine persons out of ten,

the author asserts, if asked to sketch the character of Warwick would find, to their own surprise, that they were falling back for their information to Lord Lytton's *Last of the Barons* or Shakespeare's *Henry the Sixth*. Of all the great men of action who since the Conquest have guided the course of English policy it is probable that none is less known to the reader of history than Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury. The volume is the result of a very successful attempt to trace out with accuracy his career and his habits of mind from original authorities. It is the sixteenth volume in the series, and will be of use to the general reader and invaluable to the student of history. Montrose, Marlborough, Rodney and Sir John Moore are to follow.

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Few people may travel extensively and fewer yet can marshal the types so as to present a photograph of what has been seen. Percival Lowell has succeeded admirably in his book "Noto, an Unexplored Corner of Japan." The descriptive matter is as full of light and shade as a half tone photo-engraving and the reader's attention is chained at the first words of the opening chapter wherein is described the sudden freak of fancy that impelled the traveler to set out for the mysterious and almost unknown peninsular province on the western coast of Japan. It was the author's misfortune to go to the out-of-the-way spot alone, and an early confession is this: "I pitied myself right heartily; for I hold that travel is like life in this, at least, that a genial companion divides the troubles and doubles the joys." However, through the cooperation of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., any English reading person may now explore the province without the discomforts encountered by the author. The reader has no trouble about the transportation of edibles for Mr. Lowell writes that: "In Japan, to attempt to live off the country in the country is a piece of amateur acting the average European bitterly regrets after the play, if not during its performance." The descriptions of the Usui Pass, the Noto Highway the trip down the Tenriugawa, etc., are descriptively delightful and poetically perfect. The style is as original and as picturesque as is found in Helen Hunt Jackson's famous "Bits of Travel." Price \$1.25.

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"Sardia," by Cora Linn Daniels, is a novel which will be widely read. In her preface, the author dedicates it to her mother, "Who in her life unwittingly furnished me with the traits from which I have drawn the character of Helen." Naturally, then, the work would be above the erotic style of book, but it is that only in spirit. "Sardia" has no undertone of wickedness, though the character of Sybil is thoroughly detestable. Two have married; the woman, young and beautiful, because she loves the cousin she has but met and thinks to win him; he, Ralph Fielding, because being ignored by the woman he adored, he thought it prudent to save at least the two million dollars left by an uncle if he and Helen married. On their wedding day, Helen overheard him confessing as much to his friend and proposes the status of "comrade." She fills the house with guests, among them Sybil Visonti, Helen's convent friend, who loves the husband, and a nobleman in both senses, Sardia, who loves the wife. The others are Guy, the friend, and his *finance*, sweet little Lulu Morris, whom Sybil strives to contaminate, because she "hates young girls," and winning much by her Delsartean grace. Alex, that Delsarte should so read himself, he would sigh, "To what base uses do we lend ourselves!" The steadfast but hidden love of Helen for the husband who neglects her, and the pure love of Sardia are strongly brought into contrast with the passionate but unsinful regard of Ralfe for the Visonti, who finally unmasked

herself and is despised by him. Ralfe falls in love with his wife, and Sardia, having sought nothing but Helen's real happiness, hands her over to her husband and leaves for — India, isn't it? A dramatic book is "Sardia." Lee & Shepard, Boston.

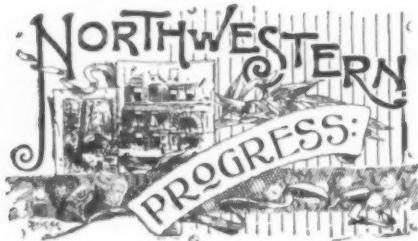
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Interesting facts, and keen and intelligent criticism are charmingly blended in "Excursions in Art and Letters" by W. W. Story. The interest of the reader is awakened as soon as he reads the table of contents: "Michael Angelo;" "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles;" "The Art of Casting in Plaster among the Ancient Greeks and Romans;" "A Conversation with Marcus Aurelius" and "Distortions of the English Stage as Instanced in Macbeth." Prefacing the chapter on Michael Angelo the author declares that the overthrow of the Pagan religion was the death blow of Pagan Art, and that Christianity struck the death blow not only to Pagan Art, but for a time to all art. "Sculpture and painting were in its mind closely related to idolatry." But, after the long dead winter of the Middle Ages, came the spring of the Renaissance—"when liberty and humanity awoke, and art, literature, science, poesy, all suddenly felt a new influence come over them." These are the thoughts, leading up to one of the most interesting essays yet written of Michael Angelo who lived to-day no less than in 1500, and whose fame and honors more than keep pace with the increasing centuries. How true is the assertion of the author that "every man has a right to be judged by his best. It is not the number of his failures but the value of his successes which afford the just gauge of every man's genius!"

In the introduction to the chapter on "Distortions of the English Stage," is a strikingly truthful sentence which might well be applied to "still life" so much Oh'd! and Ah'd! about in modern times. Says the author: "Art is neither nature alone, nor can it do without nature. No imitation, however accurate for imitation's sake, makes a good work of art in any other than a mechanical sense. Depicting the struggle between the ideal and the natural school the keen rapier of criticism is given this introductory thrust: "There is, in a word, no defect against which Hamlet warns the actor, which is not a characteristic of English acting. And doubtless thinking of the alleged comedy of a majority of the Hoyt productions Mr. Story writes: "In comedy there is little resemblance to real life as in tragedy; humor and wit are travestied by buffoonery and grimace. Instead of pictures of life as it is, we have grotesque daubs and caricatures, so exaggerated and farcical in their character as to make the judicious grieve." Macbeth is the most grossly misunderstood of all of Shakespeare's plays, says the author. Macbeth and his wife, so far from being the characters depicted by Mrs. Siddons and misconceived by students of Shakespeare are their direct opposites. "He is the villain who can never satiate himself with crimes. She, having committed one crime dies of remorse." Lady Macbeth's nature was not wicked in itself; it was susceptible of deep feeling and remorse. Her moral sense was sluggish, while her impulses were sudden and vehement. Her wild and violent figure of speech following,

"I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,
the author thinks is generally but wrongfully taken as the key of her whole character. The murder of Duncan was not suggested by Lady Macbeth, as is commonly thought.

"The Excursions in Art and Letters" are so intensely interesting and new in thought that the reader wishes that the excursions were to be enjoyed for a year instead of a week. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price \$1.25.



Wisconsin.

THE American Steel Barge Company will have at the opening of navigation more tonnage afloat by forty per cent than any other vessel company on the Great Lakes. The Western Transit Company will then be second instead of first, where it has heretofore remained in this respect. When it is taken into consideration that the American Steel Barge Company is only two years of age, the above statement is rather startling even for this progressive age.

Minnesota.

RECIPROCITY with Cuba signifies that this country is soon to begin selling the people of the Gem of the Antilles a million barrels of flour a year, largely the products of the Minneapolis mills.

IN production of wheat and flour Minnesota is already famed the world over. As a dairy State we have the diplomas of the New Orleans Exposition; and in extent of white pine we are ranked by the National Bureau of Statistics the first State in the Union. But who would think of "agricultural" Minnesota as anything in that most important of mining industries, the production of iron ore? Yet the State geological survey issues to the public to-day a volume of 400 octavo pages devoted to "The Iron Ores of Minnesota," in which the State Geologist N. H. Winchell and Iron Expert H. V. Winchell conclude resume of the leading iron mines of the world with the statement: "We do not hesitate to claim, therefore, for the Minnesota ores and their annual output, in point of quality and quantity, the leadership of the world." Where, less than ten years ago, the primeval wilderness was untrod except by the aboriginal Chippewa, are now running thirty long freight trains daily, transporting from the twenty iron pits of the Vermilion hills to the great ore docks at Two Harbors on the "Big Sea Water," nearly a million tons of high grade ore annually, the product of some 3,000 miners. It takes 5,650 feet of dock frontage to accommodate the crowding barges which carry their hematite burden to the blast furnaces at Cleveland. Purer than any other Bessemer iron ore smelted, the Minnesota hematite brings from fifty cents to a dollar more per ton in the Cleveland market.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

North Dakota.

MANDAN promises to become the center of the great sheep-growing industry of North Dakota. Its sudden rise in that direction has been remarkable, and it promises to become one of the most important markets in the new Northwest.

AN example of the profit in sheep-raising is found in the experience of a North Dakota farmer. He started two years ago with a capital of \$600. Since then he has sold \$600 worth of wool and \$300 worth of sheep, and has 400 sheep now, for which he has refused \$4.50 each.

CASS COUNTY, of which Casselton is the geographical center, is the most populous county in North Dakota and the most productive in the United States. It produces more wheat than any equal area in the world. The crops for the past three years, owing to a lack of rain, have not been up to the average. The greatest crop Cass County ever produced, over thirty-five bushels per acre, was sown in the mud and farmers have done the same this year.—*Casselton Reporter*.

NORTH DAKOTA will shortly rival Kentucky in the breeding of fine horses. Every season the importation of standard stallions and mares of the various popular breeds, increases in all sections of the State, especially in the Red River Valley, and most of this imported stock is the very best that money will buy. Especial attention is now being given to trotting breeds and roadsters. There is probably no country in the world where the horse develops better or is more healthy than in North Dakota.—*Casselton Reporter*.

FROM all quarters of the State come reports of strengthening confidence among holders of North Dakota realty. The belief that we are now entering upon a new era of prosperity is everywhere prevalent. Already people who have left the State are making their way back again, satisfied by experience that other localities have drawbacks equal to ours. Both the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railroads are this year making an effort to turn immigration into Dakota, and the result of these

efforts is already seen in a number of colonies that have settled up and down the Jim Valley to make their homes in this State. Little items telling of the improving condition of trade, the growing feeling of confidence, wanderers returning, railroads coming, etc., are again making their way into the newspapers. The *Argus* only a few days ago said that farm lands in the Red River Valley are now readily selling for from twenty to forty percent higher than they were offered for six months ago. These items are sufficient. If there is anything in signs the good time which has been so long in returning is nearly at hand, to be enjoyed by those whose faith led them to stick to Dakota.—*Jamestown Alert*.

IN the hills adjacent to Dunsmuir silver ore has been recently discovered, and is said to exist in paying quantities. Little or no prospecting for precious minerals in the mountain country has as yet been done, although a certainty exists in the minds of many that not only silver, but gold is to be found in many parts of the mountains. As long ago as 1876, a delegation of Indians, while on a mission to Washington, exhibited to several parties who were then there large nuggets of gold and represented that these nuggets were found in the hills of the Turtle Mountains.

South Dakota.

WATER was reached in the artesian well on A. H. Risdon's farm, two miles from Huron, April 23d. The flow is through an eight-inch pipe and so strong that a solid column of water eight inches in diameter shoots fifty feet in the air, and makes a great noise. The well is 935 feet deep, but will be put to a thousand if possible. This flow is estimated at 10,000 gallons per minute, and flooded the ground so rapidly that great ditches were cut to carry it into the river. It is doubtless the greatest well in the world.

Montana.

THE Chicago Iron Works, manufacturers of mining machinery and machinery for the reduction of ores, have established their Western office in Helena, Montana. Mr. Menno Unzicker is in charge of the Western and Northwestern business.

THE land department of the Northern Pacific has concluded to bring its unproductive lands into market by excavating irrigation canals where it has large tracts that can thus be reclaimed. Mr. Potter of the land department is now having surveys made for canal at Fort-y, and will later investigate facilities for such operations on the company's lands further west.—*Billings Times*.

IF the Creator ever favored any part of the earth's crust Montana was the recipient. She has the greatest copper mine in the world, and Nevada, in her days of supreme ascendancy failed to give the mining world a Granite Mountain. Africa, far distant and dark, has furnished our sapphires and precious gems, while within twenty miles of Helena can be found all the gems so noted. T. B. Crutcher and Carl Kleinschmidt made a trip yesterday to a bar in which they are interested, below Canyon Ferry, where they have had men engaged in sinking shafts to bed rock. In panning they secured several sapphires and one stone which the experts of Helena unite in classifying as a moonstone, a rare and exceptional gem.—*Helena Journal*.

A VISIT TO THE GEM FIELDS OF MONTANA.—E. V. Smalley, editor and proprietor of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, returned last evening from a trip to the sapphire and precious gem fields of Montana, located on the Missouri River, only sixteen miles from Helena. Mr. Smalley was greatly pleased with his trip, having spent two days on the grounds. He stated to the *Journal* reporter that beyond question, sapphires, garnets and rubies were to be found in the gravels of French and Eldorado Bars; exhibiting a little collection which he had personally panned out. Mr. Smalley, who is and always has been an earnest believer in the richness of Montana's resources, is elated over the discoveries made on this trip. He has had the gems from this district tested, and the result showed that the sapphires possessed the quality of hardness, second only to the diamond. This insures the permanency of brightness, an essential feature to the value of all precious stones. The character and value of these gems is as well known in London as Helena, and the industry of gathering them from the bars will become an important factor in the development of the resources of Montana.—*Helena Journal*.

THERE is great activity in the Flathead Country, north of Flathead Lake and of the reservation of the Flathead Indians. This region comprises a remarkably fine agricultural valley extending from the lake northward for a distance of about sixty miles. In this valley for some climatic reasons which scientists have not explained, there is rainfall enough for farming without irrigation. The country is well watered by numerous streams flowing into the Flathead River, good timber abounds and coal has been found. The main line of the Great Northern R. R. is now under construction across this valley on its way to the Pacific Coast. The present route of travel is by the Northern Pacific to Ravalli Station, thence by stage to

the foot of the lake, a distance of thirty miles, and thence by steamer to Demersville, on the river, near its junction with the lake. The stages have been crowded with settlers and travelers all the spring and the three boats on the lake do a fine business. In the valley there are now three well-established towns—Demersville, the old town of the region, Kalispel, three miles distant, where the new railroad will cross the river, and Columbia Falls, midway between the lake and the British Boundary. Speculation is active in the two latter places. The new railroad will reach the valley this summer and if the resources of the region are as great as now represented a Northern Pacific branch will probably be built into it from Missoula in a year or two.

Idaho.

THE farmers of this section are usually well-off, financially. One would naturally suppose that where the farmer was required, as in the past, to haul his grain twenty-five to forty miles in order to find a market, and over the most primitive of mountain roads, that the advent of the railroad would find them living in the most primitive structures, farms poorly fenced and a destroying fifteen per cent mortgage on the promises. Not so, however; the farmer of to-day, at least in this section, is found with good houses and barns, farms well-cultivated and fenced, and more or less of a bank account to his credit.—*Kendrick Advocate*.

FROM a peaceful hamlet slumbering in the pine woods of Northern Idaho, Kootenai Station has all of a sudden been transformed into a typical frontier town, with not one of the distinguishing characteristics omitted. The force that brought about the change was the Great Northern. All supplies for the Burns & Chapman contract of fifty-five miles are wagoned from Kootenai Station to the right-of-way near the Halfway House or to Bonner's Ferry, sixteen and thirty-two miles respectively. To aid the wagoners in their arduous labor, dozens of saloons have been opened at Kootenai Station and along the road to Bonner's Ferry.

THE citizens of Moscow, as well as farmers in the vicinity of that town, are much interested in the proposed paper factory which is shortly to be established there. The *Mirror* says: The enterprise will be assisted by the business men of the city, who are anxious for its establishment, and many farmers have signified their intention of furnishing straw for the mill free for the first year in order to get it in operation. The mill will consume about 3,000 tons of straw yearly and thus a market will be created for what is now destroyed as worthless. In many other ways the enterprise will add to the prosperity of Moscow, and is well worth the exertion put forth by her citizens to secure it.

BOISE is to-day a veritable flower-garden. Her lawns are laden with lovely flowers; her magnificent orchards are fairly bursting with blossoms of peach, pear, prune and apple. The irrigating ditch, the Chinese water wheel, all are in full operation and give life and novelty to the scene. Great improvements are the order of the day. An electric street railway, costing \$80,000; a sewerage system, costing \$75,000; a new city hall; Masonic temple, to cost not less than \$50,000; not forgetting the new hotel at the hot springs wells near the penitentiary, the first hot water artesian wells in the world. Those hot artesian wells are indeed a wonder. The first one was drilled to a depth of 300 feet; the second, about twenty feet from the first, was sunk to a depth of 400 feet. These geysers give forth in a gushing stream, 1,000,000 gallons of hot water of 180 degrees temperature in twenty-four hours. A grand hotel is soon to be built near these geysers.

Oregon.

ASTORIA has 1,000 boats employed in the salmon and halibut fisheries. The industry this year promises to be unusually profitable.

PORTLAND means business. She has extended the helping hand to the farmers and merchants of Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington and Idaho, and proposes raising three-fourths of the \$2,000,000 needed to open the Middle and Upper Columbia to free navigation by means of boat service and a portage railroad between The Dalles and Celilo.—*Oregonian*.

EDWARD WARD in five and one-half months delivered to the Wallace Bros., of Kalamazoo, 67,000 pounds of dressed sturgeon. Several other parties have delivered 50,000 and 60,000 pounds each in the same length of time. The Chinamen have extracted 10,000 pounds of spinal cords from this fish, which they ship to China, where it is prepared and served up to the natives in the form of a soup. It is claimed by them to be a delicious dish.—*Astoria*.

A FEW days since, what promises to be the grandest deposit of coal, both in its vast extent and in its superior quality, was discovered. Arrangements are being made to develop this grand find at once, and lively times may be expected, as a large amount of machinery, etc., will be required to take out the coal and ship it to market.

The coal is undoubtedly the richest ever unearthed on the coast, as the specimens on exhibition prove. Toledo will soon be headquarters for the best coal obtainable on the coast for all purposes, if we are to believe the statements of experts.—*Yaqina Post*.

Washington.

A LEDGE of copper has been discovered near Clealum which is said to be fifty per cent pure metal.

WORK has commenced on Yakima's big irrigating canal to cost over \$3,000,000 and to cover 200,000 acres of choice land.

WHO says money is scarce? With clearings amounting to \$290,812.66 yesterday, against 148,004.34 a year ago. Tacoma banks seem to have a satisfactorily increasing supply of it, and the public is making good use of it.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

FARM lands in the Palouse country have been sold for fifty per cent more money than they were held at one year ago. Lands near Cheney have changed hands at double the value of one year ago.

THERE are over 700 postoffices in the State of Washington, and yet the people are still clamoring for more. This shows how rapidly the State is settling up and what an intelligent class new comers are.

MCDONALD ROBERTS has found on his place two miles south of Kalama, a ledge of mineral-bearing stone, such as is used for making mineral paint. When ground and mixed with oil it proved to be an excellent paint. Mr. Roberts' find is on his own land, and close to railroad and water lines of transportation.

THE geological survey of the State will begin in Silver Creek district early in June, and will be extended to the adjoining districts. It is not known how long it will take to complete the work, but it is proposed to make it thorough, as the appropriation is large enough to assure unsighted and skillful examination.

IMMIGRANTS are reported as fairly swarming into the Palouse country. Trains are daily crowded with people seeking homes in that section. From a number who came from Eastern Kansas and Western Missouri lately the *Moscow Star* learned that at least 6,000 persons contemplate leaving that section for the Northwest this year.

HENRY OSER, of Fairhaven, while boring an artesian well on his place, struck a vein of some sort of odor that seemed to run very high in limburger cheese. Henry did not at first know what he had found and was very much disgusted, but has refused several offers to sell his farm since he learned it was natural gas and in what appears to be an inexhaustible supply.

THE Puget Sound Lumberman in an effort to correct the impression prevailing concerning the timber on the Pacific Coast, states that timber in the Pacific Northwest is hardly considered merchantable if it goes under 25,000 feet to the acre, while it is a very common occurrence to find timber that will go 100,000 feet to the acre. It recounts a recent sale of a forty-acre tract of timber that went 300,000 feet to the acre.

CREDIT is given to Puget Sound ports for forty-six sea-going sailing vessels. Besides that number the ports of the Sound are credited with eighty merchant sailing vessels which do not come under the first head. Of the merchant steam vessels the Sound is credited with 119. Then there are probably forty tugboats and over 100 barges and scows which are used in commerce. During

the year 1890 the total number of clearances from the Sound was 2,135, carrying out 1,918,815 tons of freight.—*Seattle Telegraph*.

WALLA WALLA capitalists are about to put in active operation a big mining project. They have located a tunnel site on Little Mount Chapaca in the Okanogan belt for the purpose of tunneling and prospecting this mountain for mineral. The company, which is composed of good, substantial Okanogan and Walla Walla men, will be regularly incorporated with a capital of \$75,000, under the name of the Walla Walla Tunnel Site Company.

WHAT promises to be a very valuable discovery has recently been made on the ranch of E. P. Whitney, on Green River, in section twenty-eight, township twenty-one, range six, east. It is an extensive bed of China clay. Analysis, it is said, shows it to be of the finest and purest quality yet found in the country. Parties in Seattle have been negotiating for its purchase, with a view to establishing a crockery and chinaware manufactory.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

THE coming city on Puget Sound is Blaine on the international boundary line which divides the United States from Canada at deep water. The Great Northern Railroad and the Canadian Pacific Railroad are both building their roads with large property interests at that point and it will readily be seen that where these two great trans-continental railways meet at deep water on Puget Sound a city of importance must spring up. The population of Blaine has already grown from seventy-five to 3,500 within the last year and from the amount of money now being invested by J. J. Rutledge of Blaine for Eastern as well as Puget Sound people, capital is certainly waking up to a realization of the value and importance of this point.

OUR city may be said to have just been born. On January 1, 1890, the population was about 400. On May 1, 1891, the population has increased to about 4,000 and at the present rate of increase she will be a city of at least 10,000 by May, 1892. Port Angeles is in its infancy, but located as it is on the first great deep-water harbor at the mouth of Puget Sound, at the inner end of the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, where the magnificent waters of this great inland sea spread out to meet the Gulf of Georgia on the north, it commands the entrance from and exit to the Pacific Ocean and Bering Sea, confronting Victoria, the beauteous capital city of British Columbia, but a few miles across, what may be accomplished by the united efforts of capital and intelligent direction can not now be told.—*Port Angeles Cor. Seattle Telegraph*.

LATELY a test of the gas producing qualities of coal in the Sedro coal mines was made at Fairhaven. One thousand pounds of the coal was taken to the gas works in that city, and a thorough test made, the result showing the coal capable of producing five and seven-twelfths feet of gas to the pound of coal. Three and a half feet to the pound is considered fair coal for this purpose, while anything over four is considered first-class, but here we have a coal which will produce over five and a half feet. The Skagit Valley will in the near future furnish all the coal used in the great cities of the coast for the manufacture of this great commodity. The greater portion of the coal now used for producing gas comes from Australia.—*Sedro Press*.

THE Port Angeles & Southern Railroad Company has sent out surveying parties to locate the line in as short a time as possible. It is the intention to begin construction within ninety days and to have the road completed in December, 1892. The line will run from Port Angeles to the head of Port Discovery Bay, a distance of thirty-two miles. Going back to a point seven miles south of Port

Angeles the line will run south through Mount Olympus and the Quillayute Country to Gray's Harbor, a distance of about seventy-five miles. The railroad expects to derive traffic from the coal deposits now awaiting development, the fine timber and the agricultural products. There is a large territory of excellent farming land through the Quillayute and even in the Olympic valleys, to say nothing of the rich prairie lands that will be opened up.

For the benefit of those who are looking toward Blaine the young city on Puget Sound as a point for investment it may be well to state that by communicating with J. J. Rutledge who is the leading operator in lands and investments in and around Blaine, they will be dealing with a thoroughly responsible and energetic business man.

"The Sherwin," Butte, Montana.

IT is, indeed, gratifying to note that for hotel accommodations Butte City, Montana will soon rank among the best hotel towns of the Northwest. The great need in years past of good hotels in Butte has been a serious drawback to the progress of the town, but the causes which have kept capitalists from occupying so favorable a field for investment have disappeared, and Butte is no longer considered a mining camp of uncertain future, but the metropolis of the great State of Montana with unlimited facilities for building and maintaining the most prosperous city of the Northwest. Mr. M. A. Sherwin, of Minneapolis, a few months ago opened a first-class restaurant in Butte and the flattering success which attended his efforts in this direction induced him to equip and open a hotel at Number Seven, East Granite Street, the best location in the city, within a block of the opera-house and post-office, the county court-house and city hall. This house, called "The Sherwin Hotel and Restaurant," is unquestionably one of the best appointed houses in the State. The rooms are large, well lighted, and ventilated and can be used either singly or in suite as the guests may desire. Each room is finished in antique oak, the furniture is superb and the appointments of the dining room cannot be excelled by any house in Montana. Cable and electric cars pass the house to all depots and suburban towns which is a convenience not enjoyed by any other hotel in the city. Mr. Sherwin is a man of genial qualities well calculated to inspire confidence and make friends, and his keen eye is ever alert to the needs of his patrons. The rates of this popular house are very reasonable, (\$2.50 per day) considering the high grade appointments. It is Mr. Sherwin's ambition to build for his house, among the traveling public a reputation that will speak his praises throughout the land.

ALASKA.

Ice-built, ice-bound and ice-bounded—
Such cold seas of silence! such room!
Such snow-light! such sea-light, confounded
With thunders that smite as doom!
Such grandeur! such glory, such gloom!
Hear that boom! hear that deep, distant boom
Of an avalanche hurled
Down this unfinished world!
Ice-seas! and ice-summits! ice-spaces
In splendor of white, as God's throne!
Ice-worlds to the pole! and ice-places
Untracked, and unnamed, and unknown!
Hear that boom! Hear the grinding, the groan
Of the ice-gods in pain! Hear the moan
Of yon ice-mountain hurled
Down this unfinished world!

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Our motto is to gain and retain an enviable reputation by making mining investments placed with us profitable to the investor. Every dollar we make for our clients makes two for us. Send for pamphlets explaining our plan of mining investments. You can make money on our plan with small outlay. Try it. We examine personally and thoroughly all mines or mining stocks offered before placing investments for clients. We have facilities for placing first-class mining investments. A copy of the History of Gold and Silver Mining in Montana mailed free to any address. Legitimate mining is the safest of all productive industries for the investment of capital; and Montana is the richest mining country in the world. Montana produced in 1890, gold, silver, copper and lead to the value of over \$47,000,000. The return for 1891 will not fall far short of \$60,000,000; and 1892 will probably show a total production for Montana alone, of \$75,000,000. We have a list of first-class partially developed mines in which we offer a liberal interest for developing capital. Orders by mail given careful personal attention. Correspondence solicited.

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THE Red River Valley is not hiding its light under a bushel. It is the land of bushels, in 1890 producing 80,000,000 bushels of wheat, besides other cereals. Land is still cheap, owing to the rush to the far West. It is the most fertile district in America not fully occupied. Farms can be had on the crop plan and paid for in one or two years. School, church, social, market and railway facilities equal to old settled regions. Room for a million more people. Publications sent free and letters of inquiry answered by F. L. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn., G. P. & T. A. Great Northern Railway, the principal thoroughfare from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and West Superior to Northwestern states and Pacific Coast.

SPECIAL MENTION.

A Darkened Sun.

The annular eclipse of the sun is looked for June 6th, and will arrive, unless solar connections are missed in some manner. The almanacs state that it will be visible as a partial eclipse in the Northwest, and it would therefore seem wise if amateur observers were to lay in a stock of smoked glass and prepare to watch the darkening of the sun while the sooty glass darkens their faces. And as the sun seldom if ever misses connections, there is no doubt that the event will come off as billed, the sun resembling, in that particular, the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad—the Duluth Short Line—which is always on time and never misses connections. A pioneer route and the short line between the Twin Cities and the head of the great lakes, it enjoys a wide popularity and is always preferable. For information write to Geo. W. Bull, General Passenger Agent, or Geo. C. Gilfillan, Asst. G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

The Chronic Kicker.

The poet says: "What is more perfect than a day in June?" And nowhere in the world are June days so perfect as in the great Northwest. And yet for some inscrutable purpose, Providence permits the Chronic Kicker to infest even June days. You have seen the "Kicker" haven't you? Of no particular sex or age, "he, she, or it" is omnipresent, always awake and on the lookout for something to growl about. The genus is divided into several species, the political Kicker, the financial Kicker, the religious Kicker and the social Kicker, and so on, ad infinitum. Don't you wish you could escape it? Well, you can't, but there is one place where you will find less of him, her, etc., than anywhere else—and that is on the luxurious vestibuled trains of "The Burlington" running between Minneapolis and St. Paul and Chicago and St. Louis. To get as far away from the Kicker as possible insist on your ticket agent selling you a ticket over "The Burlington." For any further information about the line, rates, etc., address W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, C. B. & N. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Summer Excursions.

The outing season, with its natural pleasures and health giving opportunities, is again with us, and the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, mindful of the fact that in years past it has enjoyed constantly increasing popularity as a route to eligible summer resorts, desires to call attention once more to the delightful haunts of recreation and rest which may be found along its line.

From May 1st to Oct. 14th, round trip excursion tickets will be on sale at the following very low rates:

Lake Shore and return,	50c.	White Bear and return,	50c.
White Bear Beach	55c.	Dellwood	55c.
Mathomedi	60c.	Bald Eagle	55c.
Forest Lake	75c.	Chisago City	61.10
Lindstrom	\$1.15	Center City	1.20
Taylor's Falls	" 1.35		

Special rates will be made Sunday-schools and other societies for picnic parties upon application to ticket agents at 19 Nicollet House Block, Minneapolis, and 162 E. Third Street, St. Paul, or to the undersigned at Room 706 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul. Geo. W. Bull, General Passenger Agent. G. C. Gilfillan, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

Garfield Beach on Great Salt Lake.

The famous health resort, Garfield Beach, on Great Salt Lake, eighteen miles from Salt Lake City, is reached via the Union Pacific, "The Overland Route," and is now open for the season.

This is the only real sand beach on Great Salt Lake, and is one of the finest bathing and pleasure resorts in the West. Owing to the stimulating effect of the brine on the skin, or the saline air upon the lungs the appetite is stimulated, and after a bath, the bathers are ready for a hearty meal, and feel greatly invigorated.

Fine bath houses, accommodating 400 people, have been erected at Garfield Beach, in connection with which there is a first-class restaurant and a large dancing pavilion built out over the lake. All of these are run by the Union Pacific, which guarantees a first-class resort in every respect.

For complete description of Garfield Beach and Great Salt Lake, send to E. L. Lomax, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha, for copies of "Sights and Scenes in Utah," or a "Glimpse of Great Salt Lake."

ELEVATION OF A CAPITALIST.

When he wuz on his uppers
An' fus' come inter camp
An' started on the skin game,
The people called him "scamp;"

He wuz known as "Bunco Jim," then—
An' they said it with a sneer—
But now he has a bank account,
An' iz "James Brown, Financier."
—Denver Sun.

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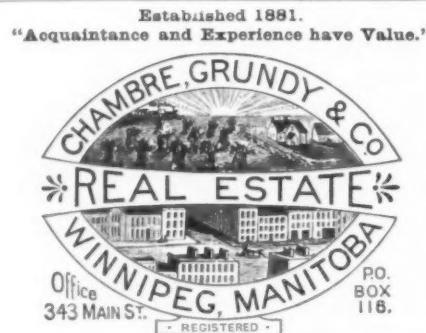
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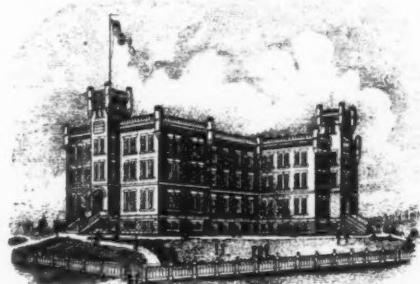
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and 55 miles south of Great Falls,
terminus of the Monarch &
Great Falls R. R.,

running regular passenger and freight trains from Great Falls to Monarch. The city of Monarch is the center of the largest mining district in North America. Within a radius of fifteen miles there are 5,000 mining claims, and it is at Monarch where all the ore from these mines is hauled and loaded on the cars. The total value of these mines are many millions of dollars.

Large Reduction Works will be erected at Monarch late in the Fall, and it is destined to be the greatest distributing and reduction point in Montana.

Lots in the city of Monarch have just been placed on the market and early investors will reap the reward of the largest profits, as the future of Monarch is assured and property will enhance in value quicker and greater than in any other city West.

For maps, plats and full particulars address

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GEO. W. O'BRIEN, Manager.



A writer describes Kodiak Island, Alaska, is larger than either of the New England States, with a genial climate capable of producing many varieties of fruit.

"Brave Love," a little poem which James Whitcomb Riley recently said was his favorite, but whose author he did not know, has been identified by an Oregon woman as the work of Mary Kyle Dallas, who recently died. The poem, with her name attached, was found in an old scrap-book made more than twenty years ago.

Tolstoi rises at five o'clock, summer and winter, and for half an hour dashes cold water on his head, neck and breast. Then he puts on his clothes which include only a blue-checked jumper of linen, a pair of trousers and heavy, ill-fitting peasant's boots. Then he is ready for breakfast. He never brushes his hair. His writing is done from three in the afternoon till six.

All ye who are afflicted with one of the worst ills turned loose out of that famous box of Pandora's take heed to this from a Seattle paper: "Peter Fisher, an old pioneer who was a hopeless dyspeptic, was cured by drinking clam water. He is sixty years old and weighs 200 pounds. Before he began to drink this life-restoring water he was a skeleton.—Washington Farmer."

A story is told of Dr. Crosby in the *Evangelist* which that gentleman used to relate himself. His house was once entered by a burglar, whom the doctor himself captured and who was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment. But for three years the minister kept up correspondence with the convict, converted him, secured him a pardon and later had the satisfaction of seeing him become a prominent and respected citizen in distant town, and blessed with a wife and child.

A correspondent of the *Helena Herald* writes from Tacoma: To the Northern Pacific belongs the credit of opening up this beautiful country. With indomitable pluck it surmounted every obstacle and pioneered the magnificent Northwest, made the desert bloom, built the beautiful city of Tacoma, gave the Sound Country a new lease of life and brought to the doors of the over-crowded East an Elysium, a Mecca, a veritable paradise, and brought three States to that glorious privilege—Statehood. For it advertised the Northwest all over the world, carried people into the new States and is helping to develop the country yearly.

On the farm of Blair Forward, in the Waldo Hills, has been found a phenomena. On this place is the lately discovered coal mine, above which Mr. Forward has sunk a well. When twenty-seven feet under ground, hundreds of perfectly formed shells were found, amongst which were clam shells, perfect in form, but examination proved that they are composed of beach sand. It is supposed that after the clams died the shells filled with sand, which took the perfect shape of its cover, when the shell decayed. The indentations and creases are as well defined in the sand as they are on the clam shell. The sand is distinctly of the ocean type, but how came it and these shells in the Waldo Hills, covered by twenty-seven feet of soil? These shells are not less than 250 feet above the sea level, and the surrounding country, unlike eastern Oregon, gives no indication of having been once an inland sea.—*Woodburn (Oregon) Independent.*



A GUM STORY.—A small boy fell upon the sidewalk in front of a Nicollet Avenue fruiterer's shop, and a piece of gum flew out of his mouth. Old Sport, the fruiterer's dog seized the gum, and the boy in trying to save his property, grabbed the dog by the tail. He turned to bite the boy and dropped the gum, and the boy snatched it with alacrity and stuck it back into his mouth. Then he shouted rats! kicked the dog and sailed up the avenue rejoicing.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

**

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH RAILWAYS.—The Duke of Marlborough, who studied American railways during his recent visit to this country, has an article in the *Fortnightly Review* concerning them. He says that English railways are toy systems and their rolling stock are mere toy freight carriers compared with the systems and trains found all over the United States. He urges that English interest in American railways be consolidated in some manner for mutual protection against stock jobbers.

**

SEA GULLS BY THE MILLION.—The South Bend, Wash., *Journal* says: The 40,000,000 gulls, more or less, that delight to live hereabout, for the past week have assembled on and taken possession of the tide creek that winds its sinuous way across the flat in the region near Central Avenue. They do not only make the air reso-

nant with their high soprano notes, but amuse boys, the unemployed and those who care to be amused by their peculiar antics, in their efforts to obtain the succulent but docile clams that abound in the region named.

**

THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.—Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; the circus takes fifty cents, the theater a dollar, the missionary box is grateful for a penny; the race-horse scoops in \$2,000 the first day, while the church bazaar lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out forty dollars in debt.—*R. J. Burdette*.

**

AN ADMIRABLE ANECDOTE.—"I must tell you an incident about Mrs. Hamilton Fish," said my Washington friend, "which will show you what a thorough lady she was. There was a correspondent for a New York paper in Washington named O'Connor. He was a brilliant writer and considerable of a society man. He went to her house one afternoon and sent her his card, wishing to pay his respects. She received him with amiability and spent half an hour in conversation, interesting him greatly in topics he had never before discussed. As he rose to go she handed him back his card. He was a little dismayed at this act, but deeming it some peculiar courtesy or piece of etiquette of which he was ignorant, he went away with it in his hand. But he pondered over the meaning of it until, as he was passing a street lamp, his eyes happened to fall on the card and discovered writing on its back. Hastily examining the scrawl he found

these words: 'I owe Bank's saloon \$3 for drinks.' Mrs. Fish had seen the inscription and had delicately handed him the card to save him from humiliation."—*New York Press*.

**

A NEAT SCHEME.—According to a story from Portland, says the Astoria, Ore., *Columbian*, the projectors of a new paper in that city played rather a unique trick in securing a press franchise. It appears that the matter of getting the requisite facilities in that respect was a problem that the proprietors of the proposed new paper found a very hard one to solve. After considerable unsuccessful effort, one of them hit upon an ingenious expedient. He, without any difficulty at all, got a franchise from the Associated Press for Albina, knowing that the Legislature would in all probability at this session pass the consolidation act, making Portland, East Portland and Albina one city. This has been done, and now the astute projector of the plot claims that he has a telegraph service franchise for "the City of Portland."

**

THE SELKIRK GLACIER.—"You know," said T. L. Fauhert, of Victoria, British Columbia, who was at the Nicollet, yesterday, "that our great Selkirk glacier has been covered with dirt for several years. This is gradually disappearing, however, and in the course of a few more years the glacier will be as white and beautiful as when I first saw it. This proves that the theory advanced by President W. C. Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is correct. He says the dirt on the glacier is nothing more or less than ashes from fires which have destroyed so much valuable and beautiful forest in our country. The authorities have taken steps to stop the fires. The damage done by these fires is almost too great to estimate. It will take a century for another growth to replace the great forests burned away."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the
Northern Pacific and Union
Pacific Railroads.

The Head of Navigation and the
Wheat Shipping Point of
Puget Sound.

The Wholesale and Manufacturing Center of the Pacific
Northwest.

Look at the Following Evidences of its Growth:

Population in 1880, 720.

Assessed value of property in 1880.....	\$517,927
Assessed value of property in 1888.....	\$5,000,000
Assessed value of property in 1889.....	\$20,000,000
Assessed value of property in 1890.....	\$29,841,750
Real Estate Transfers for 1885.....	\$667,356
Real Estate Transfers for 1888.....	\$8,855,598
Real Estate Transfers for 1890.....	\$15,000,000
Banks in 1880.....	1
Banks Jan. 1st, 1891.....	14
Bank Clearances for 1880.....	\$25,000,000
Bank Clearances for 1890.....	\$47,000,000
Wholesale business for 1889.....	\$9,000,000
Wholesale business for 1890.....	over \$18,000,000
Value of manufacturing products for 1889.....	\$6,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887.....	\$1,000,000
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1888.....	\$2,148,572
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1889.....	\$5,821,195
Money spent in Building Improvements in 1890.....	\$6,273,430
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887.....	\$90,000
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888.....	\$263,200
Money spent in Street Improvements in 1889.....	over \$700,000

Population, { Census 1890, } 40,165.

Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887.....	\$250,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888.....	\$506,000
Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1889.....	\$750,000
Coal shipped in 1882.....	(Tons) 56,300
Coal shipped in 1889.....	(Tons) 180,940
Crop of Hops in 1881.....	(Bales) 6,098
Crop of Hops in 1889.....	(Bales) 40,000
Lumber exported in 1887.....	(Feet) 107,326,280
Wheat shipped in 1889.....	(Bushels) 1,457,478
Private Schools in 1889.....	4
Public Schools in 1880.....	2
Public Schools in 1889.....	9
Value of Public School Property, 1889.....	\$264,480
Value of Private School Property, 1889.....	250,000
Regular Steamers in 1880.....	6
Regular Steamers in 1889.....	67
Electric line in operation.....	(Miles) 13
Electric line building.....	(Miles) 26
Cable line building.....	(Miles) 2
Steam motor lines in operation.....	(Miles) 32

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

TACOMA is now the Metropolis of Puget Sound, and is the best location for manufacturers for supplying both Inland and Water Trade. Full printed and written information will be furnished on application to

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Having had large experience, and keeping thoroughly posted in relative values of property in and around the city of Tacoma, give us advantages not enjoyed by many others, in placing money for safe investments. Free carriage to show the city to visitors and investors. References: National Bank of Commerce; Traders Bank of Tacoma.

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 Why loan money at 6 per cent. when you can buy 5, 10, or 50 acre tracts in ORTING, TACOMA or LAKEVIEW on which you can triple your money annually and take no chances. I am no agent. Where I put my money you can put yours. References: Henry Hewitt, Jr.; Hon. Frank Allen, Judge; Merchants National Bank, Tacoma.

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We have for sale elegant Improved and Unimproved City and Addition Properties, Farm, Hop, Garden, Fruit and Timber Lands, Water Fronts, Coal, Iron, Gold, Silver and Copper Mines. Properties ranging on our lists from \$100.00 to \$250,000.

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\$10 Cash, balance in Monthly Payments of \$10.

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Deposits (large and small) of individual's, firms, or banks receive careful attention. Correspondence in regard to Tacoma invited. Interest on time deposits.	

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Growing faster than any City in Washington. The Ocean Outlet for the Inland Empire.

For maps and printed matter write to

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Aberdeen, Wash.

A Special Opportunity.

The Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railroad Company is now extending its main line from Hankinson, South Dakota, in a northwestern direction across North Dakota to Regina, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, with the purpose of making a short line from the East by way of St. Paul to the Pacific Coast by way of the Canadian Pacific. This road will be finished to Valley City immediately, and will be rapidly completed to Regina. It will traverse northwest of Valley City, in the counties of Stutsman and Foster, the largest body of land owned by the Minnesota & Dakota Land and Investment Co. The region where this land is situated is only sparsely settled, by reason of its lack of convenient railway facilities. It will now be rapidly occupied by farmers and stockmen. New towns will grow up and the value of land will be greatly increased.

The present opportunity of buying land in that region at the old low rates is too good to be overlooked by enterprising men. This company will not raise the prices of these lands for the present, and it invites settlers and investors to look at them and to take into account the certainty of their early increase in value. They consist of rolling prairie, with numerous ponds and natural meadows, and are equally adapted for general farming and stock-raising.

These lands will be sold in lots of forty acres and upwards, on long credits, with interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum on deferred payments. For particulars and copy of map and description of the North Dakota lands owned by the Minnesota & Dakota Land and Investment Co., aggregating 116,000 acres, address

MINNESOTA & DAKOTA LAND AND INVESTMENT CO., Mannheimer Block, St. Paul, Minn.

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Pacific Ocean Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

ON GRAY'S HARBOR,

CHEHALIS COUNTY,

WASHINGTON.

OCOSTA is the deep-water Ocean shipping-point of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

OCOSTA has better and more protected harbor facilities than any other city north of San Francisco.

OCOSTA is only three miles from the Pacific Ocean, therefore causing a necessary towing of only five miles, against one hundred and forty on Puget Sound, and one hundred and sixteen on Columbia River, to Portland, Oregon.

OCOSTA is the natural outlet for all the Gray's Harbor Country, which region has five times the resources, such as timber, mineral and agricultural lands tributary to it, than any other inlet on the coast of Oregon or Washington.

The Northern Pacific Railroad is practically completed to Ocosta, and will be entirely so within ninety days. What the Northern Pacific has done for Tacoma will be again witnessed at Ocosta.

The Land Company has reserved 1,500 acres for manufacturing purposes. Parties desiring new locations for manufacturing or business enterprises, and such desiring more particular information, will find it to their interest by communicating with

E. B. MORRISON, Gen'l Manager

Olympia Land and Investment Co.

Ocosta Land Co.

South Bend, Washington.

Pacific Ocean Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

SOUTH BEND, the seaport of WILLAPA HARBOR, is the terminus of the Yakima and Pacific Coast Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad now under construction to be completed from Chehalis to SOUTH BEND this year.

The Geographical position, tributary resources and natural advantages of SOUTH BEND, and its direct rail communication with the timber, coal and wheat of Washington insure its becoming one of the leading seaports of the Pacific Coast.

Government Charts show 29 feet of water over the bar of WILLAPA HARBOR at high tide, while the towing distance to the wharves at SOUTH BEND is only 16 miles against 140 on Puget Sound and 116 on the Columbia River from Portland, Oregon.

The extraordinary growth and development of the Puget Sound cities will be duplicated at SOUTH BEND, and parties seeking new locations for manufacturing or business enterprises or a field for investment will do well to investigate further and communicate with

**THOMAS COOPER, General Manager,
Northern Land and Development Company,
SOUTH BEND, WASHINGTON.**

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Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Ry.

Recognizing the superiority of its harbor, as well as its nearness to the open sea, and its matchless resources in coal, iron, timber and agriculture, the Great Northern Railway has firmly planted its western terminus at Fairhaven.

The Fairhaven & Southern Railroad (which has been rapidly extended east, north and south to transcontinental connections), has been purchased, together with vast terminal, shipping and other railway facilities, by the Great Northern. All these extensions are still being pushed with the characteristic vigor of the latter company. Lines connecting with the Canadian Pacific on the north and with the Northern, Union and Southern Pacific on the south will be completed this season, while the great main transcontinental line will center all the mammoth interests of its 'round-the-world traffic at Fairhaven in the Fall of 1891. Meanwhile,

**FAIRHAVEN is destined to be a great Manufacturing and Commercial center,
Because it has:**

**The finest Harbor on the Pacific Coast; The greatest area of adjacent Agricultural Land;
The most magnificent forests of Timber in the World; The finest natural Townsite and Water Front;
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GET INTO THE TOILS OF THE SERPENTS OF DISEASE!
They make heroic efforts to free themselves, but not knowing how to successfully **SHAKE OFF THE HORRID SNAKES**
They give up in Despair and sink into an early grave.

WHAT AN ERROR! THERE IS HELP!
All you, who suffer from *Lost Vigor*, *Weakened, Shrunken or Underdeveloped Limbs or Organs, Physical Excesses*, and all their evil results, secret diseases, evil thoughts and dreams, etc., etc., should send for

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If any boy or girl under 18 years of age wants a strictly first-class safety bicycle they can obtain it free, without one cent of money. We shall give away, on very easy conditions, 1000 or more. The wheels are 25 inches, with crescent steel rims and molded rubber tires, and run on hardened steel cone bearings, adjustable to wear; geared to 46 inches; detachable cranks; four to five inches throw; frame finely enameled, with nickel trimmings. Each machine is supplied with too-hug wrench and oiler. Equal in quality to those sold on the market. Write to Western Pearl Co., 308 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper once to WESTERN PEARL CO., 308 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper.

FREE FOR 20 DAYS from date of this paper. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and after this time provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any Bank in Chicago. All mail to **PACIFIC CRAYON PORTRAIT HOUSE, 108 & 110 Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL.**



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WEAK nervous sufferers from youthful folly loss of many vigor, weakness of body, mind, varicose, etc., I will mail you a simple and certain means of self cure free. Restored me to health and strength after being vainly sought a cure. Address F. B. Clarke, East Haddam, Conn.

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\$2000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. If you are willing to give up part of America, you can commence at home, saving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay **SURE** for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. **WEARLY** SPEEDILY learned. **PARTICULARS FREE.** Address me once, **STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.**

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F using "Anti-Corpulence Pills" lose 10 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere. **Agents wanted.** **WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.**

\$80 A MONTH and expenses paid any active person to sell goods. \$40 a Month to distribute circulars. Salary paid monthly. Sample of our goods and contract free. Send for postage, packing etc. **WE MEAN BUSINESS UNION SUPPLY CO., 26 & 28 RIVER St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

Will Do It. Our Beard Elixir will force a Mustache in 20 days. **FULL Beard in 30.** Sample package, postpaid, 15c.; 2 for 25c.; one dozen, 75 cents. Agents wanted. **WEISS MFG. CO., 5 E St., Providence, R. I.**

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Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." **Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.**

FOR LADIES ONLY. I will send any Secret, that cost me \$5.00, & a Rubber Shield for 30 cents. **Mrs. J. A. KINSMAN & CO., 26 RIVER St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

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Please send it to us with your name and express office address, and we will send it there by express for your examination. If after examination you are convinced that it is not having to pay the agent \$4.50 and express charges and it is yours, write to-day, this will not appear again. Address

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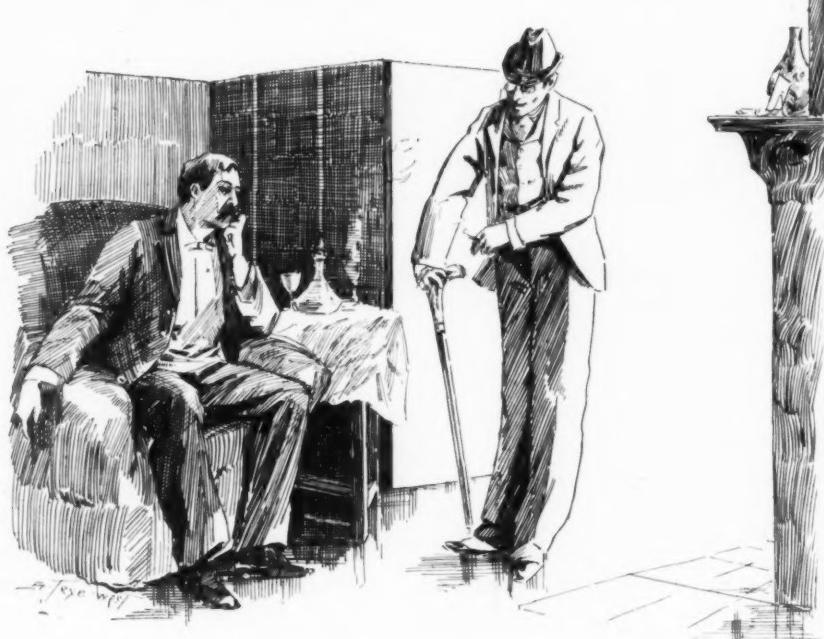
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NOT ELIGIBLE.

"Well, well, Jack! Refused again? What's her reason this time?"
 "The uncertainty of life."
 "Whose—yours or hers?"
 "Mine. And damn it, when I said I'd insure for a hundred thousand how do you suppose she took it? Said she knew I could not get a company to take me, I drank too much fire-water."

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

A PAINLESS PATIENT.

Elderly Lady (who has sent for her physician in great haste)—"I feel very queerly, doctor. Can't you do something for me?"

Sympathetic Physician—"What is it madam? Where do you feel strange?"

Elderly Lady (faintly)—"I don't know, doctor. There seems to be a goneness somewhere. I can't find a single pain."

A SARCASTIC LITTLE STOREKEEPER.

He was a big, blustering fellow, and when he stepped into the shop the proprietor hurried to wait on him. His purchases amounted to about \$2.50, and when they were all wrapped up he said:

"Charge it to me. I'll drop in to-morrow and settle it."

"No," said the little proprietor.

"What!" cried the big man. "Don't you know who I am? I'm—"

"I know that," said the proprietor, "but that's all I do know about you. I can't charge it."

"You can't? Why, you blamed idiot, I can buy out your blamed store."

"Yes," acquiesced the little man, mildly.

"Including the building and lot."

"Yes."

"And you won't charge that to me?"

"No."

And the big man seemed to swell up with wrath.

"Look here!" he cried. "I'll buy your whole outfit. I'll show you whether I'm good for \$2.50 or not. Just you begin to figure on the price and I'll come in to-morrow and take the shop. I'll show you what I'm worth."

The little man began to swell up himself.

"You might begin now," he said.

"What?"

"You might begin to-day. You might buy that package now and you won't have so much on your mind for to-morrow. I'm willing to knock off the interest on the \$2.50 for a day."

Then people had to come in from the street to pull the big man off the little man.

THEY KNEW HIM.

The visitor from Hawcreek had been invited to address the Sunday-school.

"I am reminded, children," he said, "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see here before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home before he was ten years old, learned to

drink, smoke, chew tobacco, play cards and slip in under the canvas when the circus came around. He went into bad company, frequented livery stables and bar-rooms, finally became a pick-pocket, then a forger, then a horse thief, and one day, in a fit of drunken madness, he committed a cowardly murder. Children," he continued, impressively, "where do you think that boy is now?"

"He stands before us!" guessed the children with one voice.—*Chicago Tribune*.

HOW HE GOT FIXED.

There was a young man in a seat by himself who betrayed such impatience every time the train stopped that the old man in front of him finally turned and inquired, says the *New York Sun*:

"Anything special on yer mind to make ye act so nervous? Heard any bad news?"

"No, sir."

" Didn't know but somebody was dead."

"No, sir. I'm to be married at five o'clock this afternoon in Buffalo."

"Shoo! You don't say so!"

"Yes, sir."

"And it makes ye nervous?"

"Somewhat, I suppose."

"Good-looking gal?"

"Yes."

"Lots o' money?"

"No."

"Then it's a case o' love?"

"Yes, sir—pure and simple, as I am proud to say."

"In other words, you hain't got nuthin', she hain't got nuthin', and you don't either of you expect nuthin' from anybody?"

"That's it."

"Waal, young man, that's the way with lots o' folks, and it can't be helped. Started in that way myself. It hain't none o' my bizness, of course, and probably this thing has gone too far to let you back out, but let me give ye some advice. I've tried both sorts. I first married a gal for love, and lived fur five years on johnny cake and barley coffee. She died, and I married a widow for forty acres of land, six cows, three horses and fifty-four sheep, and I'm highway commissioner, postmaster at our corners, school trustee and referee of all jumpin' matches in the county. If it hain't too late when ye git to Buffalo just move that the meeting do now adjourn, and then peel yer eyes fur a widder with a farm. Love hain't nuthin' but a sort of mint, and it passes of sooner or later, but when ye kin go out and lay yer hand on land worth \$80 an acre, and hear the hoses, cows and sheep covortin' o'er the downy lea, you know you've got sunthin' solid back of ye in case yer bones ache with ager."

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ON THE

Skagit River,
STATE OF
WASHINGTON.

Hamilton is the coming Iron Manufacturing Center of Washington.

There are six large seams of Coal that can be cheaply mined at Hamilton.

Coking Coal in inexhaustable quantities, at Hamilton.

Blacksmith Coal that is equal to that of the Cumberland, Maryland, field, at Hamilton.

Gas Yielding Coal that is equal to any in the World, at Hamilton.

The coal mines are open and can be inspected by visitors.

At Hamilton a mountain of Iron Ore stands within half a mile of the best Coking Coal on the Pacific Coast.

Blast furnaces to be erected in the near future. Negotiations for erecting Coke Ovens underway. Limestone, for fluxing purposes, close to Hamilton. Hamilton will be a great Iron Manufacturing City. Valuable Argentiferous-Galena Leads have been discovered within six miles of Hamilton.

The most productive Silver and Lead mining camps in America will be on the headwaters of the Skagit River.

Compact veins of Carbonate of Silver, Leads of Argentiferous-Galena and veins of Wire Silver have been discovered on the Skagit's headwaters.

As Denver stands commercially to the mining camps of Colorado, so does Hamilton stand toward the Skagit River mining region. All the Skagit River highland mining region is directly tributary to Hamilton.

The Silver Bearing Ores of this new mining region, which is the best that has been discovered on the continent, will be smelted at Hamilton where cheap coke can be bought.

One hundred square miles of valuable timber land is tributary to Hamilton.

The Skagit Valley is the most productive agricultural land in Washington.

The Seattle & Northern Railroad run daily trains between Anacortes and Hamilton.

The Seattle & Northern Railroad Company owns one-tenth of the stock of the Hamilton Townsite Company.

The Great Northern's transcontinental line, as surveyed, passes through Hamilton.

The Northern Pacific, the Great Northern's remorseless competitor, will build a railroad from Anacortes to the silver mining camps on the Skagit's headwaters.

The Hamilton Townsite Company offer lots in their First, Second and Third Additions at prices ranging from \$275 to \$375, reserving the right to advance the price without notice.

TERMS: One-third cash, balance in one and two years at eight per cent. interest.

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The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has a large quantity of very productive and desirable

AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS

for sale at LOW RATES and on EASY TERMS. These lands are located along the line in the States traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad as follows:

In Minnesota,	Upwards of 1,450,000 Acres
In North Dakota,	" 6,700,000 Acres
In Montana,	" 17,600,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	" 1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	" 9,750,000 Acres
AGGREGATING OVER	
37,000,000 Acres.	

These lands are for sale at the LOWEST PRICES ever offered by any railroad company, ranging chiefly FROM \$1.25 TO \$6 PER ACRE

For the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, and the best Grazing Lands now open for settlement. In addition to the millions of acres of low priced lands for sale by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., on easy terms, there is still a larger amount of Government lands lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands, open for entry, free, to settlers, under the Homestead, Pre-emption and Tree Culture laws.

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Agricultural land of the company east of the Missouri River, in Minnesota and North Dakota, are sold chiefly at from \$4 to \$8 per acre, Grazing lands at from \$3 to \$4 per acre, and the preferred stock of the company will be received at par in payment. When lands are purchased on five years' time, one-sixth stock or cash is required at time of purchase, and the balance in five equal annual payments in stock or cash, with interest at 7 per cent.

The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$5 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.50 to \$6 per acre. If purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each of next four years. Interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

On Ten Years' Time.—Actual settlers can purchase not to exceed 320 acres of agricultural land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon on ten years' time at 7 per cent. interest, one-tenth cash at time of purchase and balance in nine equal annual payments, beginning at the end of the second year. At the end of the first year the interest only is required to be paid. Purchasers on the ten-years' credit plan are required to till on the land purchased and to cultivate and improve the same.

For prices of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to

GEO. W. BOARD, Gen'l Land Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

For prices of lands and town lots in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, Western land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to

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DO THIS! Send for the following named illustrated publications, containing sectional land maps, and describing the finest large bodies of fertile AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS now open for settlement in the United States.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company mail free to all applicants the following Illustrated Publications, containing valuable maps, and describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. They describe the country, the soil, climate and productions; the agricultural and grazing areas; the mineral districts and timbered sections; the cities and towns; the free Government lands; the low-priced railroad lands for sale, and the natural advantages which the Northern Pacific country offers to settlers. The publications contain a synopsis of the United States land laws, the terms of sale of railroad lands, rates of fare for settlers, and freight rates for household goods and emigrant movables. The publications referred to are as follows:

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts and the agricultural and grazing lands.

A MONTANA MAP, showing the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., and the Government surveys in the district covered by the map, with descriptions of the country, its grazing ranges, mineral districts, forests and agricultural sections.

ALSO SECTIONAL LAND MAPS OF DISTRICTS IN MINNESOTA.

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ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

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Land Commissioner.

SPARE MOMENTS.

HARD OF HEARING.—At least one person in three between the ages of ten and forty years is subject to partial deafness. The great majority of cases of deafness are hereditary and due to the too close consanguinity of the parents. Deafness is more prevalent among men than among women because the former are more exposed to the vicissitudes of climate. It is thought that telephones tend to bring on deafness when one ear is used to the exclusion of the other.

**

OUR NAVY IN 1893.—In the year of the Columbian Fair it is proposed to hold a grand naval review in these waters. It is expected that no less than thirty-six ships of our new navy will then be complete and in fighting trim. The experience gained through tactical maneuvering of such a fleet will be of immense advantage to officers and men alike. The display of this formidable force of sea fighters will impress Europe with a respect for our naval strength which may be of the highest service to us in the event of future international complications.

**

EACH RACE HAS ITS OWN SMELL.—All Indians very much dislike what they call white man's smell, and can detect it with perfect ease. "I have," says a Western man, "entered tepees of the Utes filled with Indians who had not bathed for a year, and whose aroma rose to heaven and every one would complain of the odor that I brought in with me. The same feeling is manifested by the Chinese, who themselves have a marked odor that is intensely disagreeable to whites. As a matter of fact, each race has its peculiar odor, which is not perceptible by people of similar origin, but which is plainly noticeable by those of different blood."

**

GOLD THAT GOES INTO MOLARS.—A dentist in good practice uses over \$1,000 worth of gold in a year in filling teeth. Some prepare their own gold, getting it from a United States mint and then making it chemically pure. Others get it from the gold-beaters, but a greater part obtain it from the dental supply firms. This gold is put up in eight-ounce packages packed in small glass vials, each containing a fraction of an ounce. The cylindrical pieces of gold in it are gold foil of a very soft and spongy kind. When hammered into a hollow tooth one of these cylinders will not take up one-twentieth of the space it occupied in the vial. There are several dental supply factories in the country. The largest is on Staten Island, and turns out \$500,000 in gold for dental purposes every year.

**

A CATBIRD STORY.—Here is a catbird story told by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: The mother was killed by a cat while her young were still unfledged. At first the husband and father was dazed, but after a time flew away and was absent for a day and a night. Then he reappeared with a female catbird, who at once assumed all the duties of the establishment, fed the young and conducted herself as though she understood perfectly what was expected of her. Where the widower found his new wife, whether she was an old-maid catbird or a spouse induced to leave her liege lord by the urgent representations of the widower, and how the bereaved husband communicated to her the state of affairs at home, are questions to determine, but the moral seemed to be that the widower is able to look out for himself whether he wears feathers or a Prince Albert.

**

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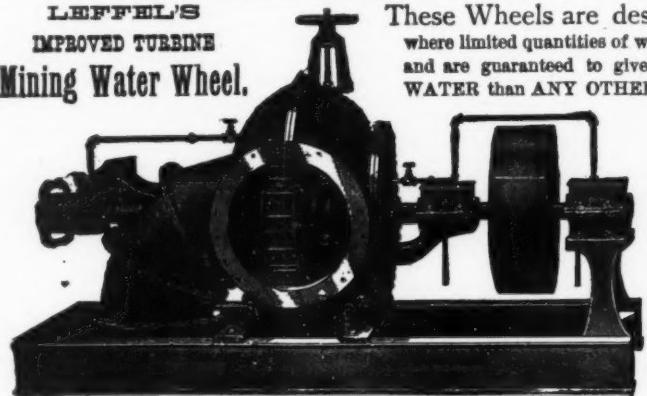
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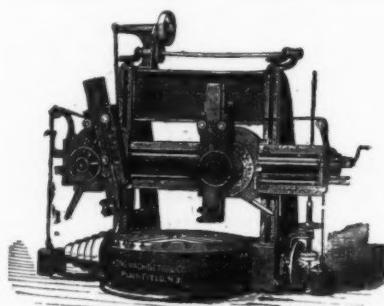
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The furnishings of these private sections, Drawing and Toilet Rooms are of old gold and brocaded plush.

Hot and cold water is provided in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Toilet Rooms and the Gentlemen's Smoking Room is furnished with movable easy chairs in addition to the customary stationary seat.

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This bonus will increase the value of the Company's securities.

Our business is to take property that there has been money expended upon, and parties failing to carry out their projects for the want of means, by liberal concessions we will carry their business to completion after having examined their plans and know them to be practical, having the money invested refunded to the Treasurer and a portion of the property deeded to the Company, making the bonus spoken of above. The Company only asks careful investigation of its business, and parties wishing to invest almost any sum, by addressing a communication direct to the Company, can secure statement of business transacted and being transacted by the Company and its investments in full.

The Company has property that can be purchased at reasonable prices that would make a good paying investment for individuals or syndicates.

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The Company has three practical men and will have any properties in which people are investing, either with this Company or with others, examined, and reports issued upon the property with the guarantee of the Company attached.

The Board of Directors has set aside \$100,000 of its stock to be disposed of at 90 cents on the dollar.

THIS IS A SPECIAL ISSUE.

Address all communications to the

C. W. SMITH, President.
JOHN WEISMILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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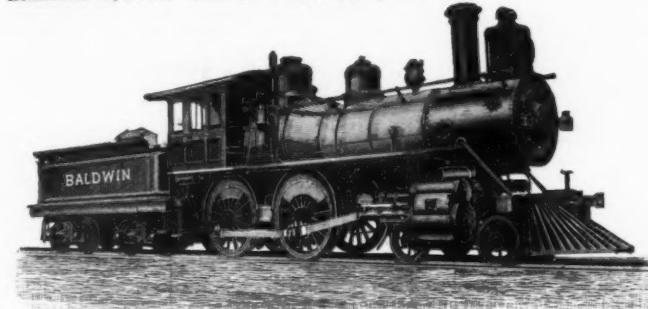


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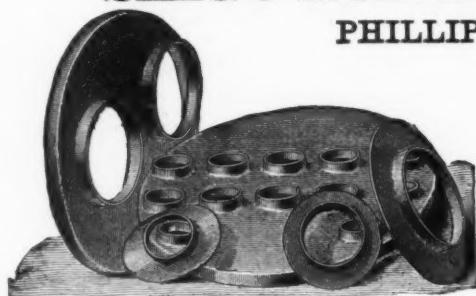
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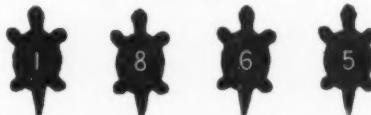
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YOU

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A married man should always make it a rule to give his wife an allowance. She always has to make a good many allowances for him, you know.

That actor is pretty prominent on the bill boards," remarked the guest at the hotel. "Yes, but very obscure on the board bills," replied the landlord.

ON THE LANDING.—Penelope: "Don't Stop!" Jack: "I can't help it!" (kisses her). Penelope: "How dare you! When I forbid it?" Jack: "You merely said 'Don't stop.'"

She—"You never heard of women cashiers embezzling or running off with their employer's money." He—"Not often; but when it does happen they take the employer, too."

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of the old darky who was to be the next witness.

"Yes, sah, I does. One of dese yeah lawyers done gib me foash dollars for to swear to suulin. Dat's de value of an oath. Foash dollars, sah."

And then there was consternation in the court-room.



WHAT KILLED HIM.

"Phat's the b'y band on his hat fur?"
"It's Terrance Phalian's b'y."
"Och, d'ye tell me Terrance is dead? An' did he doy willin' an' contint-loike, Mrs. Murphy?"
"No, he didn't, Flannigan. It's me belafe it just kilt him to doy."

Jinkie—"Do you think Miss R. would marry me if I should ask her?"
Van Binks—"Well, she looks like a smart sort of girl—still, she might."

"Jakey, your father can't live much longer."
"Cheer up, old man; you will live twenty years yet."
"Nein, Jakey. The Lord don't take me at a hundred when he can get me at eighty."

"And now," said the lady patient, "after I have detailed all my troubles, do you not pity me?"
"On the contrary," answered the physician, "I envy you. To go through that you must have the constitution of a horse."

Citizen—"Yes, I have an umbrella that needs mending, but if I let you have it how am I to know that you will bring it back?" Umbrella Mender: "Ha, no fear; I always charge more for mending dan I could sell zee umbrella for."

"Believe me, dear, the fact that you are not wealthy makes no difference in my love for you," she said. "I love you for yourself alone. I would choose love in a cottage rather than a union without affection in a costly mansion."

"Darling," he said, "I am glad to hear you speak thus."

There is now but one obstacle to prevent our marriage."
"And what is that?" she asked.
"I can't raise enough money to get the cottage."

FOREBODINGS.

When Woman's Rights have come to stay,
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
When wives are at the polls all day,
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
When Doctor Mamma's making pills,
When Merchant Mamma's selling bills,
Of course 'twill cure all woman's ills;
But who will rock the cradle?

When mamma to the court has lied,
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
She has a case that must be tried,
But who will rock the cradle?
When Captain Mamma walks her decks,
When Banker Mamma's cashing checks,
When all our girls have lost their sex,
Must
Papa
Rock
The cradle?

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—Englishman: "I say, ye know, what's the bookage to Boston?" Railroad Ticket Clerk: "The whatage?" Englishman: "The bookage, ye know—the tariff. What's th' tariff?" Ticket Clerk: "I hav'n't time to talk politics!"

SCENE: A CODLIER'S ROW. Wife (leaving for the town with a basket on her arm): "An'dae ye think, John, that I've minded everything I'm to get when in the toon?" John: "Ye might mind to bring me in half an ounce of snuff." "Deed, no, John," replied his better half. "The times are to hard for six extravagance. Ye man jist tickle yer nose we'a strae."

Dinny was inspecting a pack of cards in a back room known but to a few inmates. After a rigid examination he said to the proprietor: "Morlarty, what is thim marks on the backs of the cards?" "Oh, thim is fly specks," was the reply. "Well, begor, you have some high-toned flies here," said Dinny, "for they don't fresco anything but kings and queens."

"Is Mr. Brief in?"
"No, sir."
"When will he be in?"
"In twenty minutes, sir."
"How do you know?"
"He told me so."
"How long has he been gone?"
"About an hour, sir."

Billinger," exclaimed Mrs. McSwart, hurrying from the kitchen into the room, "who was using that shocking, dreadful language I heard just now?"

"I didn't hear any, Lobelia," replied Mr. McSwart, emerging from beneath the bureau with something in his hand that looked like a collar button.

Jones—"Very stupid girl, that Miss Wilpin."
Smith—"How so?"
"Why, you see, we were guessing conundrums the other evening, and I asked her what was the difference between myself and a donkey."

"Well."
"Well? Why, by jove, she said she didn't know."

The telegraph operator rapidly ran his pencil over the message handed him by the lady:

"Dearest John—I got here safely. Send me \$50 and a kiss."

"Nine cents more, madam," he said. "There are three words too many."

"Then leave out the last three," replied the lady promptly.

"George, dear," said a bride tenderly, "did you really mean it when you said you were willing to give up all for me?"

"Yes, my birdie, of course I did," protested the bridegroom.

"Then suppose you put all your property in my name."

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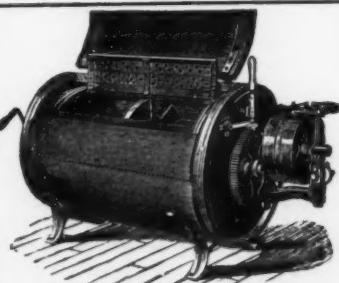
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